THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill[illegible]d Weekly
Founded A[illegible] Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 5, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

LORD KITCHENER ON THE WAR

Lot 3875—Ladies' solid gold cluster ring with four genuine whole pearls and two square genuine garnets or any birthstone, fancy mounting. Price $7.50

Lot 3422—Boys' or girls' solid gold ring with genuine amethyst or topaz. Price $5.00

Lot 3900—Ladies' solid gold cluster ring with four genuine whole pearls and genuine diamond-shaped garnet or any birthstone, fancy mounting. Price $7.00

Lot 3883—Ladies' solid gold set ring with three genuine whole pearls and two genuine garnets or any birthstone, fancy mounting. Price . $7.00

The Gift of Gifts

A Beautiful Ring Outshines and Outlasts All Others

After all the presents have been given, examined, admired *and put away*, the gift that remains to perpetuate the joy of the occasion is a beautiful ring—the one gift that gives unbounded delight to the owner and others through a lifetime of wear and *beauty*.

And when this gift of gifts is a W-W-W Ring, the beauty and service are all the more pronounced, because every W-W-W Ring is guaranteed—*if ever a stone comes out or is cracked, it will be replaced and reset free.*

So let your gifts this Yuletide be beautiful Rings—Guaranteed Rings—W-W-W Rings. All made *only* of solid gold. All jeweled with any of the precious or semi-precious stones. At prices that start at as little as $3—yet all of the same solid gold construction—all with the same W-W-W guarantee.

Lot 3664—Beautiful, hand-carved, heavy weight solid gold ring for gentlemen. In genuine amethyst and topaz. Price $15.00

Lot 3834—Gentlemen's original, handsome ring, new style with genuine synthetic ruby in centre and on side. Price $16.50 In genuine amethyst and topaz. Price . . $13.50

Lot 3901—Gentlemen's fancy set ring with square stone in sardonyx, agate or bloodstone, . . $9.00 Same ring in genuine amethyst or topaz. Price $12.00

Lot 3326—Ladies' solid gold cluster ring with eight genuine whole pearls and genuine garnet, amethyst or topaz, fancy mounting. Price $10.00

W-W-W GUARANTEED RINGS FOR EVERYBODY

For Mother

Give mother the beautiful Mother's Ring. Set with a superb hand-carved coral cameo. The dear mother will treasure such a ring. It will be all the more prized because all can contribute toward it. And it *is not* Mother's Ring unless it bears the W-W-W mark.

For Sister or Daughter

There are beautiful single or cluster W-W-W Rings to choose from for that dear sister or daughter. There are hundreds of these. Just the ring you want and at just the price you wish to pay. Such a gift will delight beyond measure. A ring is always *more* than a mere gift. It carries a sentiment and a lasting value that even far costlier gifts lack.

For Father, Son or Brother

Splendid jewel and emblem settings for boys and men. Never were rings better made—so handsome—so substantial in their rich settings of solid gold and splendid jewels. Such a gift will delight any boy, youth or man far beyond any other. It is a gift that carries *prestige* as well as beauty.

For Friend or Yourself

That good friend of yours. How better could you show your esteem than in a beautiful W-W-W Ring that will be treasured for life? Or, how better could you fulfill your own longing for a splendid ring than to select one from the hundreds of W-W-W Rings at your jeweler's? Just the ring you want—at your price—and guaranteed.

See Them

Go to your jeweler. Ask to be shown his big assortment of W-W-W Rings. Try them on. Compare them with these illustrations. See how *they more* than measure up to the pictures and printed descriptions. See how they answer every question of Christmas giving—no matter for whom. Think as you buy what *added* joy will be in such a gift—what *lasting* remembrance of the occasion when your gift was made. Only a *few* W-W-W Rings are pictured in this advertisement. Remember there are hundreds of other styles to choose from.

Note This

Remember that W-W-W Rings are guaranteed. That means lasting value. They must live up to their advertised reputation. That is why you are always assured of utmost value when you buy any W-W-W Ring.

If your dealer should be out of them, write us, and we will see that you are supplied. The fact that the ring you give is a W-W-W Ring makes it the more highly prized.

WHITE, WILE & WARNER, Dept. D-203, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Lot 3911—Ladies' solid gold cluster ring with genuine whole pearl in centre and four genuine garnets or any birthstone, fancy mounting. Price $6.00

Lot 3914—Ladies' solid gold set ring with four genuine whole pearls and two centre stones genuine garnets or any birthstone, fancy mounting. Price $6.00

Lot 3897—Ladies' solid gold set ring with two genuine whole pearls and diamond-shaped centre stone in ruby, emerald or any birthstone, fancy mounting. Price . $6.00

Lot 3934—Ladies' platinum and diamond ring, genuine synthetic sapphire or ruby centre and diamonds of best quality. Price $45.00

Lot 3805—Ladies' solid gold Tango ring with four genuine whole pearls and centre stone either genuine garnet or any birthstone. Price . $6.00

(65)

Mother's Ring—A W-W-W inspiration, designed and patented by us. Solid gold band. Rich coral cameo set.

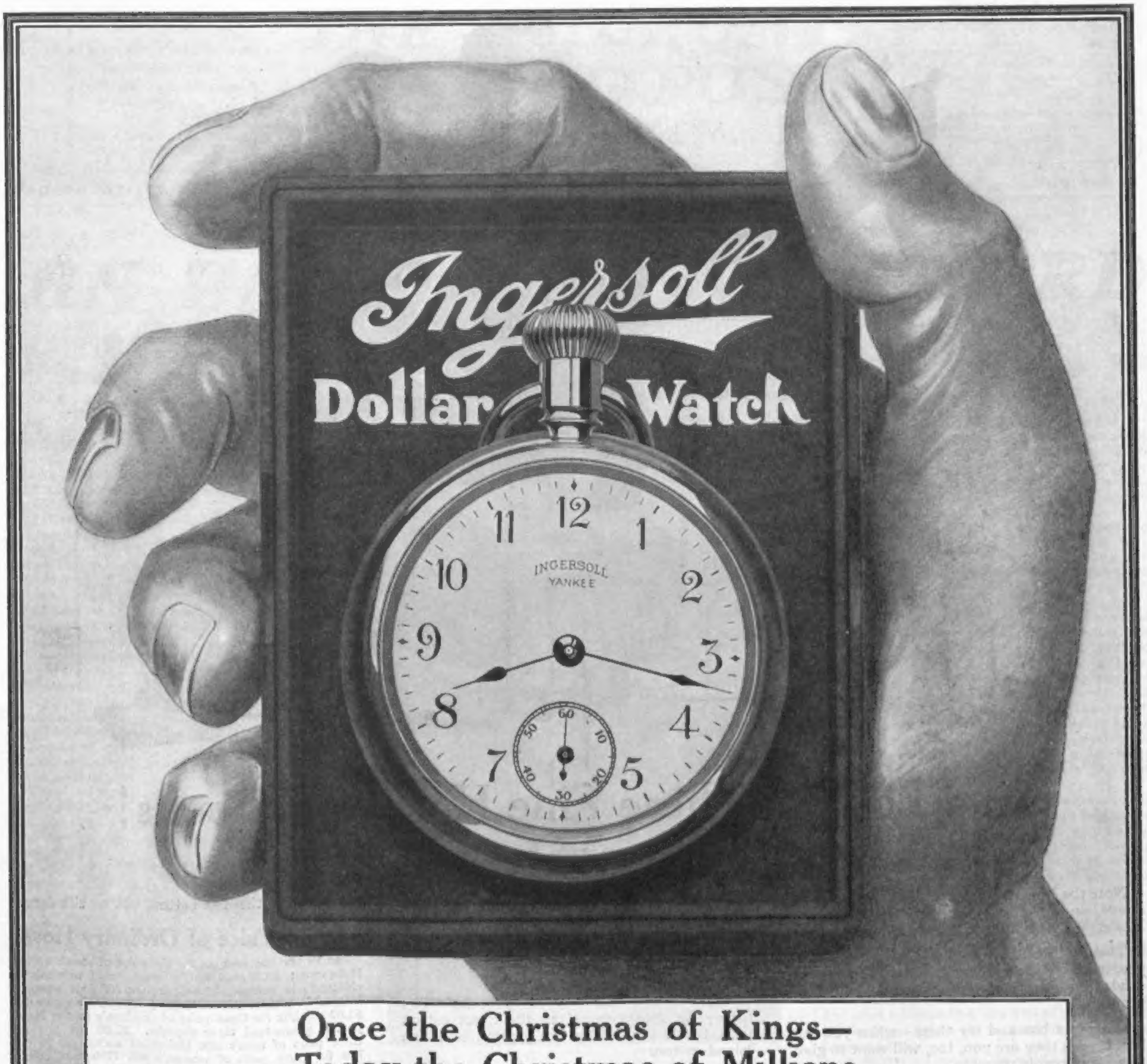
In pink shell cameo, $10.00 Genuine Japanese hand-carved coral cameo . . . Price . $15.00 to $15.00

Makers of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings in Which the Stones DO Stay

Lot 3953—Ladies' solid gold fancy mounting with genuine Japanese hand-carved coral cameo of fine quality. Price . $13.50

Lot 3424—Gentlemen's ring, solid gold with fancy massive shank in genuine amethyst and topaz. Price . . . . . $13.50 In genuine synthetic ruby. Price $15.00

Lot 3799—Ladies' solid gold Tango ring with four genuine whole pearls and three diamond-shaped genuine garnets or any birthstone, plain mounting. Price . . . $7.00



Once the Christmas of Kings—
Today the Christmas of Millions

Time was when a watch was the royal gift, crested with jewels and requiring a lifetime of careful labor to complete a single mechanism.

What of all her rich possessions did Queen Bess handle and consult so often as the watch which had been Lord Leicester's Christmas offering?

What today does the prince or princess of the American home make so constant a companion and so trusted a guide as a watch?

What of all things so happily fulfills the Christmas thought, combining hourly usefulness and beauty and sentiment and mystery?

The old masterpiece, valued at so many thousands that all but royalty were excluded from possession, was not worth as much as a timekeeper as the Ingersoll Dollar Watch of today.

A watch is still the royal gift, yet the giving of a watch, once so rare a privilege because of its great cost, is yours today for little more than the cost of a pocket handkerchief.

So millions of homes on Christmas morning will be happier because of a great American invention which has come to full perfection in the newest models of the Ingersoll Watch.

No boy or girl, no man or woman, can fail to find some welcome use for one of the five Ingersoll models.

Employers often buy them by the dozen as gifts to employees, teachers for each member of their classes.

Sold by 60,000 dealers in the United States.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 325 Fourth Avenue, New York City

And Look at These Fine Holeproof Socks!

—No more darning for you, Helen

Note the beautiful Christmas box, illustrated above, in which we are packing Holeproof Hosiery for holiday gifts.

Thousands of men, women and children last year received boxes like it. And those thousands this year are regular wearers of Holeproof.

Go buy a box and try them—when you see how stylish they are you, too, will want to give these serviceable presents.

Six pairs of Holeproofs are guaranteed to wear six months without holes. If any of the six pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose free.

Holeproofs are stylish, soft and snug-fitting. Nearly two million people wear them. This entire business has been built up by those who have tried them and told others how they like them.

No Other Way

There is only one way to make hose like these—the maker must use the finest cotton yarn that's sold. That's Egyptian and Sea Island cotton.

We pay an average of 74c a pound for it. Common yarn sells for 32c. But our yarn is long-fibred, pliable and soft. We use none that is heavy, stiff and coarse.

There is no other way to make a soft, stylish hose that can be guaranteed like Holeproofs. You can get them in cotton, silk or silk-faced.

At the Price of Ordinary Hose

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; $2.00 and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; $1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. $1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months. $2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks; $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*. Three pairs of silk-faced Holeproofs for men, $1.50; for women, $2.25. Three pairs of silk-faced are guaranteed for three months.

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names and the free book that tells about them. We ship direct, charges paid, where no dealer is near.

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd., LONDON, CANADA

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 10 Church Alley, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

By invitation member of Rice Leaders of the World Association

Every man and woman should also examine Holeproof Silk Gloves. They are now sold in many stores. Made of the best quality silk, with *reinforced* finger tips that are *guaranteed* to outwear the gloves themselves. These are the *durable*, stylish

Holeproof GUARANTEED Silk Gloves FOR MEN AND WOMEN

gloves, in all sizes, lengths and colors. Write for free book about these gloves and the name of our dealer.

Suggestion: To your best friends, include a pair of these fine gloves in each of their boxes of Holeproof Hosiery for Christmas.

(599)

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AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD KITCHENER—By IRVIN S. COBB

IF, IN the story that follows, the writer of it is found playing a rather more conspicuous part than usually falls to the narrator of an interview, his apology is that he went to interview Earl Kitchener of Khartum and was himself interviewed by Earl Kitchener.

I have since been told that this is the common experience of those who meet Lord Kitchener: they go to hear what he has to say and come away wondering that they have done so much of the talking and that His Lordship has done so much of the listening. I am prepared to believe this is true.

At any rate, I am convinced that I can draw a better likeness of him by quoting the questions he asked me, and the comments from him which followed my replies to those questions, than I possibly could draw by putting down on paper only the opinions he expressed.

This, then, is my excuse for using the personal pronoun I with considerable frequency in this article. At all events, I count myself lucky to have been the only man of my trade who has interviewed Earl Kitchener since the present war began. At least, so far as I know I have been the only one.

Over the telephone the secretary of the distinguished gentleman who made the appointment told me, before I was well out of bed, that if I called at the War Office that day at ten-thirty I should find that all the preliminaries had been negotiated. Said the secretary: "It will not be necessary for you to present a note, or even a card. If you send your name in, that will be quite sufficient."

It was not yet eight o'clock when this message came to me in my room at the Savoy. It would be an hour or more before the shopkeepers in the Strand opened their doors and took down their shutters. Presumably the interview had been arranged that morning and not the evening before; and I took this for proof of the story which is told about London that Earl Kitchener sleeps at the War Office and keeps earlier hours and longer hours than any day laborer in the United Kingdom.

Lord Kitchener Embarking on the Steamship Nubia for Egypt

As I went along through the smoky late-October haze an awkward squad of recruits, in white sweaters and golf caps, were learning to drill in the paved courtyard of Old Whitehall. They carried dummy guns. They were a part of the new volunteer army Kitchener is making ready for service against the need of next year.

At one of the doors of the War Office a small group of women and a few men were waiting to get news of their men-folk at the front—if there was any news to get. Those sights are common in London now.

I entered at another door, where policemen and a functionary in a long red coat and a cockaded high hat stood guard. Had this been Berlin instead of London, I am pretty sure I should have been required to state my business and show my credentials to any number of suspiciously alert individuals.

I remember that at Louvain I was taken into a private room and searched for firearms by a zealous member of the German Secret Service Staff before I was admitted to the presence of an acting adjutant of a general's staff—and that adjutant knew I was coming to see him that day too, and knew I was an American correspondent.

The Simplicity of the British War Secretary's Surroundings

HAD it been in Washington, even, I am inclined to think there might have been more or less unreeling of red-tapery; but here nothing happened, except that I told one of the policemen I was calling on Lord Kitchener; and he summoned the red-coated man, and the red-coated man, touching his hatbrim in salute, directed me to go up a wide flight of stairs at the far end of the big entrance hall, and, when I reached the second floor, to turn to the left and knock at the first door I saw.

Having done these things, I found myself in a long anteroom opening on an inner court of the thousand-roomed building. Only two persons were waiting there—an elderly gentleman in the field uniform of a colonel of infantry and a lady in black; and an attendant or two hustled about, coming in and going out.

A clerkly, semi-bald gentleman in a frock coat—His Lordship's civilian secretary I take it—came out to see me first. He turned me over to a Colonel Somebody, whose name I did not catch; but, anyhow, he was attached to the War Secretary's staff. The colonel gave me a chair in an outer office and we talked commonplaces for a minute or two.

I had time to take note of a magnificently carved mantel—a very old mantel I think it must have been—before the civilian secretary said, in the grave, ritualistic voice that most of the civilian secretaries in England use:

"His Lordship will see Mr. Cobb."

He beckoned me to a big oak door in a recess at the back of the room flanking the mantelpiece. An attendant opened the door for me and I stepped into a room that must have been sixty feet deep and correspondingly broad. It was almost big enough for a ballroom. Its walls were lined, as I recall, with bookshelves, and it had a noble fireplace at each end; and in the middle of the floor stood a table, larger than a billiard table, with leather armchairs about it. You may see such a table and such chairs in the directors' room of any big city bank or big trust company in America.

At the far end of the room, alongside one of the fireplaces, was a high desk; and from behind the shelter of this desk a man got up who wore a khaki uniform coat that buttoned to his throat, thereby distinguishing it from the service coats of British officers, they nearly always being made with lapels to show the collar and the cravat.

Kitchener the Catechist

FROM the dull-metal buttons to the arm-seam, across the left breast of the coat, ran narrow twin lines of ribbon decorations.

The strips of ribbon were of all the primary colors, and other colors besides, and were so numerous that it was of no use to try to count them. I know, because I tried.

As he stepped out into the middle of the room it struck me that he was somewhat heavier than I had been led to believe from the pictures I had seen of him, and a trifle stooped in the shoulders. I got the impression of a tall, bulky man—not fleshy, but solid, with well-fleshed muscles and a big-boned frame. He shook hands with me hard and quick; and as we sat down, he at his desk and I in a chair before the grate fire, ten feet away from him, he said, on the instant:

"Lord Northcliffe tells me you have lately been with the Germans—with the German Army in the field. That is very interesting. Tell me, please—is the German commissary good?"

Going over the meeting subsequently, I was inclined to believe that this opening question keynoted the attitude of mind of Lord Kitchener. First of all, he wanted to know how the enemy he fought was fed; it was the supreme thing for him to know. Other things could wait.

I told him that so far as my inexpert eyes might judge, the German commissary was very good.

"But how good?" he insisted. "How complete? Is it adequate at all times? In your experience has it ever failed them?"

"Well," I said, striving to be exact and yet not waste words, "like most of the German military equipment it seems to me to be somewhat cumbersome but highly efficient. Certainly it is perfect in detail and in organization. There is always an abundance of food for the troops in the field; and always there is a determined effort to get the food up to the men on the fighting lines and to have it hot when it reaches them—and to have plenty of it for them. It is not particularly appetizing in its appearance, but it is wholesome and abundant, and I know a man can live on it and be well nourished. I know, because I lived on it myself for upward of a week."

"There is meat in the ordinary ration then?" he asked.

"Yes," I said—"veal generally; sometimes beef; bacon and sausage frequently. I should say the German soldier averages one filling meal of meat a day, at least."

"How about their petrol? Is there any shortage of the supply of available petrol in the field? You, of course, know what I mean by petrol. In America you call it gasoline."

"To my knowledge there is no shortage of their gasoline. Lately, I understand, they are using large quantities of a benzine product that is slightly heavier than gasoline and possibly not so volatile. Apparently, however, it answers the purpose. Whether the use of this product means that the magazines of regular gasoline are running low, I cannot say."

He nodded, as though what I said helped to confirm a belief that was already in his own mind.

"Now," he went on, "would you mind telling me of your impression of the spirit of the German soldiers? Never mind about their officers and generals. Generals win battles, but soldiers win wars. I want to know something of the feelings of the men in the ranks. Have they enthusiasm?"

I hesitated then, conning my mind for the shadings of the words I needed to express myself. At that he lifted a long index finger and said:

"I think I know something—at least in a vague way—of the circumstances under which you came to be with the German forces in France and Belgium. I mean not to ask you anything that one gentleman might not properly ask of another gentleman, but if, in my desire to serve my own side, I should ask you to tell me something you do not feel you can, in honor, tell, I hope you will be perfectly candid and say as much. I assure you I shall not take offense. Do you regard my last question as having been an improper one?"

"Not at all," I said. "I was only trying to find the right words. I do not think the German soldiers have enthusiasm in the sense that Americans would have it, or Englishmen either. I do not know the exact term to express the spirit they do have. There must be a word in German to express it, but I know little or no German. Certainly I can think of no word in our own language that truly describes it. I should call it sublimated resolution; though, to my notion, that does not entirely convey my own interpretation of the thing. It is more than determination; it is less than inspiration and it is not quite eagerness."

German Self-Confidence Unshaken

"WOULD doggedness cover it?" he prompted. "Or is that too weak a word? In any event is it backed by confidence?"

"By absolute confidence," I said. "If the German soldiers are anything in this world, they are confident of the strength and the ultimate success of their armies. Personally I do not believe their officers have to drive them into battle. That may have happened in isolated instances; I do not believe it could have happened often or generally. I have seen them going into battle, and they went with the willingness with which they seem to go at every other duty that faces them."

"But has not their confidence been shaken by the most recent events in the western theater of war, and especially by what has been happening in France during the last month? What do the men think of the failure of the German plan of campaign toward Paris?"

I told him I did not believe German confidence had been shaken in the least; and it was so universal a sentiment among the German people, and so supreme and mastering a sentiment, that nothing short of an absolute undoing and overthrowing of their forces would shake it.

And I told him, further, what all along has struck me as an absolute verity as regards the mental attitude of the German common soldier; and that was this: Taking him in his ordinary relations of life the German private soldier is a reasonably intelligent creature; even though he be of peasant stock, he is apt to be a reader of newspapers at least; he has ideas, and sane ideas, on political and economic questions; he thinks well and reasons not illogically; but when a gun is put into his hands and a knapsack is strapped on his back, and an order is shouted into his ear, he ceases absolutely to think.

He knows some one else is doing the thinking for him. He questions nothing; he doubts nothing; he accepts what comes, be it good or evil, without bringing his mental processes to bear on it. For the time he has no mental processes; they are suspended. His head is a knob on which he hangs a helmet—nothing more.

I told Lord Kitchener this—or substantially this.

"Yes, yes," he said; "but I do not understand why the knowledge of the truth of the situation as it exists to-day has not spread through the armies and affected the men. They must guess, as we here on the other side know, that their leaders have made some terrible mistakes. All generals make mistakes, just as all men make them; but the mistakes they have made are such great, such tremendously great, mistakes!"

All along I had been studying the man who sat facing me, and one by one my conceptions of him, built on what I had read of him, were crumbling down. A hundred times I had read that he was a cold, emotionless, taciturn, inhuman, calculating machine—sphinxlike was the adjective I had heard most commonly applied to him.

People, and particularly writing people, had called him the incarnation of passionless, pitiless, infallible efficiency, carried to its highest possible point; they had called him harsh, heartless and enormously efficient, analyzing him as all acid and assaying him as all iron. They said he had the coldest eye that ever looked out of a socket, the grimmest voice that ever made a subordinate shiver in his little bootees.

Far be it from me to quarrel with so many skillful diagnosticians of the outward aspects of a man, so many deft dissectors of the hidden fabrics of that man's mentality—only I must offer a dissenting minority report of my own.

To begin with, the eyes that looked at me so steadily were not the coldest eyes I have ever seen; they were flint-blue and steady, and keen enough to cut wire with, if you please, but to me they seemed warmed and quickened by the impulses behind them—certainly they harmonized well with the face in which they were set. It was a square, rather heavy face, with very thick but not shaggy brows; a grenadier mustache, which accentuated without hiding the big mouth, which was cut straight across; and a clear, red, highly pigmented skin, the red being a heritage, I imagine, of the years its owner spent sun-baking himself in Africa and India, and, before that, in Palestine.

You have seen men with eyes they seemed to have acquired through a mistake or a freak of Nature—big men, say, with soft, effeminate, woman's eyes. Lord Kitchener's eyes were exactly the sort of eyes Lord Kitchener should have. The one incongruous touch was provided by the thick-rimmed glasses that bestraddled the straight, broad nose, with their bows hiding themselves in the abundant grayish-brown hair—hair that clothed the big, round skull densely and sprayed out a bit over the ears. A barber undoubtedly would have prescribed a hair-cut on the spot for His Lordship.

Nor, if I am one to say so, did he in the least suggest the muted Sphinx—that poor stone-faced creature which for so long has been overworked to furnish comparisons for all the notable victims of conversational lockjaw in the world. The Sphinx may have been inscrutable, and then again the Sphinx may have been merely stupid.

As to Lord Kitchener, I should hazard the guess, after one short meeting with him, that if he has nothing to say he refrains most steadfastly from saying it; that if he has something to say he says it with the force and the emphasis and the natural grace of one who thinks in a straight line and talks the same way.

I will venture that he is interested in a great number of subjects, and thoroughly acquainted with a great number of subjects not in the least related to military affairs—things the general British public does not suspect him of knowing, or caring about, either.

I could not see him as the half-fabulous, wholly unimaginative thinking machine that in the popular fancy he is. People love to invest their current idols with mysterious and miraculous qualities. I saw him as a most human human. Most of all, he did not seem to me the typical soldier. Rather he seemed to me the typical man of affairs. He suggested the great lawyer, the great surgeon, the great business man, who is thoroughly up in his profession; who wastes no time and yet gives to a subject all the time it deserves. With a frock coat on his back instead of a uniform he might have sat just as he was—voice, manner and mode of speech—for an idealized likeness of the head of a great insurance company or the president of a big railroad.

Other Things Lord Kitchener Wanted to Know

WHEN he is talking to you he looks straight at you and his hands rest at ease in his lap. In the forty minutes I spent with him he employed just one pronounced gesture and made just one joke and indulged in just one small smile. Let us get back to our interview.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Germany now has under arms practically all the able-bodied men who are available for active service?"

"I do not know," I said, "but I think not."

"What is the common German attitude regarding the countries at war with Germany?"

"For France the average German—not only the soldier but the man in the street—professes pity; for Russia he professes contempt; and for England, hate. From many educated Germans I have heard practically the same statement in practically the same words—that France stands for decadence and unpreparedness; Russia, for ignorance and reaction; England, for arrogance and perfidy."

He made a sparring, quick half-flip of his open hand, as though to wave aside the political aspects of the World Grudge.

"Not that," said Lord Kitchener. "What I mean is: How do the Germans regard our soldiers—the soldiers of the Allies?"

"They admit," I said, "that the Russian common soldier is a stubborn fighter, but say his officers are incompetent and untrustworthy. They concede the excellence of the French light field artillery, but say the French soldier lacks in physical endurance and in the patience and hardihood to endure punishment. They say the English soldiers are hard fighters—the hardest fighters they have to meet; and particularly do they speak well of the fighting qualities of the Scotch. They say, though, there are not enough British troops in the field to prove any considerable factor in the final result of the western campaign."

Lord Kitchener permitted himself the luxury of a small smile.

"That," he said, "is a defect—if it be a defect—which we are taking steps to remedy. And so they admire the Scotchman as a soldier, even if he is their enemy? Well, there is no better fighting man alive than the Scotchman—anywhere."

He seemed pleased—the shadow of his smile still lingered under his big mustache; but at the coming of the next question it vanished:

"How about Belgium? In what way do the Germans justify their treatment of Belgium?"

I said to him that, according to my best belief, the German attitude regarding Belgium had altered since the middle of September—which is to say about six weeks before the date of my visit to Lord Kitchener. Originally the Germans professed regret that military necessity had required the violation of

(Continued on Page 36)

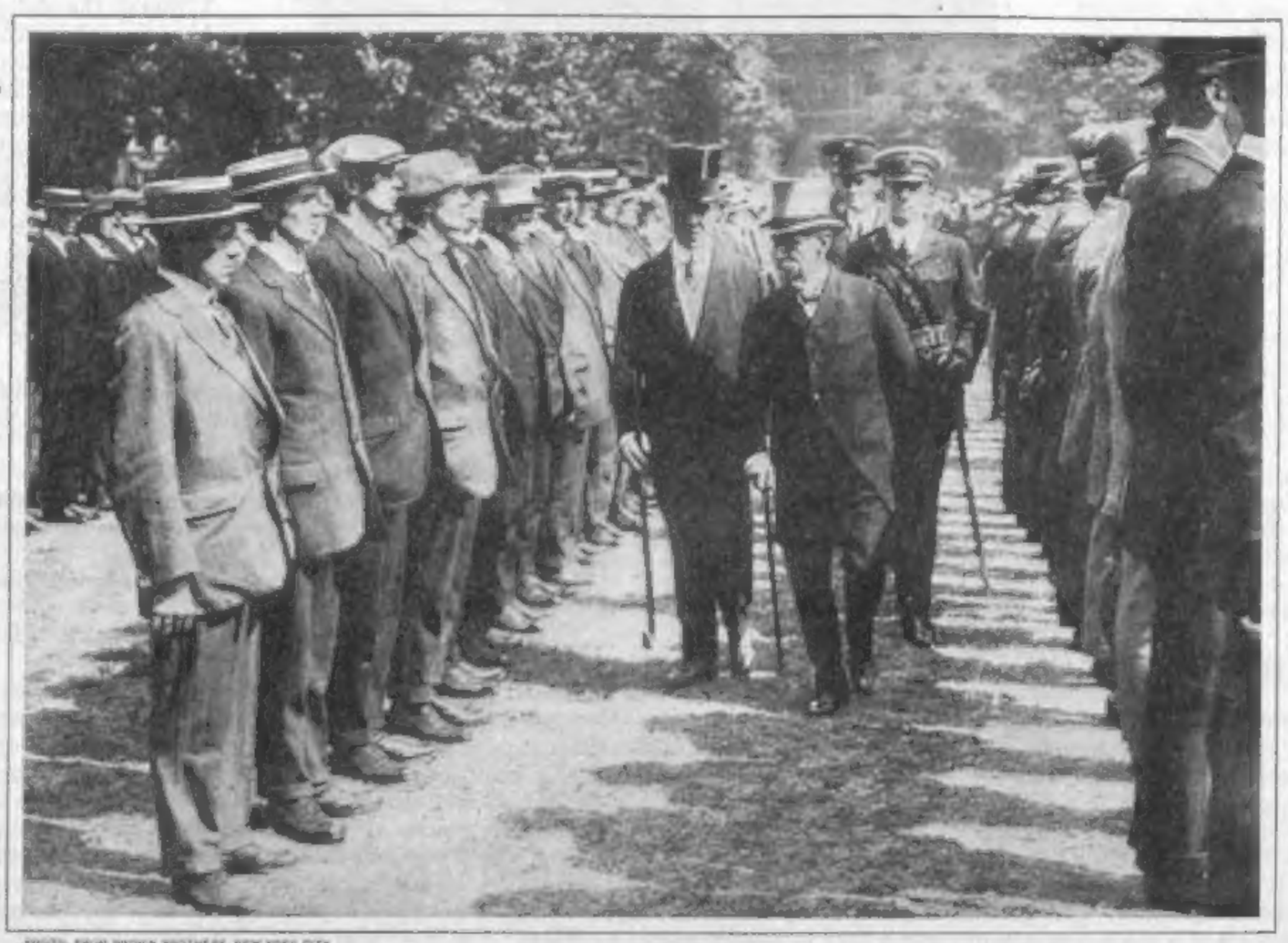


PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Lord Roberts Inspecting the New Battalion of the City of London Regiment

JERMYM THE MUNIFICENT

"Zat ees Funny Too. Now Zat I Die You Talk of Money and Prison"

By Julian Hinckley

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"NOT for sale!"

"Forty thousand."

"Not for sale!"

"You'd take a hundred thousand for it, now?"

"Not for sale!"

The little rat-faced agent, dealer in Old Masters, screwed up his face in veritable concern.

"Well, now, Mr. Jermym, there's a price for everythin', now. Let's have a figger—any figger for a starter will do. Say, now, half a million dollars, Mr. Jermym—just for a joke, now."

"Joke, sir?" The lean, crabbed old scoundrel who occupied the stiff chair behind the battered old office desk made it evident by his tone, and further emphasized it by his countenance, that he was not disposed toward making jokes which interrupted the afternoon's business. "And a poor joke you make of it! Half a million dollars for such a picture a joke, eh? Let me read you again, sir, what Franchot and Delahaye say."

"Well, a million then—ten millions! He-he! That's joke enough for you now, he-he-he! You'd call that a joke, I dare say. What I want is an offer, Mr. Jermym—anythin' for a teaser, now. A million dollars—a million clinking gold dollars, Mr. Jermym?"

Jermym compressed his thin lips, and his hand moved tremblingly across the desk to where lay his last will and testament, newly drawn, in which the fates of the picture and of some millions of dollars' worth of other pictures were strangely bound up together. He was not tempted, but he was troubled. Behind Mr. Scrumley's small, sharp features he saw the determined face of one or another of a dozen rich collectors; and, knowing his own determination not to sell, he had a troubled sense of what an equal determination to buy on the part of this mysterious would-be purchaser would mean in the matter of profit per cent on the transaction.

His trembling hand strayed from the will to the pedigree or history of the ownership of the picture, and from this to the reports of experts and connoisseurs on it; and, further yet, to the bundle of insurance policies insuring it against fire, theft, mutilation; and came to rest at last on the afternoon's mail, which brought him back suddenly to his sober business senses.

"Not for sale! I have nothing further to say, Mr. Scrumley. The picture is not offered at any figure. Not for sale!"

And, with a gesture of sweeping the agent from the office, he swept the documents pertaining to the picture to one side and drew his afternoon's mail before him. Mr. Scrumley screwed up his face and unscrewed it again several times, and then silently took his hat.

No one would have thought of calling Eliphalet Jermym a philanthropist without winking his eye at the same time. He was as harsh and unlovable an old tyrant as one could well imagine, with a stern righteousness that seemed to say to his poorer neighbor: "And he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

This useful text he supplemented with a bit of timeworn philosophy, as old as the book of Job, that there was a merit in suffering not to be taken away from those who suffered; that misfortune was a rare opportunity to practice the virtues of humility and courage—not to add faith in a reward, which is somehow always included among the virtues—a sort of patent medicine that was a general specific for the soul, especially dispensed by Providence. And to the beggar who whined and asked charity he was always prepared to uphold the Jesuitical side of Providence in a highly moral manner.

Few of us are born with hard hearts. It is more often than not a condition of callousness acquired by contact with circumstances. But the most intimate acquaintances of Eliphalet Jermym would have expressed astonishment at the obvious proposition that he had ever been a pink-cheeked, tender-hearted little child; they would have preferred to imagine him not born at all, but coming spontaneously out of eternity in a closed vehicle on the way to his office.

Ninety per cent of the charity lacking in the world is in not giving the devil his due, for not only had Jermym been born with the average human heart, but he had maintained through sixty and more spiritually barren years a potential affection. His youth had been blighted by a plain, honest face and a virtue that set him to emulating the industrious apprentice; while Tom, Dick and Harry, with the graces of idleness and dissipation, were breaking hearts and involving themselves in responsibilities that landed them in the unequal circumstances of jail, the suburbs and the easy competence that is expressed in the words rich friends. The rewards of virtue and vice are not so easily pointed out in real life.

Drab years of youth and disappointed passions of young manhood were Jermym's reward; and these having well passed, he was married to a wife who loved neither his plain, honest face nor his virtuous industry; and who brought him a dower of vanity, extravagance and spiritual vacuity. She spent his money and bore him no children, and so hardened his heart that he buried her without a tear. Childless and lacking the very memories of love, at last age, that should have brought a mellowing spirit, brought a wizened, calloused, sinewy spirit instead. There is no denying it—he was a close, hard, miserly, merciless old skinflint.

Nevertheless he was a philanthropist in his own way. In his early days he had been assiduously charitable, with the consistent failure of the righteous in matters of charity. The truly charitable spirit is not one of the rewards of virtue; it is the sinner who sees into the heart of his brother—the better, it seems, for the beam that is in his own eye. Jermym had exacted too much for his charity, and again and again had been constrained to cry, "Not worthy!" until out of those words he had evolved a principle that charity was all wrong—that is to say, charity to the individual, not philanthropy.

No doubt the world is full of uncharitable old skinflints who are philanthropists with a real purpose of benefiting the world in some way that halls bear their names. Such, indeed, was Jermym. People should one day say of him: "He was hard, but we misjudged him."

He loved the city: he loved its high, godless towers, he loved its teeming multitudes, he loved its splendor, its squalor, its prodigality of life and the contrasts of living. But he knew not the heart of one of its six millions. From his house to his office in the morning and back again in the evening in a closed automobile—before the days of automobiles in a closed carriage—pausing rarely at his club to glare and be glared at; this was his rut, worn deep. He never looked beyond it.

Besides his immense old house on Gramercy Park he kept a yacht and a country place. He loved none of these possessions; they brought him ghastly memories of his wife's extravagance. In hot midsummer his yacht served to bear him to and from his country place. It was a show place, with a vast house on a hill, the roof of which could be seen in the distance above the high stone wall, topped with broken glass, which surrounded it to keep out trespassers.

He had five thousand acres thus fenced in, which represented to him a sort of private exile. And yet he was the kind of person who would have preferred a semi-detached dwelling in a suburb. But no one knew this—least of all, let us hope, himself; for to have admitted it would have brought sad discredit on the past and all the virtuous industry that Providence had thus rewarded.

He had not exactly chosen the form of philanthropy that was his; he had emulated the worthy example of other rich men—a sort of standard philanthropy, highly dignified by its far removal from all personal contact with neighbors, publicans and sinners. It was no other than the collecting of rare works of art, to be presented some day to the public in an endowed wing of the public art gallery. It was one of the most high-priced of all the philanthropies and certainly one to be respected.

It is a resource excellently adapted to the requirements of rich men. There is the comforting thought that a picture always has its value and represents, in a way, a sort of high-grade security readily convertible into cash, with interesting possibilities in the matter of profit and loss. With this aspect of soundness Jermym was especially taken, though he would as soon have sold his soul as his paintings, which were the solitary justification of his past, present and future.

He had agents scattered all over the Continent competing with the agents of other philanthropists. He could boast of seventeen Madonnas, a dozen or more Last Suppers and Last Judgments, and a fair representation of the blessed communion of saints. He had little or no religion—he doubted the very story of the Gospel; but he knew that his paintings were genuine. Whatever mythology enveloped the lives of the saints there was no mythology about Old Masters; and a stroke of the brush on one of these was more precious to him than all the bones of the saints they had pictured.

There is more bitter competition in collecting pictures than there is in collecting dollars, where modesty forbids a comparison of bank accounts. Jermym had long borne the realization that his collection did not rank high against other collections. It contained many lesser works, by such masters as Duccio, Bellini, Cimabue, Massys, Zurbarán, and others whose names are unfamiliar to the average person.

He Could Not Have Looked at It Very Carefully Before, for Now There Seemed Something Crude—Not to Say Grotesque—About It

There was but a single truly great painting by a well-known master—a Madonna Enthroned, by Titian. The recent discovery of this painting and its yet more recent purchase by Jermym had caused a great stir not only among art collectors, but among all cultivated people who read the newspapers.

Subsequently to the purchase and previously to the importation there had been a breathless moment when the title and deed to the picture had been held up to challenge; for the picture had come on the market as stolen property, and as such Jermym's agents had bought it for a mere song. Thirty years before a Franciscan monk had brought it, as if cut from its frame and rolled up in an altar cloth, to an obscure dealer in Paris, since which time the picture had passed through many hands in the secret manner of stolen goods, until Jermym had purchased it and brought it to light, with a dramatic advertisement for the real owner.

A special papal message had been read in all the Catholic churches; but, mysteriously enough, no claimant had come forward. The importation—now but a week past—had been widely noted in the papers and had elevated the Jermym collection into the public notice; had made it worthy at last of bequest to the city; and had put Jermym to the necessity of redrawing his will for that purpose.

It was for this picture that Mr. Scrumley, the agent, had attempted to negotiate; but Jermym was not to be tempted. For some minutes after Mr. Scrumley's departure he reassured himself by repeating his declaration: "Not for sale at any figure!" And as he took up his afternoon's mail he muttered a final emphatic: "Not for sale!"

It was the very sincerity of this presumption of the picture's pricelessness that intensified the shock that he was now to receive, for among his letters he came on a postal card. And this is what he read on the postal card:

Sir: Your poet have say that beauty it is truth and truth it is the beauty. That has make me laugh often. It make me laugh now when I read that you buy the beautiful Titian, so beautiful because it is so cleverly falsified. I make it myself, that Titian. That is the truth; but it is not so beautiful as it is funny. You shall see that beauty is of the heart—love—and love is often blind. That is funny, too, because it is true. I have make many, many pictures; but how much rather it is to me now that I had give the vision of beauty to one heart—if it might be yours.

1—1 Allen Street. GIUSEPPE PATRONI.

The writing was small, crowded, foreign in style, but withal quite legible. Yet Jermym felt constrained to hold it up to a better light and read it aloud with slow deliberation, which, even on the third reading, seemed still to admit a possibility of having read it incorrectly. His comprehension centered on the words, "I make it myself," and took but little stock of the rest. Indeed, the words expressed the whole matter clearly enough—a certain preposterous person, calling himself Patroni, was challenging the genuineness of the newly discovered Titian by claiming to have painted it himself.

Jermym exclaimed, "Tut! Tut!" and made as though to throw the communication into the waste-paper basket, but placed it carefully in his wallet instead and rubbed the side of his nose with his forefinger. It would not do to have the genuineness of the picture called into question. Even the pretensions of a charlatan, exaggerated by the press and supplemented by the malice of enemies, could be exceedingly damaging to the picture's reputation and value. The writer of the postal card must be dealt with at once—quietly silenced in a way that would not attract attention. Jermym's fingers clenched slowly. He was not the man to pay blackmail.

He sat shuffling his letters until the office clock struck four. Already the dusk of a damp December afternoon bordered on darkness in the deep cañonlike streets. It was early, indeed, for Jermym to be leaving his desk; and as he did so, putting on his shabby overcoat, he was apprehensive of setting his clerks a bad example. So early was it that the closed automobile which usually waited on his departure had not yet arrived. He only buttoned his coat closer and set out walking, admitting to himself a certain preference for this form of locomotion under the peculiar circumstances that turned his footsteps toward Allen Street.

He vaguely conceived of Allen Street as at no great distance, but he could not remember having set foot in that direction since he was a boy. He had not proceeded far before he found himself in a maze of small streets, where boxes and bales of goods obstructed the sidewalk and heavy drays clattered over the rough cobbles. These evidences of the great city's commerce invoked his blessing as he passed. He came next on obscure streets, with obscure little shops that seemed to have retreated here to escape from the annoyance of customers and voluntarily to limit their business by the highest specialization in their wares. These, too, he blessed in passing.

It grew dark and he hastened his steps only to lose himself in blind, purposeless streets beneath the arches of a great, looming bridge. Few cities could have boasted a better place for committing a murder and he blessed it as a part of the completeness of the great city he loved. Beyond the bridge he came on dark business streets, old offices and warehouses that seemed to survive out of the business of half a century or more before. He was haunted here by the unpleasant memory of business associates who had long since prospered and died; but even while he fled through these streets his heart lingered and blessed them.

He came at last almost suddenly into the slums—long, filthy streets of tenements. It was quite dark now and the afternoon's drizzle had turned to a fine sleet. Along the crowded sidewalk, lined with costers' barrows, he made his way rapidly. He paused at a news stand, where newspapers in several strange languages were offered, and inquired the way to Allen Street. Here he obtained the services of a small urchin as guide, which was a wise measure, for he had yet many long blocks to cover before the boy led him at last through a narrow, grimy alleyway to a rear tenement.

"Here?" ejaculated Jermym, with a certain horror.

"Sure!" replied the boy. "What'd you expect?"

"I'm obliged to you," Jermym said, as he hastened to pay the boy. He waited for the boy to depart before turning to the door of the tenement.

Having searched in vain for a doorbell he tried the knob and admitted himself to the foot of a staircase in a narrow hall a degree darker than the night without; but not so much did he feel himself confronted by the darkness as by the atmosphere, which was that of a damp, fetid subcellar in which the odors of mold, cooking and human filth struggled for precedence. He was some moments in regaining normal breath; then deliberately he closed the door behind him and, feeling his way in the dark, began to ascend the stairs.

A cough—a deep, bronchial cough—warned him in time to prevent him from treading on a small child, who was sitting on the stairs.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Me, I'm sick," was the strange reply.

At the words a baby in the child's arms woke and whimpered; and Jermym, evincing his distaste for infants as for something unclean, made haste to pass and to continue his ascent.

A faint light rimmed the first room door and he knocked boldly. He waited; and, receiving no answer, he turned the knob. "Patroni?" he said.

The strange silence of a roomful of people was his only answer. He repeated his inquiry, waited again, and then pushed the door wide open. He found himself facing a table surrounded by persons, mostly children, who in the light of a cheap glass lamp were making artificial flowers. They stared at him in silence while their fingers continued making flowers in a curious automatic way.

At the third repetition of the inquiry a child started to speak, but was silenced gruffly. The eyes continued to stare and the fingers to toil for a space of half a minute, while Jermym stood with his hand on the doorknob and experienced a sense of having strayed into some mysterious borderland of life between the human and the dumb beast. He withdrew then and closed the door, with a muttered exasperation.

The sound of coughing led him through the darkness to a door on the opposite side of the hall. Here he knocked again, and after a minute of waiting heard a shuffling step within and then a feeble hand wrestling with the doorknob. He himself opened the door.

"Not feeneesh! You come too soon!" cried a woman's voice in hoarse distress. "I have not time. To-morrow—to-morrow!"

"I am looking for Giuseppe Patroni," said Jermym.

A sudden silence followed the words. He became sensible now of a small child close by the door.

"Come now," he said, laying his hand quite gently on the child; "does Giuseppe Patroni live here?"

The child gave a whimpering cry and dropped to the floor. Jermym felt himself clinging to a ragged sleeve containing what he could scarce believe to be a human arm, so small and wasted it was.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, aware at last of the terror he was inspiring. "Do you fear me like that?"

"What you want, you?" came the woman's voice at last.

The tone of hatred and suspicion of this challenge gave Jermym, for all his fearlessness, certain misgivings. Did they take him for the agent of the landlord, the rent collector or some dreaded inspector?

"Never mind who I am or what my business," he said.

This attitude of anonymity and mysterious business seemed curiously suited to the occasion.

"Cecco!" ordered the woman.

The boy got to his feet and trailed himself across the room and returned with a flickering candle end, which he gave into Jermym's hands. There followed, then, swiftly spoken words in a foreign tongue from the woman—words that ended abruptly in a fit of coughing. The candle flame leaped into brightness, but Jermym did not look into the room; for some reason he turned his face toward the hall.

Holding the candle end, which dripped hot wax on his fingers—but he was not the man to think of a little hot wax—Jermym followed Cecco up the next flight of stairs. The boy was a cripple and scrambled up the steps on all fours—or rather dragging one leg pitiably.

"Not so fast!" admonished Jermym. "Don't hurry me! Take your time, my lad."

At a certain door, two floors above, the boy stopped, extended a crooked arm and raised his small starved face beggarwise. It was, however, a stern principle of Jermym's never to give to beggars.

"I'm obliged to you," he declared severely.

"Few cents," murmured the child.

There Was Jones, the Most Starved of Them All. A Fine Example of Improvidence!

"This bit of candle end," said Jermym; "I'll pay you for it. Have you the change for a dollar bill? Well, then, I'll have to let you keep the change."

The boy's feeble fingers clutched the money; he murmured a frightened "'Ank 'ou!" and forthwith slid his crippled body quickly along the wall into the darkness.

Jermym knocked on the door before which he had been left standing. A voice within answered: "Come een!" Jermym entered.

The flickering candle disclosed an old man sitting on the relic of an upholstered armchair.

"Come een, Meestair Jermym!" cried the old man, rocking his chair impatiently. It lacked part of one of the front legs, which caused it to rock in a curious diagonal manner.

At the mention of his name the rich man hesitated. Then he closed the door behind him, a certain stealth in his action that betrayed the deeper workings of his thoughts. On a rough table he set the candle end and, having disencumbered his fingers of the dripped wax, silently took the postal card from his wallet.

"What, sir, do you mean by sending me this?" he began in a low hard tone.

For reply the old man in the chair emitted a sort of croaking chuckle and rocked his chair more violently than ever in its crazy cornerwise fashion.

"This form of imposture is new to my wide experience," continued Jermym. "You claim here to have painted one of the greatest pictures in the world. Well, what do you expect to make by such a claim?"

"Zat ees eet!" croaked the old man, bringing his crazy rocking to a stop. "Zat ees eet—what do I expect to make? A great name? A great picture? Zat ees funny zat you must ask."

"You expect to get some money out of me, of course," replied Jermym in his hardest business tone. "Have you anything besides your preposterous claim? Do you know anything that—that I should be willing to pay for?"

"Nozzing—only zat."

The words bore a finality somehow grotesque. They contained an assumption precluding argument, which was the more exasperating for its being preposterous. Jermym sucked his thin lips. He had had much experience, as have all prominent men, with cranks and crazy people. In business matters he was a confident judge of a man's sanity, but in matters of art he felt less sure of himself. He was half convinced that he was dealing now with a case of senile imbecility, but something restrained him from this conclusion. He took out his wallet again and found therein certain letters, which he unfolded to the light of the candle. "Humph!" he began. "This is from Franchot. He says: 'The beauty of the picture would be sufficient proof of its genuineness were it not otherwise positively attested by such evidences of authenticity as are readily recognizable to the expert.' And here is what Delahaye says: 'The exquisite tones of color and the waxlike finish of the picture are a lost art that cannot be reproduced in these degenerate days.'" He folded the letters back into his wallet and returned this deliberately to his pocket.

He waited for the old man to speak, but it was he himself who at last broke the silence:

"Imposture—more especially blackmail—is a criminal offense. The question is, What can you prove?"

"Zat ees eet, aha!" cried the old man, again rocking his chair crazily. "What can I prove? Nozzing, perhaps. What can you prove? Nozzing. Zat ees eet! Zat ees eet exactly!"

Though he could grasp the truth of this, nevertheless the millionaire's sharp comprehension could not penetrate the old man's mirth. It passed over his head, something threatening despite its qualities of imbecility.

"I take it that you are an artist; that your presumption is not without some basis," he said, thinking that the root of the whole matter lay in some bitterness of blighted genius or starved ambition.

"Zere! Look zere!" The old man stretched a withered arm and pointed.

Jermym took the guttering candle end gingerly in his fingers. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as the light fell on a low workbench revealing a group of little clay figures. And, bringing the light closer, he grudged a second exclamation of admiration.

The group represented a street vender and his barrow, surrounded by customers, types of the thronging East Side population, executed all in the minutest realism. The squinting, earnest look on the face of the coster, the critical scowl of one tenement wife and the self-denied longing of another, the unutterable pathos of the small pence of life presented by the whole group—called forth a further expression of the millionaire's appreciation.

"Thought I'd Never Find Her; But I Did—Not Fifteen Minutes Ago"

"It's quite remarkable! I'll buy it. How much do you want for it?"

"Five dollar."

"Five dollars!" repeated Jermym, no longer curbing his astonishment. "You make a group like that for five dollars?"

Here was a proof of genius such as he was able to understand. All his life he had dealt with experts whose genius was to reduce the cost of manufacture. Had the old man said five hundred dollars, Jermym would have ranked him among a thousand-and-one other artists. But five dollars! That was a sign of incomprehensible genius.

"Five dollar," croaked the old man with devilish merriment as he rocked his chair again. "Een Sicilia I make eet for ten lire. But ees eet too moch—five dollar? You like better I make you anozzer Ol' Master for ten—perhaps feefteen dollar? Madonna and Bambino—ze wonderful tones of color; ze lost art of feeneesh, aha! Zat ees very funny." Jermym gave a stifled ejaculation as the hot wax burned his fingers.

"You will paint me another like it for fifteen dollars?" he asked, while his mind made some quite mad computations in comparative values and profit percentage. He seemed to see Mr. Scrumley's ratlike face in that moment, and something brought the perspiration out on his forehead. "You will make me another—original, not a copy—for that price?"

A silence followed these words. A change came over the old man in the chair. His head seemed to have sunk suddenly between his shoulders; his bony hands clutched at his breast. The guttering candle flame leaped and fell. Jermym experienced a strange sense of shuddering, which his fearlessness attributed to the cold of the night air. Then at last the old man spoke:

"No. Zat ees too late—zere ees not time. Eet ees close now, ze end—ze beginning." He paused. "Why I send you, zen, zat postal? You have ask what I expect to make—a great name?—money? What do zey matter now zat I die? Zen eet ees ze truth zat I would make. You shall believe or not, but eet will not be easy. Ze proof, you ask, zat I have paint zat picture ——"

"The proof, yes. Well?" The rich man's fingers went nervously to the wallet that contained the valued reports.

"I tell you first how I paint zat picture. Eet ees twenty—thirty years ago zat I work in ze employ of a company zat make ze furnishing of ze Church—ze holy statues; ze altar cloths; ze great painted candles zey burn one day a year for a thousand year. Eet ees I zat paint ze candles; zat ees how I learn to make ze wax paint, ze wonderful colors zat are ze lost art. And so eet happen one day zat zey ees repairing ze chapel of ze Pope Pius, and zere ees a tapestry zat ees falling to pieces. Eet has been patched, two, t'ree hundred year ago, weeth canvas backing. Zey must put new canvas; zey t'row 'way ze ol' canvas. Aha! Zat ees very funny—all zat!"

Again he rocked his chair, while Jermym stood impassive, with thin, compressed lips. Whatever the old man's story might prove, it cast doubt on the authenticity of the picture. Suppose such a story should get into the newspapers! The heart of the skinflint seemed to clench as he clenched his bony fists at the thought of paying blackmail.

"You expect me to pay you something for that story, to buy your silence? You had better look to find yourself in jail."

"Zat ees funny too," croaked the old man. "Now zat I die you talk of money and prison. Zat I die, yes! Eet ees so common a thing to die. You think eet strange? Ze cold, ze hunger—you do not know zem. Listen! What you hear? Ze cough—always ze cough. Yes, eet ees so common a thing to die."

"I am not concerned with the duties of the Board of Health," interposed Jermym. "There are hospitals. Let us confine ourselves to the matter in hand."

"Ze matter een hand, zat ees eet. I ask you zen what you do weeth ze picture I have paint?"

"My ultimate purpose is to present it to the Museum of Art," replied Jermym deliberately, as though relishing the words. "I shall present my entire collection, that the whole city may profit by it down to the poorest art student—a not unworthy contribution to the encouragement of art."

"Encouragement!" cried the old man in a sort of frenzy. "You think zat you encourage art by ze glorification of ze dead? Ze classics, you call zem. But did ze Greeks have classics? No; zey are zeir own classics. And ze cinquecento painters? No, no; zey paint ze beauty; zey see eet anew. Zey praise each ozzer. To zeir young men zey say: 'You mus' do better zan we.' And ze great Lorenzo il Magnifico, he did not make ze collection. No, no! But you—you think zat eet ees to pay ze big price for ze picture zat ees to encourage ze art. Pah! You have not ze reverence even. You make of ze works of art curios, whose beauty ees to be judge by whezzer zey ees genuine or not!" He paused with a choking laugh and once more took up his crazy rocking.

"I think," replied Jermym, replacing the candle on the table and taking out his wallet, "that Franchot made the beauty of the picture the first proof of its genuineness. I'll read you again what he says. Here ——"

"Aha!" croaked the old man. "Zat ees funny! You will see how funny zat ees yourself when you tell him zat I painted zat picture."

"H'm!" muttered the millionaire. "That is a matter yet to be proved. What actual proof have you that you painted it? What proof, eh?"

"Ze proof? Eet ees too easy zat you ask ze proof. You believe ze expert, but you do not believe me, who makes ze picture. No, no; ze proof eet ees too easy a punishment for you. Only when you believe me first will you have ze proof of eet. Eet ees on ze canvas behind ze face of ze Madonna!"

"Do you mean that the only way of getting at the proof would entail the destruction of the picture?" inquired Jermym, eager for the relief that such a proposition must offer.

"Zere are ozzer proofs, yes; but zey will all die with me. Zat ees ze only proof zat I will give you, Meestair Jermym. You think eet will be easy?"

It grew on Jermym suddenly then that he was the victim of a practical joke. Without another word he turned his back on the old man and reached for the guttering candle end. The slight wind from his hand extinguished it. In the darkness he felt his way out of the room, leaving the old man rocking his chair and repeating in a crazy voice:

"Eet will not be easy! Eet will not be easy."

He felt his way along the wall of the corridor, not trusting the stair railing, which was gone in places. The wall was cold and damp, and in the dark his hands detected many spots where the lath had shed its plaster. In his progress he passed many doors, and through each door came the sound of coughing—always coughing; a terrible confirmation of what the old man had said. Perhaps in the narrow rut of his existence Jermym had never before realized what a common thing it was to die. He was a cold, merciless old skinflint in his office; but here in the dark, with only his God to see him, he was strangely affected by the coughing behind those doors.

He hardened his heart, however, with the thought that there were hospitals. Yes; the great city provided for all its children. Only those who were the victims of their own stubborn ignorance suffered, resisting benevolence, hiding themselves away in dark places such as this, which was a shame to the great and beautiful city that he loved.

Intolerant of the sins of ignorance, he raged as he felt his way along the wall in the darkness. They should be driven into the light, these resisters of benevolence; their coughing should not be permitted to disturb the peace of mind of respectable persons such as himself. Some one of the city authorities was to blame; some one was lacking in civic pride; some one was drawing a salary out of the taxpayer's—his, Jermym's—pocket for duties not performed. The scoundrel should be brought to task if he had to see to it himself.

His expedition into the slums had put him in a fine mood to encourage a vengeful indignation. Righteousness is the most vengeful of all the virtues when it has been put to inconvenience. Mumbling his ill temper he proceeded down the stairs with a certain recklessness of wrath. And so it came to pass that, as he neared the bottom of the last flight, he all but trod for the second time on the little girl he left sitting there when he ascended, and who gave no cough this time to warn him. He did not step on her. With instinctive humanity he sought another footing, missed it, clutched at the balusterless railing, and plunged, with a portion of it in his grasp, to the bottom of the steps, where he lay in a twisted heap.

He was not killed. He did not even lose consciousness, though for a moment he suffered acutely from the shock of his fall; but he lay there quite motionless, making no effort to move, allowing his senses a space in which to reassert themselves.

They reasserted themselves rather suddenly to the touch of a child's hand on his face.

"You dead?"

For all its terror there was a certain matter-of-factness in the way the child asked the question that, with the strange humor which so often attends misfortune, recalled to him the words of the old man: "It is so common a thing to die."

"No; I'm not dead," Jermym said crossly, as though prepared to dispute the matter. "But I've—Z-z-zh!—but I've hurt myself." He drew his breath through clenched teeth as he made his first effort to move. "I've twisted my back."

The little girl stepped across him and opened the alley door, letting in the light of the city. It was scarcely any light at all, but it made the immense difference between seeing and not seeing.

"I'll need help," said Jermym. "You had better get a policeman."

The word policeman had an immediate effect on the child. She made no motion of response. Jermym felt again that wall of silence and terror. "Do you hear what I say? Run quick and get a policeman!" he ordered, in a voice the natural hardness of which was emphasized by the fact that he was now in pain.

The child's response to this was a sound between sniffing and whimpering.

"Come, come! Do you think I'm going to have you arrested? What are you afraid of?"

She ceased whimpering, but stood irresolute. He managed in his cramped position to extract a coin from his pocket and held it up.

"Here's a fifty-cent piece for you—a bright, new fifty-cent piece, my dear."

The wisdom of the old saying that money talks was never more convincingly proved; but, oddly enough, the child took no stock in the proffered coin. With frantic haste she sprang across him, up a few steps of the stairs and down again, with the baby in her arms; and, having deposited the baby without comment on him, fled into the alleyway.

The malodorous specimen of infancy left sprawling on him did not commend itself in any way to Jermym's fastidious spirit. He experienced for a moment a shock of revulsion equal almost to the first shock of his fall. He lay very still at first, in a sort of chill apprehension of pollution; but as the minutes passed the weight of this atom of

Outside His Closed Door the Old Retainers of His Wife's Household Kept a Vulturelike Vigil

humanity on him slowly stirred within him an entirely new and never-before-experienced feeling, inspiring him at last to put forth a hand and touch it—very critically at first, to be sure, but with rapidly increasing confidence.

Jermym was as positive as a perfectly clear memory could make him that, in all the sixty-odd years of his life, he had never held, handled or touched the young of his species before. Vaguely he had always imagined them to be boneless. His observations in this respect almost reconciled him to his charge.

"Come now," he said, "suppose we shake hands."

The aptitude of the infant in this social formality quite surprised him, its tiny hands closing on his proffered finger in a curious grip, which might have been the secret grip of the great fraternity known as Human Instinct. Thus he was progressing rapidly from mere reconciliation toward a not unpleasant sense of responsibility when steps resounded on the alley pavement.

"Here he is," said the little girl.

There was a gruff "Umph!" in reply. Jermym made a new effort to raise himself, and sank back with a sharply drawn breath of pain.

"Yes; I'm still here," he said. "You've taken your time about coming to my assistance. I want an ambulance."

The policeman struck a match and deliberately took in the situation—that is to say, he made a hasty diagnosis of the fallen man's injuries, state of sobriety and status in the society of civilized man.

"What are you doing here? Who are you?" he asked summarily.

"It is sufficient, is it not, that I am suffering?" replied Jermym, angered at being challenged thus on his identity.

"Sure of that?"

The policeman struck another match.

"Ye'd like a free night's lodging, with a pretty nurse to make a fuss over ye, I guess. Let me see what bones ye've got broken."

"I've twisted my back."

"That's an old one," replied the officer. "You can't come any of that nonsense on me."

Perception of the situation was not long in growing on Jermym.

"Do you take me for a—a ——"

"Bum's the word," said the policeman quite calmly. "Who'd ye say ye was?"

"I'm an inspector of the Board of Health. Call an ambulance at once!"

"Well, now, and did ye find enough health to make it worth your throuble to inspect it at this hour, Mr. Inspector?" inquired the officer imperturbably.

"Damn your impertinence!" exclaimed Jermym, his pain getting the better of his temper. "If you want my name it is Eliphalet Jermym. Have you heard that name before?"

His idea was, of course, to confound this underling of the forces of law and order; but the underling obstinately refused to be confounded.

Indeed, had Jermym declared himself Czar of All the Russias he would have succeeded in his purpose quite as well. Still imperturbable, the underling struck another match and stooped, with the ostensible purpose of assisting the fallen man to his feet by the collar.

Now it happened that between the striking of the second and the third matches the fallen man had been disencumbered of the infant. The result of this was that the third match disclosed to the policeman's eye the heavy gold chain across the millionaire's waistcoat. He was not exactly confounded by this discovery, but it led him, nevertheless, to take a fresh view of the case; and after a moment's consideration he set forth to summon the ambulance.

With the departure of the policeman the little girl, with the baby in her arms, took up her position on the lowest step of the stair; but Jermym, occupied with his ill temper, would have taken no notice of her had she not made her presence felt by the audible chattering of her teeth.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded severely. "You will catch cold."

"I'm sick." It was the same answer that she had given to the question he had asked half an hour before.

"Sick?"

"I spoil more'n I make. I spilled the glue."

She spoke as though he would understand—as if spilling the glue were a tragedy that anyone would understand.

"What do you make?"

"Stems most; but when I ain't so sick I make buds."

This answer brought to Jermym's memory the family—families perhaps—he had seen in the room above, seated round the table making flowers.

"So, because you are sick and spilled the glue, you are sent out here to sit in the cold. What's your name?"

"Lola."

"How old are you?"

"Nine."

"What did you do with the fifty-cent piece I gave you?"

"You give it to me?"

"I did. Where is it? Have you lost it?"

"It's under your shoulder. I'm watching it."

"Why, bless you," declared Jermym, with something like a chuckle; "why, bless you, let me see whether I haven't got another." He produced a second coin. "What are you going to buy with it, now?"

"I give it in."

"Oh, you'll give it to your father?"

"My father—he broke his neck off a building."

"Then you will give it to your mother?"

"Yes."

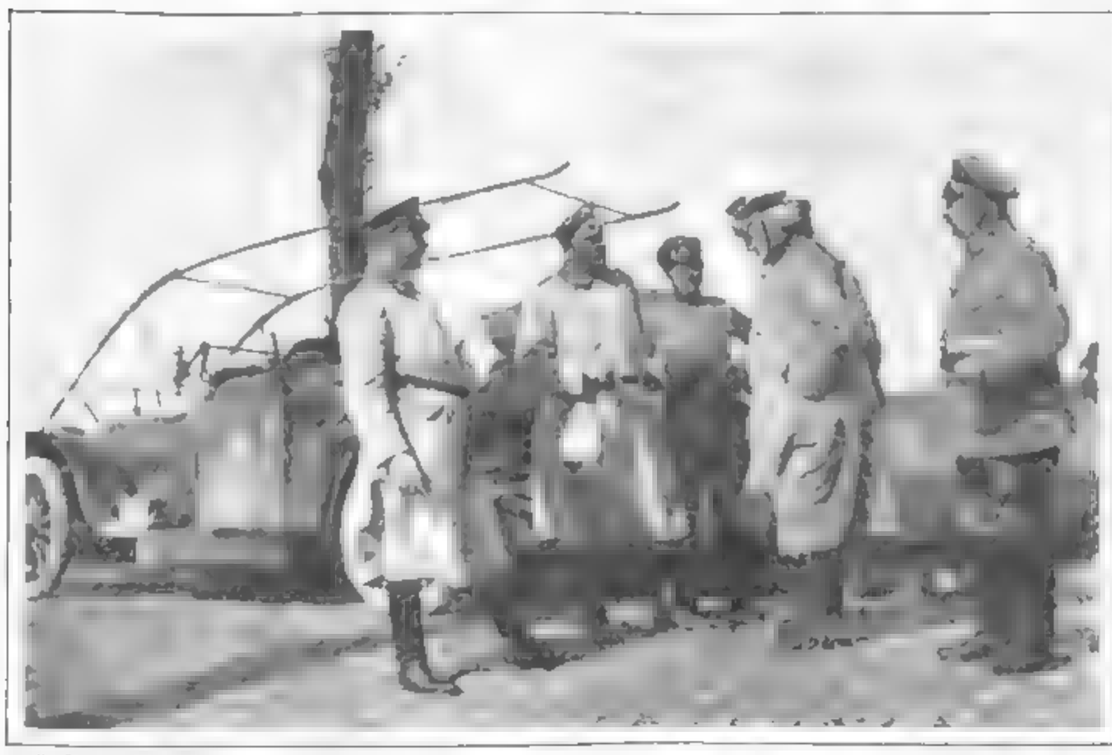
"And what will she buy with it?"

"Milk for the baby—rent."

His delvings into the child's heart had been grimly rewarded. Lying there on the floor he made two resolutions: First, that the best dairy company in the city should

(Continued on Page 57)

WAR DE LUXE—By Irvin S. Cobb



PHOT BY ALEF LAIA

Over-General von Heeringen, Commanding German Center at Laon, With Staff. In the Background an Armored Auto With Prow for Cutting Wires

General von Zwehl With His Staff and Correspondents. Photograph Taken as Party are Watching Shell Fire Along the River Aisne

"I THINK," said Excellency von Scheller of the ordnance department as we came out into the open after a good but a hurried and fly-ridden breakfast—"I think," he said in his excellent Saxonized English, "that it would perhaps be as well to look at our telephone exchange first of all. It perhaps might prove of some small interest to you." With that he led the way through a jumble of corridors to a far corner of the captured French Prefecture of the captured French city of Laon, perching high on the Hill of Laon and forming for the moment the keystone of the arch of the German center.

So that was how the most crowded day in a reasonably well-crowded newspaperman's life began for me—with a visit to a room which had in other days been somebody's reception parlor. We came upon twelve soldier-operators sitting before portable switchboards with metal transmitters clamped upon their heads, giving and taking messages to and from all the corners and crannies of the mid-battle-front. This little room was the solar plexus of the army. To it all the tingling nerves of the mighty organism ran and in it all the ganglia centered. At two sides of the room the walls were laced with silk-covered wires appliquéd as thickly and as closely and as intricately as the threads in old point lace, and over these wires the gray-coated operators could talk -and did talk pretty constantly—with all the trenches and all the batteries and all the supply camps and with the generals of brigades and of divisions and of corps.

One wire ran upstairs to Over-General von Heeringen's sleeping quarters and ended, so we were told, in a receiver that hung upon the headboard of his bed. Another stretched, by relay points, to Berlin, and still another ran to the headquarters of the General Staff where the Kaiser was, somewhere down the right wing; and so on and so forth. If war is a business these times instead of a romantic calling, then surely this was the main office and clearing house of the business.

To our novice eyes the wires seemed snarled—snarled inextricably, hopelessly, eternally—and we said as much, but Von Scheller said behind this apparent disorder a most careful and particular orderliness was hidden away. Given an hour's notice, these busy men who wore those steel vises clamped upon their ears could disconnect the lines, pull down and reel in the wires, pack the batteries and the exchanges, and have the entire outfit loaded upon automobiles for speedy transmission elsewhere. Having seen what I had seen of the German military system, which thinks of everything and forgets nothing, I could not find it in my heart to doubt this. Miracles had already become commonplaces; what might have been epic once was incidental now. I hearkened and believed.

Talking to the Trenches

AT HIS command a sergeant plugged in certain stops upon a keyboard and then when Von Scheller, taking a hand telephone up from a table, had talked into it in German he passed it into my hands.

"The captain at the other end of the line speaks English," he said. "I've just told him you wish to talk with him for a minute."

I pressed the horn rubber disk to my ear.

"Hello!" I said.

"Hello!" came back the thin-strained answer. "This is such and such a trench"—giving the number—"in front of Cerny. What do you want to know?"

"What's the news there?" I stammered fatuously.

A pleasant little laugh tinkled through the strainer.

"Oh, it's fairly quiet here now," said the voice. "Yesterday afternoon shrapnel fire rather mussed us up, but to-day nothing has happened. We're just lying quiet and enjoying the fine weather. We've had much rain until lately and my men are enjoying the change."

So that was all the talk I had with a man who had for weeks been living in a hole in the ground with a ditch for an exercise ground and the brilliant prospects of a violent death for his hourly and daily entertainment. Afterward when it was too late I thought of a number of leading questions which I should have put to that Herr Captain. Undoubtedly there was a good story in him could you get it out.

We came through a courtyard at the north side of the building, and the courtyard was crowded with automobiles of all the known European sizes and patterns and shapes—automobiles for scout duty, with saw-edged steel prows curving up over the drivers' seats to catch and cut dangling wires; automobiles fitted as traveling pharmacies and needing only red-and-green lights to be regular prescription drug stores; automobile-ambulances rigged with stretchers and first-aid kits; automobiles for carrying ammunition and capable of moving at tremendous speed for tremendous distances; automobile machine guns or machine-gun automobiles, just as suits you; automobile cannon; and an automobile mail wagon, all holed inside, like honeycomb, with two field-postmen standing up in it, back to back, sorting out the contents of snugly packed pouches; and every third letter was not a letter, strictly speaking, at all, but a small flat parcel containing chocolate or cigars or handkerchiefs or socks or even light sweaters—such gifts as may be sent to the soldiers, stamp-free, from any part of the German Empire. I wonder how men managed to wage war in the days before the automobile?

A German Aviator-Lieutenant at the Door of His Hanger, Laon, France

Two waiting cars received our party and our guides and our drivers, and we went corkscrewing down the hill, traversing crooked ways that were astonishingly full of German soldiers and astonishingly free of French townspeople. Either the citizens kept to their shuttered houses or, having run away at the coming of the enemy, they had not yet dared to return, although so far as I might tell there was no danger of their being mistreated by the gray-backs. Reaching the plain which is below the city we streaked westward, our destination being the field wireless station.

Post Offices at the Front

NOTHING happened on the way except that we overtook a file of slightly wounded prisoners who, having been treated at the front, were now bound for a prison in a convent yard, where they would stay until a train carried them off to Münster or Düsseldorf for confinement until the end of the war. I counted them—two English Tommies, two French officers, one lone Belgian—how he got that far down into France nobody could guess—and twenty-eight French cannoneers and infantrymen, including some North Africans. Every man Jack of them was bandaged either about the head or about the arms, or else he favored an injured leg as he hobbled slowly on. Eight guards were nursing them along; their bayonets were socketed in their carbine barrels. No doubt the magazines of the carbines were packed with those neat brass capsules which carry doses of potential death; but the guards, except for the moral effect of the thing, might just as well have been bare-handed. None of the prisoners could have run away even had he been so minded. The poor devils were almost past walking, let alone running. They wouldn't even look up as we went by them.

The day is done of the courier who rode horseback with orders in his belt and was winged in mid-flight; and the day of the secret messenger who tried to creep through the hostile picket lines with cipher dispatches in his shoe, and was captured and ordered shot at sunrise, is gone too, except in Civil War melodramas. Modern military science has wiped them out along with most of the other picturesque fol-de-rols of the old game of war. Bands no longer play the forces into the fight—indeed I have seen no more bands afield with the lead-colored columns of the Germans than I might count on the fingers of my two hands; and flags, except on rare show-off occasions, do not float above the heads of the columns; and officers dress as nearly as possible like common soldiers; and the courier's work is done with much less glamour but with infinitely greater dispatch and greater certainty by the telephone, and by the aëroplane man, and most of all by the air currents of the wireless equipment. We missed the gallant courier, but then the wireless was worth seeing too.

It stood in a trampled turnip field not very far beyond the ruined Porte St. Martin at the end of the Rue St. Martin, and before we came to it we passed the Monument des Instituteurs, erected in 1899—as the inscription upon it told us—by a grateful populace to the memory of three school teachers of Laon who, for having

raised a revolt of students and civilians against the invader in the Franco-Prussian War, were taken and bound and shot against a wall, in accordance with the system of dealing with ununiformed enemies which the Germans developed hereabouts in 1870 and perfected hereabouts in 1914. A faded wreath, which evidently was weeks old, lay at the bronze feet of the three figures. But the institute behind the monument was an institute no longer. It had become, over night as it were, a lazaretto for the wounded. Above its doors the Red Cross flag and the German flag were crossed—emblems of present uses and present proprietorship. Also many convalescent German soldiers sunned themselves upon the railing about the statue. They seemed entirely at home. When the Germans take a town they mark it with their own brand, as cattlemen in Texas used to brand a captured maverick; after which, to all intents it becomes German. We halted a moment here.

"That's French enough for you," said the young officer who was riding with us, turning in his seat to speak—"putting up a monument to glorify three *francs-tireurs*. In Germany the people would not be allowed to do such a thing. But it is not humanly conceivable that they would have such a wish. We revere soldiers who die for the Fatherland, not men who refuse to enlist when the call comes and yet take up arms to make a guerrilla warfare."

Which remark, considering the circumstances and other things, was sufficiently typical for all purposes, as I thought at the time and still think. You see I had come to the place where I could understand a German soldier's national and racial point of view, though I doubt his ability ever of understanding mine. To him, now, old John Burns of Gettysburg, going out in his high, high hat and his long, long coat to fight with the boys would never, could never be the heroic figure which he is in the American imagination; he would have been a meddlesome malefactor deserving of immediate death. For 1778 write it 1914, and Molly Pitcher serving at the guns would have been in no better case before a German court-martial. I doubt whether a Prussian Stonewall Jackson would give orders to kill a French Barbara Frietchie, but assuredly he would lock that venturesome old person up in a fortress where she could not hoist her country's flag nor invite anybody to shoot her gray head. For you must know that the German who ordinarily brims over with that emotion which, lacking a better name for it, we call sentiment, drains all the sentiment out of his soul when he takes his gun in his hand and goes to war.

Among the frowzy turnip tops two big dull gray automobiles were stranded, like large hulks in a small green sea. Alongside them a devil's darning-needle of a wireless mast stuck up, one hundred and odd feet, toward the sky. It was stayed with many steel guy ropes, like the center pole of a circus top. It was of the collapsible model and might therefore be telescoped into itself and taken down in twenty minutes, so we were informed pridefully by the captain in charge; and from its needle-pointed tip the messages caught out of the ether came down by wire conductors to the interior of one of the stalled automobiles and there were noted down and, whenever possible, translated by two soldier-operators, who perched on wooden stools among batteries and things, for which I know not the technical names. The spitty snarl of the apparatus filled the air for rods roundabout. It made you think of a million gritty slate pencils squeaking over a million slates all together. We were permitted to take up the receivers and listen to a faint scratching sound which must have come from a long way off. Indeed the officer told us that it was a message from the enemy that we heard.

Listening to the Enemy's Wireless

"OUR men just picked it up," he explained; "we think it must come from a French wireless station across the river. Naturally we cannot understand it, any more than they can understand our messages—they're all in code, you know. Every day or two we change our code, and I presume they do too."

Two of our party had unshipped their cameras by now, for the pass which we carried entitled us, among other important things, to commandeer that precious fluid, gasoline, whenever needed, and to take photographs for personal and private use; but they were asked to make no snapshots here. We gathered that there were certain reasons not unconnected with secret military usage why we might not take away with us plates bearing pictures of the field wireless. In the main, though, remarkably few restrictions were laid upon us that day. Once or twice, very casually, somebody asked us to refrain from writing about this thing or that thing which we had seen; but that was all.

In a corner of the turnip field close up to the road were mounds of fresh-turned clay, and so many of them were there and so closely were they spaced and for so considerable a distance did they stretch along, they made two long yellow ribs above the herbage. At close intervals small wooden crosses were stuck up in the rounded combs of earth so that the crosses formed a sort of irregular fence. A squad of soldiers were digging more holes in the tough earth. Their shovel blades flashed in the sunlight and the clods flew up in showers.

"We have many buried over there," said Captain von Theobald, seeing that I watched the grave diggers, "a general among them and other officers. It is there we bury those who die in the Institute hospital. Every day more die, and so each morning trenches are made ready for those who will die during that day. A good friend of mine is over there; he was buried day before yesterday. I sat up late last night writing to his wife—or perhaps I should say his widow. They had been married only a few weeks when the call came. It will be very hard on her."

He did not name the general who lay over yonder, nor did we ask him the name. To ask would not have been etiquette, and for him to answer would have been worse. Rarely in our wanderings did we find a German soldier of whatsoever rank who referred to his superior officer by name. He merely said "My captain" or "Our colonel." And this was of a piece with the plan—not entirely confined to the Germans—of making a secret of losses of commanders and movements of commands.

Correspondents, Nurses and Officers at German Hospital, Near French Border

We went thence then, the distance being perhaps three miles by road and not above eight minutes by automobile at the rate we traveled, to an aviation camp at the back side of the town of Laon. Here was very much to see, including many aëroplanes of sorts domiciled under canvas hangars and a cheerful, chatty, hospitable group of the most famous aviators in the German army—lean, keen young men all of them—and a sample specimen of the radish-shaped bomb which these gentlemen carry aloft with them with the intent of dropping it upon their enemies when occasion shall offer. Each of us in turn solemnly hefted the bomb to feel its weight. I should guess it weighed thirty pounds—say, ten pounds for the case and twenty pounds for its load of fearsome ingredients. Finally, yet foremost, we were invited to inspect that thing which is the pride and the brag of this particular arm of the German Army—a balloon-cannon; so called.

The balloon-gun of this size is—or was at the date when I saw it—an exclusively German institution. I believe the Allies have balloon-guns, too, but theirs are smaller, according to what the Germans say. This one was mounted on a squatty steel half-turret at the tail end of an armored-steel truck. It had a mechanism as daintily adjusted as a lady's watch and much more accurate, and when being towed by its attendant automobile, which has harnessed within it the power of a hundred and odd draft horses, it has been known to cover sixty English miles in an hour, for all that its weight is that of very many loaded vans.

The person in authority here was a youthful and blithe lieutenant—an Iron Cross man—with pale, shallow blue eyes and a head of bright blond hair. He spun one small wheel to show how his pet's steel nose might be elevated almost straight upward; then turned another to show how the gun might be swung, as on a pivot, this way and that to command the range of the entire horizon, and he concluded the performance, with the aid of several husky lads in soiled gray, by going through the pantomime of loading with a long yellow five-inch shell from the magazine behind him, and pretending to fire, meanwhile explaining that he could send one shot aloft every six seconds and with each shot reach a maximum altitude of between seven and eight thousand feet. All of which was a very pretty sight to see and most edifying. Likewise it took on an added interest when we learned that the blue-eyed youth and his brother of a twin balloon-cannon at the front of Laon had during the preceding three weeks brought down four of the enemy's airmen, and were exceedingly hopeful of fattening their joint average before the present week had ended.

After that we took photographs *ad lib.*, and McCutcheon had a trip with Ingold, a great aviator, in a biplane, which the Germans call a double-decker, as distinguished from the *Taube*, or monoplane, with its birdlike wings and curved tail rudder-piece. Just as they came down, after a circular spin over the lines, a strange machine, presumably hostile, appeared far up and far away, but circled off to the south out of target reach before the balloon gunman could get the range of her and the aim. Then on the heels of this a biplane from another aviation field somewhere down the left wing dropped in quite informally bearing two grease-spattered men to pass the time of day and borrow some gasoline. The occasion appeared to demand a drink. We all repaired, therefore, to one of the great canvas houses where the air birds nest nighttimes and where the airmen sleep. There we had glasses of white wine all round, and a pointer dog, which was chained to an officer's trunk, begged me in plain pointer language to cast off his leash so he might go and stalk the covey of pheasants that were taking a dust-bath in the open road.

What One Doesn't See

THE temptation was strong, but Lieutenant Geibel said if we meant to get to the battlefront before lunch it was time, and past time, we got started. Being thus warned we did get started, and not long thereafter skirted the little meadow in the woods, where an observation balloon swung aloft at the end of its seven-hundred-foot tether with its operator in the dangling basket beneath, waiting his turn to be struck down by a bomb from a French or English flyer. Later, that same day, we were to come that way again, and then I was to sample the dubious joys of taking a balloon ride over the fighting lines; but that part of the experience is a story which shall be told next week for the benefit of the reader who has the patience and the good will to await the tale.

Of a battle there is this to be said—that the closer you get to it the less do you see of it. Always in my recent experiences in Belgium and my still more recent experiences in France I found this to be true. Take, for example, the present instance. I knew that we were approximately in the middle sworl of the twisting scroll formed by the German center, and that we were at this moment entering the very tip of the enormous inverted V made by the frontmost German defenses. I knew that stretching away to the southeast of us and to the northwest was a line some two hundred miles long, measuring it from tip to tip, where sundry millions of men in English khaki and French fustian and German shoddy-wools were fighting the biggest fight and the most prolonged fight and the most stubborn fight that historians probably will write down as having been fought in this war or any lesser war. I knew this fight had been going on for weeks now back and forth upon the River Aisne and would certainly go on for weeks and perhaps months more to come. I knew these things because I had been told them; but I shouldn't have known if I hadn't been told. I shouldn't even have guessed it.

I recall that we traveled at a cup-racing clip along a road that first wound like a coiling snake and then straightened like a striking snake, and that always we traveled through dust so thick it made a fog. In this chalky land of Northern France the brittle soil dries out after a rain very quickly, and turns into a white powder where there are wheels to churn it up and grit it fine. Here surely there was an abundance of wheels. We passed many marching men and many lumbering supply trains which were going our way, and we met many motor ambulances and many ammunition trucks which were coming back. Always the ambulances were full and the ammunition wagons were empty. I judge an expert in these things might by the fullness of the one and the emptiness of the other gauge the emphasis with which the fight ahead went on. The drivers of the trucks nearly all wore captured French caps and French uniform coats, which adornment the marching men invariably regarded as a quaint jest to be laughed at and cheered for.

We stopped at our appointed place, which was on the top of a ridge where a general of a corps had his headquarters. From here one had a view—a fair view and, roughly, a fair-shaped view of certain highly important artillery operations. Likewise, the eminence, gentle and gradual as it was, commanded a mile-long stretch of the road, which formed the main line of communication between the front and the base; and these two facts in part explained why the general had made this his abiding place. Even my layman's mind could sense the reasons for establishing headquarters at such a spot.

As for the general, he and his staff, at the moment of our arrival in their midst, were stationed at the edge of a scanty woodland where telescopes stood and a table with maps and charts on it. Quite with the manner of men who had nothing to do except to enjoy the sunshine and breathe the fresh air, they strolled back and forth in pairs and trios. I think it must have been through force of habit that, when they halted to turn about and retrace the route, they stopped always for a moment or two and faced southward. It was from the southward that there came rolling up to us the sounds of a bellowing chorus of gunfire a Wagnerian chorus truly. Well, that perhaps was as it should be. Wagner's countrymen were helping to make it. Now the separate reports strung out until you could count perhaps three between reports; now they came so close together that the music they made was a constant roaring which would endure for a minute, or half a minute anyhow. But for all the noticeable heed which any uniformed man in my vicinity paid to this it might as well have been blasting in a distant stone quarry. This attitude which they maintained, coupled with the fact that seemingly all the firing did no damage whatsoever, only seemed to strengthen the illusion that after all it was not the actual business of warfare which spread itself beneath my eyes.

Apparently most of the shells from the Allies' side—which of course was the farther side from us—rose out of a dip in the contour of the land. Rising so, they mainly fell among or near the shattered remnants of two hamlets upon the nearer front of a little hill perhaps three miles from our location. A favorite object of their attack appeared to be a wrecked beet-sugar factory of which one side was blown away.

There would appear just above the horizon line a ball of smoke as black as your hat and the size of your hat, which meant a grenade of high explosives. Then right behind it would blossom a dainty, plumy little blob of innocent white, fit to make a pompon for the hat, and that, they told us, would be shrapnel. The German reply to the enemy's guns issued from the timbered verges of slopes at our right hand and our left; and these German shells, so far as we might judge, passed entirely over and beyond the smashed hamlets and the ruined sugar-beet building and, curving downward, exploded out of our sight.

Seen Through the Telescope

"THE French persist in a belief that we have men in those villages," said one of the general's aides to me. "They are wasting their powder. There are many men there and some among them are Germans, but they are all dead men."

He offered to show me some live men, and took me to one of the telescopes and aimed the barrel of it in the proper direction while I focused for distance. Suddenly out of the blur of the lens there sprang up in front of me, seemingly quite close, a zigzagging toy trench cut in the face of a little hillock. This trench was quite full of gray figures of the size of very small dolls. They were moving aimlessly

Soldiers Praying in the Old French Cathedral at Laon

back and forth, it seemed to me, doing nothing at all. Then I saw another trench that ran slantwise up the hillock and it contained more of the pygmies. A number of these latter pygmies came out of their trench—I could see them quite plainly clambering up the steep wall of it—and they moved, very slowly it would seem, toward the crosswise trench on ahead a bit. To reach it they had to cross a sloping green patch of cleared land. So far as I might tell no explosive or shrapnel shower fell into them or near them, but when they had gone perhaps a third of the distance across the green patch there was a quick scatteration of their inch-high figures. Quite distinctly I counted three manikins who instantly fell down flat and two others who went ahead a little way deliberately, and then lay down. The rest darted back to the cover which they had just quit and jumped in briskly. The five figures remained where they had dropped and became quiet. Anyway, I could detect no motion in them. They were just little gray strips. Into my mind on the moment came incongruously a memory of what I had seen a thousand times in the composing room of a country newspaper where the type was set by hand. I thought of five pica slugs lying on the printshop floor.

It was hard for me to make myself believe that I had seen human beings killed and wounded. I can hardly believe it yet—that those insignificant pygmies were really and truly men. I watched through the glass after that for possibly twenty minutes, until the summons came for lunch, but no more of the German dolls ventured out of their make-believe defenses to be blown flat by an invisible blast.

It was a picnic lunch served on board trestles under a tree behind the cover of a straw-roofed shelter tent, and we ate it in quite a peaceful and cozy picnic fashion. Twice during the meal an orderly came with an oral message which he had taken off a field telephone in a little pigsty of logs and straw fifty feet away from us; but the general each time merely canted his head to hear what the whispered word might be and went on eating. There was no clattering in of couriers, no hurried dispatching of orders this way and that. Only, just before we finished with the meal, he got up and walked away a few paces, and there two of his aides joined him and the three of them confabbed together earnestly for a couple of minutes or so. While so engaged they had the air about them of surgeons preparing to undertake an operation and first consulting over the preliminary details. Or perhaps it would be truer to say they looked like civil engineers discussing the working-out of an undertaking regarding which there was interest but no uneasiness. Assuredly they behaved not in the least as a general and aides would behave in a story book or on the stage, and when they were through they came back for their coffee and their cigars to the table where the rest of us sat.

"We are going now to a battery of the twenty-one-centimeter guns and from there to the ten-centimeters," called out Lieutenant Geibel as we climbed aboard our cars; "and when we pass that first group of houses yonder we shall be under fire. So if you have wills to make, you American gentlemen, you should be making them now before we start." A gay young officer was Lieutenant Geibel, and he just naturally would have his little joke whether or no.

Immediately then and twice again that day we were technically presumed to be under fire—I use the word "technically" advisedly—and again the next day and once again two days thereafter, but I was never able to convince myself that it was so. Certainly there was no sense of actual danger as we sped through the empty single street of a wrecked and ruined village. All about us were the marks of what the shellfire had done, some fresh and still smoking, some old and dry-charred, but no shells dropped near us as we circled in a long swing up to within half a mile of the first line of German trenches and perhaps a mile to the left of them.

In the German Artillery Trenches

THEREBY we arrived safely and very speedily and without mishap at a battery of twenty-one-centimeter guns, standing in a gnawed sheep pasture behind an abandoned farmhouse—or what was left of a farmhouse, which was to say very little of it indeed. The guns stood in a row, and each one of them—there were five in all—stared with its single round eye at the blue sky where the sky showed above a thick screen of tall slim poplars growing on the far side of the farmyard. We barely had time to note that the men who served the guns were denned in holes in the earth like wolves, with earthen roofs above them and straw beds to lie on, and that they had screened each gun in green saplings cut from the woods and stuck upright in the ground, to hide their position from the sight of prying aëroplane scouts, and that the wheels of the guns were tired with huge, broad steel plates called "caterpillars," to keep them from bogging down in miry places—I say we barely had time to note these details mentally when things began to happen. There was a large and very soiled soldier who spraddled face downward upon his belly in one of the straw-lined dugouts with his ear hitched to a telephone. Without lifting his head or turning it he sang out. At that all the other men sprang up very promptly. Before, they had been sprawled about in sunny places, smoking and sleeping, and writing on postcards. Postcards, butter and beer—these are the German private's luxuries, but most of all postcards. The men bestirred themselves.

"You are in luck, gentlemen," said Von Theobald. "This battery has been idle all day, but now it is to begin firing. The order to fire just came. The balloon operator, who is in communication with the observation pits beyond the foremost infantry trenches, will give the range and the distance. Listen, please." He held up his hand for silence, intent on hearing what the man at the telephone was repeating back over the line. "Ah, that's it—5400 meters straight over the tree tops"

(Continued on Page 41)

Group of Typical German Doctors and Nurses Attached to a Field Hospital in Belgium

Our Party at the Front—Nursing Sister; Bennett; Patroness of Hospital; Captain Mannesmann; Cobb; Thompson, American Consul at Aachen; and McCutcheon

THE Nth COMMANDMENT

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE Christmas ballad of the stoker, even though writ from the fiery bowels of amidships and with a pen reeking with his own sweat, could find no holiday sale; nor the story of the waiter who serves the wine he dares only smell, and weary stands attendant into the joyous dawn. Such social sores—the drayman, back bent to the Christmas box whose mysteries he must never know; the salesgirl standing on her swollen feet on into the midnight hour—such sores may run and fester, but not to sicken public eyes.

For the Christmas spirit is the white flame of love burning in men's hearts and may not be defiled. Shop windows, magazine covers and postcards proclaim good will to all men; bedtime stories crooned when little heads are drowsy are of Peace on Earth; corporations whose draymen's backs are bent and whose salesgirls' feet are swollen plaster each outgoing parcel with a Good-Will-Toward-Men stamp, and remove the stools from behind the counters to give space to more of the glittering merchandise.

In the Mammoth Store the stools had long since been removed and the holiday hysteria of Peace on Earth rose to its Christmas-Eve climax, as a frenzied gale drives upward the sea into mountains of water, or scuds through black-hearted forests, bending them double in wild salaam.

"It—It Ain't Like I Could Do Any Good at Home, It Ain't"

Shoppers pushed through aisles so packed that the tide flowed back upon itself. A narrow-chested woman, caught in the whorl of one such vortex, fainted back against the bundle-laden arms that pressed her on. Above the thin orchestra of musical toys, the tramp of feet like an army marching, voices raucous from straining to be heard, a clock above the grand central stairway boomed nine, and the crowd pulled at its strength for a last hour of bartering, tearing, pushing, haggling, sweating.

Behind the counters workers sobbed in their throats and shifted from one swollen foot to the other. A cashgirl, her eyeballs glazed like those of a wounded hare in the torture of the chase, found a pile of pasteboard boxes behind a door and with the indifference of exhaustion dropped on to it asleep. The tide flowed on, and ever and again back upon itself. A Santa Claus in a red Canton-flannel coat lost his white Canton-flannel beard, nor troubled to recover it. A woman trembling with the ague of terror drew an imitation bisque doll off a counter and into the shallow recesses of her cape, and the cool hand of the law darted after her and closed over her wrist and imitation bisque evidence. A prayer, a moan, the crowd parting and closing again.

The mammoth Christmas tree beneath the grand central stairway lopped ever so slightly of its own gorgeousness and the gold star at its apex titillated to the tramp-tramp of the army. Across the novelty leather-goods counter Mr. Jimmie Fitzgibbons leaned the blue-shaven, predacious face that head waiters and underfed salesgirls know best over a hot bird and a cold bottle. Men's hands involuntarily close into tight fists when his well-pressed sleeve accidentally brushes their wives or sisters. Six-dollar-a-week salesgirls scrape their luscious rare birds to the bone, drink thin gold wine from thin, gold-edged glasses, and curse their God when the reckoning comes.

Behind the novelty leather-goods counter Mrs. Violet Smith, whose eyes were the woodland blue her name boasted, smiled back and leaned against the stock shelves, her face upturned and like a tired flower.

"If the rush hadn't quit right this minute I—I couldn't have lasted it out till closing, honest I couldn't."

"Poor tired little filly!"

"Even them ten minutes I got leave to go up to Old Ingram's office they made up for when I came back, and put another batch of them fifty-nine-cent leatherette purses out in the bin."

"Poor little filly! What you need is a little speed. I wanna blow you to-night, Doll. You went once and you can make it twice. Come on, Doll, it ain't every little girl I'd coax like this."

"I—Jimmie—I ——"

"I wanna blow you to-night, Doll. A poor little blue-eyed queenie like you, all froze up with nothing but a sick husband for a Christmas tree—a poor little baby doll like you!"

"The kid, too, Jimmie, I—oughtn't!"

"Didn't you tell me yourself it sleeps through the night like a whippersnapper? Don't be a quitter, Doll, didn't you?"

"Yes, but ——"

"A poor little baby doll like you! Why, there just ain't nothing too good for you. Some little time I showed you last Tuesday night—eh, Doll?"

"Yes—Jimmie!"

"Well, if you think that was some evening, you watch me to-night!"

"I—can't—go, Jimmie, him layin' there, and the kid and all!"

"Didn't I have to coax you last time just like to-night? And wasn't you glad when you looked out and seen how blasted cold and icy it was that you lemme blow you, wasn't you?"

"Yes, Jimmie, but ——"

"Didn't I blow you to a bottle of bubble water to take home with you even after the big show was over, and wouldn't I have blown you to yellow instead of the red if you hadn't been a little cheap skate and wanted the red? Didn't I pin a two-dollar bunch of hothouse grapes on your hat right out of the fruit bowl? Didn't I blow you for proper?"

"It was swell, Jimmie!"

"Well, I'm going to blow in my winnings on you to-night, Doll. It's Christmas Eve and ——"

"Yes, it's Christmas Eve, Jimmie, and he—he had one of his bad hemmorages last night, and the kid, she—she's too little to know she's getting cheated out of her Christmas, but gee—a—a kid oughtta have something—a tree or something."

He leaned closer, hemmed in by the crowd.

"It's you oughtta have something, Doll."

"I—I never oughtta gone with you last Tuesday night, Jimmie. When I got home, he—he was laying there like a rag."

"I like you, Doll. I'm going to blow in the stack of my winnings on you—that's how much I like you. There ain't nothing I wouldn't do for a little filly like you."

"Jimmie!"

"There ain't!"

"Aw!"

"You wouldn't be in the hole you are now, Doll, if you hadn't sneaked off two year ago and done it while I wasn't looking. Nearly two whole years you lemme lose track of you! That ain't a nice way to treat a fellow that likes you."

"We went boarding right away, Jimmie, and I only came back to the department two months ago, after he got so bad. Ain't I told you how things just kinda happened?"

"I liked you myself, Doll, but you fell for a pair of shoulders over in the gents' furnishing that wasn't wide from nothing but padding. I could have told you there was all cotton batting and no lungs there. I could have told you."

"Jimmie, ain't you ashamed! Jimmie!"

"Aw, I was just kidding. But you ain't real on that true-blue stuff, Doll. I can look into your eyes and see you're bustin' to lemme blow you. That's what you get, sweetness, when you don't ask your Uncle Fuller first. If you'd have asked me I could have told you he was weak in the chest when you married him. I could have told you that you'd be back here two years later selling leatherette vanity cases and supportin' a ——"

"You! Jimmie Fitzgibbons, you ——"

"Gad, Doll, go toit! When you color up like that you look like a rose—a whole bouquet of them."

"You—you don't know nothing about him. He—he never knew he had a lung till a month after the kid came, and they moved the gents' furnishing over by the Broadway door where the draft caught him."

"Sure, he didn't, Doll; no harm meant. That's right, stand by him, I like to see it. Stand by him, Doll, I like to see it. Why, a little queen across the counter from you tole me you'd have married him if he'd had three bum lungs, that crazy you was!"

"Like fun! If me or him had dreamt he wasn't sound we—I wouldn't be in this mess, I—we—I wouldn't!"

Her little face was pale as a spray of jessamine against a dark background, and try as she would to check them tears sprang hot to her eyes, dew trembled on her lashes.

"Poor little filly!"

More tears rushed to her eyes, as if he had touched the wellsprings of her self-compassion.

"You gotta excuse me, Jimmie. I ain't cryin', only I'm dog tired from nursin' and drudgin', drudgin' and nursin'."

"Hard luck, little 'un!"

"Him layin' there and me tryin' to—to make things meet. You gotta excuse me, Jimmie, I'm done up."

"That's why I wanna blow you, sweetness. I can't bear to see a little filly like you runnin' with the odds dead agin her."

"You been swell to me, Jimmie."

"The sky's my limit, Doll."

"Maybe it wasn't right for me to go with you last Tuesday night, him layin' there, and the kid and all, but a girl's gotta have something, don't she, Jimmie? A girl that's got on her shoulders what I got has gotta have something—a laugh now and then!"

"That's the goods, Doll. A little filly like you has got to."

"Honest, the way I laughed when you stuck them hothouse grapes on my hat for trimming the other night, just like they didn't cost nothing—honest, the way I laughed gimme enough strength for a whole night's nursin'. Honest, I felt like in the old days before—before I was married."

"Gad, if you had treated me white in them days, Doll—if you hadn't pulled that saint stuff on me and treated me cold storage—there ain't nothing I wouldn't have done for you."

"I—I didn't mean nothing, Jimmie."

"I ain't sore, Doll. I like you and I like your style. I always did, even in the days when you turned me down, you great big beautiful doll, you!"

"Aw—you!"

"If you're the real little sport I think you are, you're going to lemme blow you to the liveliest Christmas a little queen like you ever seen. I didn't make that winnin' down in Atlanta for nothing. When I got the telegram I says to myself: 'Here goes! I'm going to make last Tuesday night look like a prayer meeting, I am.' Eh, Doll?"

"I—I can't, Jimmie. I—— S-s-s-s-h!"

A tide flowed in about the counter, separating them, and she was suddenly the center of a human whorl, a battle of shoulders and elbows and voices pitched high with gluttony. Mr. Fitzgibbons skirted its edge, patient.

Outside a flake floated down out of the dark pocket of packed clouds, then another and yet another, like timid kisses blown down upon the clownish brow of Broadway. A motorman shielded his eyes from the right merry whirl and swore in his throat. A fruit-cheeked girl paused in the flare of a Mammoth Store show window, looked up at her lover and the flaky star that lit and died on his mustache, and laughed with the musical glee of a bird. A beggar slid farther out from his doorway and pushed his hat into the flux of the sidewalk. More flakes, dancing upward like suds blown in merriment from the palm of a hand—light, lighter, mad, madder; weaving a blanket from God's own loom, from God's own fleece, whitening men's shoulders with the heavenly fabric.

Mrs. Violet Smith cast startled eyes upon the powdered shoulders and snow-clumped shoes passing down the aisle-way, and her hand flew to her throat as if to choke its gasp.

"My! It ain't snowin', is it? It ain't snowin'?"

Mr. Jimmie Fitzgibbons wormed back to the counter. His voice was sunk to the golden mezzo of an amorous whisper.

"Snowin' is right, Doll! A real dyed-in-the-wool white Christmas for you and me!"

"Snowin'!"

"Don't you like snow, baby doll? Cheer up, I'm going to hire a taxicab by the hour. I'm ——"

"Snowin'!"

She breathed inward, shivering, stricken, and her mouth, no older than a child's, trembled at the corners and would not be composed.

"He—he can't stand no snowstorm. That's why the doctor said if—if we could get him South before the first one, if we could get him South before the first one—South, where the sun shines and he could feel it clear through him, he—oh, ain't I—ain't I in a mess!"

"Poor little filly!"

He focused his small eyes upon her plump and throbbing throat.

"Poor little filly, all winded!"

"I—oh, I ——"

"There's the bell, Doll. Poor, tired little girlie, hurry and I'll buy you a taxicab. Hear it—there's the closing bell! Merry Christmas, Doll! Merry Christmas!"

A convulsion tore through the store, like the violent asthma of a thirty-thousand-ton ocean liner breathing the last breath of her voyage and slipping alongside her pier. On that first stroke of ten a girl behind the candy counter collapsed frankly, rocking her left foot in her lap, pressing its blains, and blubbering through lips salty with her own bitter tears. A child, qualified by legislation and his fourteen years to brace his soft-boned shoulder against the flank of life, bent his young spine double to the weight of two iron exit doors that swung outward and open. A gale of snow and whistling air danced in. The crowd turned about, faced, thinned, died.

Mrs. Violet Smith turned a rose-white face to the flurry.

"Snowin'!"

"A real, made-to-order white Christmas for you and me, Doll. The kind you read about."

"It—it don't mean nothing to me but ——"

"Sure, it does; I'm going to blow you right, Doll. Half the money is yourn anyways. You made that winning down in Atlanta yesterday as much as me, girlie. If I hadn't named that filly after you she'd 'a' been left at the post."

"You—you never had the right to name one of your race horses after me. There ain't a girl ever went out with you that you ain't named one after. You—you never had the right to!"

"I took it, kiddo, 'cause I like you! Gad, I like you! Nix, it ain't every little girl I'd name one of my stable after. 'Violet'—some little pony that, odds agin her and walks off with the money."

"I—honest, I sometimes—I—I just wish I was dead!"

"No, you don't, Doll. You know you just wanna go to-night, but you ain't got the nerve. I wanna show you a Christmas Eve that'll leave any Christmas Eve you ever spent at the post. Gad, look out there, will you? I'm going to taxicab you right through the fuzz of that there snowstorm if it costs every cent the filly won for us!"

Mrs. Smith leaned back against the shelves limp, as if the blood had run from her heart, weakening her, but her eyes the color of lake water when summer's moment is bluest. Her lips, that were meant to curve, straightened in a line of decision.

"I'll go, Jimmie."

"That's the goods!"

"A girl's gotta have something just to hold herself together, don't she? It—it ain't like the kid and Harry was layin' awake for me—last Tuesday they was both asleep when I got home. They don't let each other get lonesome, and Harry—he—there ain't nothing much for me to do round home."

"Now you're talkin' the English language, Doll."

"I'll go, Jimmie."

He extended his cane at a sharper angle until it bent in upon itself, threatening to snap, and flung one gray-spatted ankle across the other.

"Sure, you're goin'! A poor little filly like you, sound-kneed, sound-winded and full of speed, and nothing but trouble for your Christmas stocking. A poor little blue-eyed doll like you!"

"There's the Closing Bell! Merry Christmas, Doll! Merry Christmas!"

"A girl's gotta have something! You knew me before I was married, Jimmie, and there never was a girl more full of life."

"Sure, I knew you. But you was a little cold-storage queen and turned me down."

"He—Harry, he never asks me nothin' when I come in, and the kid's asleep anyways."

"Color up there a little, Doll. Where I'm going to take you there ain't nothing but live ones. I'm going to take you to a place where the color scheme of your greenbacks has got to be yellow. Color up there, Doll, you ain't going dead, are you?"

She stretched open her eyes in wide laughing pools, plowed through the rear-counter débris of pasteboard boxes and tissue paper, reached for her jacket and tan, boyish hat. A blowy, corn-colored curl caught like a tendril and curled round the brim.

"Going dead! Say, my middle name is Speed! It's like Harry used to tell me when we wasn't no farther along in the marriage game than his sneaking over here from the gents' furnishing three times a day to price bill folders—he used to say that I was a live wire before Franklin flew his kite."

"Doll!"

"I ain't tired, Jimmie. Not countin' the year and a half I was home before Harry took sick, I been through the Christmas hell just six times. The seventh don't mean nothing in my life. I've seen 'em behind these very counters cursin' Christmas with tears in their eyes and spending their merry holiday in bed tryin' to get some of the soreness out. It takes more than one Christmas to put me out of business."

"Here, lemme tuck that curl in for you, Doll."

"Quit!"

"Doll!"

"Quit, I say!"

"Color up there, girlie. Look live!"

She rubbed her palms briskly across her cheeks to generate a glow, and they wurmed to color as peaches blush to the kiss of the sun.

"See!"

"Pink as cherries!"

"That's right, kid me along."

"Tried to dodge me to-night, didn't you, kitten?"

"I—I didn't think I ought to go to-night."

"It's a good thing my feelings ain't hurt easy."

"Honest, Jimmie, I didn't try to dodge you. I—I only thought with the girls here gabbling so much about last Tuesday night and all it wouldn't look right. And he had a spell last night again, and the doctor said we—we ought to get him South before the first snow—South, where the sun shines. But he's got as much chance of gettin' South as I have of climbing the South Pole!"

"A pretty little thing like you climbing the South Pole—I'd be there with field glasses all-righty!"

"I—I went up and talked and begged and begged and talked to Old Ingram up at the Aid Society to-day, but the old skinflint says they can't do nothing for an employee after he's been out of his department more'n eight weeks, and—and Harry's been out twelve. He says the Society can't do nothing no more, much less send him South. Just like a machine he talked. I could have killed him!"

"Poor little filly! I was that surprised when I seen you was back in the store again. There ain't been a classy queen behind the counter since you left."

"Aw, Jimmie, no wonder the girls say you got your race horses beat for speed."

"That's me!"

Aisles thinned and the store relaxed into a bacchanalian chaos of trampled débris, merchandise strewn as if a flock of vultures had left their pickings—a battlefield strewn with gewgaws and the tinsel of Christmastide, and reeking with foolish sweat.

"Button up there, Doll, and come on; it's a swell night for Eskimos."

Mr. Fitzgibbons folded over his own double-breasted coat, fitted his flat-brimmed derby hat on his well-oiled hair, drew a pair of gray suède gloves over his fingers and hooked his slender cane to his arm.

"Ready, Doll?"

"The girls, Jimmie—look at 'em rubbering and gabbling like ducks! It—it ain't like I could do any good at home, it ain't."

"I'd be the first to ship you there if you could. You know me, Doll!"

His words deadened her doubts like a soporific. She glanced

"If the Stores Ain't Open, Bust 'Em Open!"

about for the moment at the Dionysian spectacle of the Mammoth Store ravished to chaos by the holiday delirium; at the weary stream of shoppers and workers bending into the storm as they reached the doors; at the swift cancan of snowflakes dancing whitely and swiftly without; at Mr. Jimmie Fitzgibbons standing attendant. Then she smiled.

"Come on, Jimmie!"

"Come on yourself, Doll!"

Snow beat in their faces like shot as they emerged into the merry night.

She shivered in her thin coat.

"Gee, ain't it cold!"

"Not so you can notice it—watch me, Doll!"

He hailed a passing cab with a double flourish of cane and half lifted her in, his fingers closed tight over her arm. "Little Doll, now I got you! And we understand one another, don't we, Doll?"

"Yes, Jimmie."

She leaned back, quiescent, nor did his hold of her relax. A fairy etching of snow whitened the windows and wind shield, and behind their security he leaned closer until she could feel the breath of his smile.

"Doll, we sure understand each other, don't we, sweetness? Eh? Answer me, sweetness, don't we? Eh? Eh?"

"Yes, Jimmie."

Over the city bells told of Christmas.

The gentle Hestia of Christmas Eve snug beside her hearth, with little stockings dangling like a badly matched row of executed soldiers, the fire sinking into embers to facilitate the epic descent from the chimney, the breathing of dreaming children trembling for their to-morrows—this gentle Hestia of a thousand, thousand Christmas Eves was not on the pay roll of Maxwell's thousand-dollar-a-week cabaret.

A pandering management, with its finger ever on the thick wrist of its public, substituted for the little gray lady of tradition the glittering novelty of full-lipped bacchantes whose wreaths were grape, and mistletoe commingling with the grape.

An electric fountain shot upward its iridescent spray, now green, now orange, now violet, and rained down again upon its own bosom and into a gilt basin shaped like a grotto with the sea weeping round it. And out of its foam, wraithlike, rose a marble Aphrodite, white-limbed, bathed in light.

On the topmost of a flight of marble steps a woman sang of love who had defiled it. At candle-shaded tables thick tongues wagged through thick aromas and over thick foods, and as the drama was born rhythmic out of the noisy dithyramb, so through these heavy discords rose the tink of Venetian goblets, thin and pure—the reedy music of grinning Pan blowing his pipes.

Rose-colored light lay like a blush of pleasure over a shining table spread beside the coping of the fount. A captain bowed with easy recognition and drew out two chairs. A statuelike waiter, born but to obey and, obeying, sweat, bowed less easy recognition and bent his spine to the back-aching, heart-breaking angle of servitude. And through the gleaming maze of tables, light-footed as if her blood were foaming, Mrs. Violet Smith, tossing the curling ribbon of a jest over one shoulder. Following her Mr. Jimmie Fitzgibbons, smiling. "Here, sit on this side of the table, Doll, so you can see the big show."

"Gee!"

"It's the best table in the room to see the staircase dancing."

"Gee!"

"Told you I was going to show you a classy time to-night, didn't I, Doll?"

"Yeh, but—but I ain't dressed for a splash like this, Jimmie, I—I ain't."

"Say, they know me round here, Doll. They know I'd fall for a pair of eyes like yourn, if you was doin' time on a rock pile and I had to bring you in stripes."

"I'm—a—sight!"

"If you wasn't such a little pepperbox I'd blow you to a feather or two."

"Ain't no pepperbox!"

"You used to be, Doll. Two years back there wasn't a girl behind the counter ever gimme the cold storage you did. I liked your nerve, too, durned if I didn't!"

"I—I only thought you was guyin'."

"I ain't forgot, Doll, the time I asked you out to dinner one night when you was lookin' pretty blue round the gills, and you turned me down so hard the whole department gimme the laugh. It's a good thing I ain't got no hard feelings."

"Honest, Jimmie, I ——"

"That was just before you stole the march on me with the Charley from the gents' furnishing. I ain't holding it against you, Doll, but you gotta be awful nice to me to make up for it, eh?"

A shower of rose-colored rain from the fountain threw its soft blush across her face.

"Aw, Jimmie, don't rub it in! Ain't I tryin' hard enough to—to square myself. I—I was crazy with the heat two years ago. I—aw, I—now it's different. I—it's like you say, Jimmie, you ain't got no hard feelings."

She swallowed a rising in her throat and took a sip of clear cold water. A light film of tears swam in her eyes.

"You ain't, have you, Jimmie?"

He leaned across the table and out of the hearing of the attendant waiter.

"Not if we understand each other, Doll. You stick to me and you'll wear diamonds. Gad, I bet if I had two more fillies like Violet I'd run Diamond Pat Cassidy's string of favorites back to pasture, you little queenie, you!"

Her timid glance darted like the hither and thither of a wind-blown leaf.

"I ain't much of a looker for a Broadway palace like you brought me to, Jimmie. Look at 'em, all dolled up over there. Honest, Jimmie, I—I feel ashamed."

"Just you stick to me, peaches, and there ain't one at that table that's got on anything you can't have twice over. I know that gang—the pink queen and all. 'Longside of you they look like sacks o' bones tied up in a rag o' satin."

"Aw, Jimmie, look at 'em, so blonde and all!"

"They're a broken-winded bunch. Look at them bottles on their table! We're going to have twice as many and only one color in our glasses, kiddo. Yellow, the same yellow as your hair, the kinda yellow that's mostly gold. That's the kind of bubble water we're going to buy, kiddo!"

"Jimmie, such a spender!"

"That's me!"

"It's sure like the girls say: the sky's your limit."

"Look, Doll, there's the swellest little dancer in this town—one swell little pal and a good sport. Watch her, kiddo—watch her do that staircase dance. Ain't she a lalapaloo!"

A buxom nymph of the grove, whose draperies floated from her like flesh-colored mist, spun to the wild passion of violins up the eight marble steps of the marble flight. A spotlight turned the entire range of the spectrum upon her. She was like a spinning tulip, her draperies folding her in a cup of sheerest petals, her limbs shining through.

"Classy, ain't she, Doll?"

"Well, I guess!"

"Wanna meet her? There ain't none of 'em that ain't sat at my table many a time."

"I like it better with just you, Jimmie."

"Sweetness, don't you look at me like that or you'll get me so mixed up I'll go out and buy the Metropolitan Tower for your Christmas present. Whatta you want for Christmas—eh, Doll?"

"Aw, Jimmie, I don't want nothing. I ain't got no right to take nothing from you!"

She played with the rich, unpronounceable foods on her plate and took a swallow of golden liquid to wash down her fiery confusion.

"I—ain't got no right."

"When I get to likin' a little girl there ain't nothing she ain't got a right to."

"Aw, Jimmie, when you talk like that I feel so—so ——"

"So what, Doll?"

"So - so ——"

"Gowann, Doll."

"Aw, I can't say it. You'll think I'm fresh."

"All the Rules for the Game of Living Ain't Written Down—the Eleventh Commandment and the Twelfth Commandment and the Nth Commandment"

But she regarded him with the nervous eyes of a gazelle and the red swam high up into her hair, and he drained his glass down to the bottom of its hollow stem and leaned his warming face closer.

"You treat me white, sweetness, and understand me right, and you won't be sorry for nothing you say. Drink, Doll, drink to you 'n' me—you 'n' me!"

Their bubble-thin glasses met in a tink and a pledge and her ready laughter rose in duet with his. She caught the lilt of a popular song from the ten-piece orchestra and sang upward with the tirralirra of a lark, and the group at the adjoining table threw her a shout. Mr. Fitzgibbons beat a knife-and-fork tattoo on his plate and pinched her cheek tightly, gritting his teeth in a fine frenzy of delight.

"That's the way to make 'em sit up and take notice, Doll, that's the way I like 'em. Live! As live and frisky as colts!"

An attendant placed a souvenir of the occasion beside her plate—a white wool bear, upright and with bold bead eyes and a flare of pink bow beneath its chin.

"Oh-h-h!"

"See, Doll, a Teddy bear! By Gad, a Teddy bear with his arms stretched out to hug her! Gad, if I was that Teddy I'd hug the daylights out of her too! Gad, wouldn't I!"

Mrs. Violet Smith wafted the bead-eyed toy a kiss, then slapped him sharply sidewise, toppling him in a heap, and her easy laughter mingled with her petulance.

"I wanna big grizzly, Jimmie; a great big brown grizzly bear with a grin. I wanna big brown grizzly."

"Ain't you got one, Doll? A little white one with a pink bow. Here, let's give him a drink!"

But the petulance grew upon her, nor would she be gainsaid.

"I wanna big brown grizzly—a great big brown one with a grin."

"Aw, Doll, look at this little white one—a classy little white one. Look at his nose, cutie, made out of a button. Look, ain't that some nose. Look, ain't ——"

"A big brown one that I can dance with, Jimmie. I wanna dance. Gee, who could dance with a little dinky devil like that! I wanna dance, Jimmie, honest I could dance with a great big brown one if he was big enough. I—— Gee, I wanna dance, Jimmie! Gee, I wanna ——"

He whacked the table and flashed the twinkle of a wink to the waiter.

"Gad, Doll, if you look at me with them frisky eyes I ——"

"I wanna bear, Jimmie, a great big brown ——"

"Waiter!"

"A great big brown one, Jimmie, with a grin. Tell him a great big brown one!"

"Waiter, that ain't no kind of a souvenir to bring a lady—a cheap bunch o' wool like that. Bring her a great big brown one ——"

"A great big brown one with a grin, tell him, Jimmie."

"We have no brown ones, sir; only the small white ones for the ladies."

"Get one then! Get out and buy the biggest one they got on Broadway—get out and get one then!"

"But, sir, the ——"

"If the stores ain't open, bust 'em open! I ain't the best customer this joint has got not to get service when my lady friend wants to dance with a great big brown bear. If my lady friend can't get a great big brown bear ——"

"With a grin, Jimmie."

"——with a grin, there are other places where she can get two great big brown bears if she wants 'em."

"I'll see, sir. I'll see what I can do."

Mr. Fitzgibbons brought a fist down upon the table so that the dishes rattled and the wine lopped out of the glasses.

"Sure you'll see, and quick too! A great big brown bear, d'you hear? My lady friend wants to dance, don't you, Doll? You wanna dance, and nothing but a great big brown bear won't do—eh, Doll?"

"With a grin, Jimmie!"

"With a grin, d'ye hear?"

He whacked at her hand in delight and they laughed in right merry duet.

"Oh, Jimmie, you're killing!"

"The sky's my limit!"

She nibbled at a peach whose cheeks were pink as her own, and together from the great overflowing bowl of fruits they must trim her hat with its boyish brim. First, a heavy bunch of black hothouse grapes that she pinned deftly to the crown, a cluster of cherries, a purple plum, a tangerine stuck at a gay angle. They surveyed their foolish labor of caprice with little rills of laughter that rose and fell, and when she replaced her hat the cherries bobbed and kissed her cheek and the adjoining group leaned to her in the kinship of merriment.

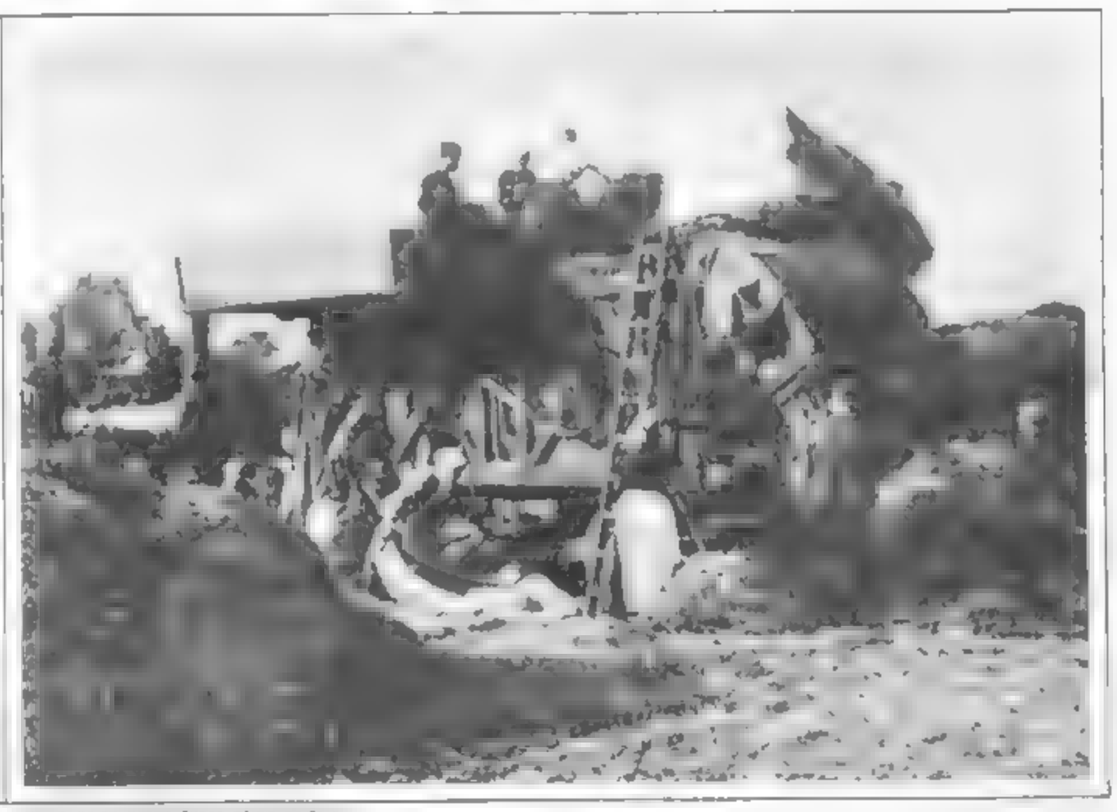
"It's a sweller trimming than I gave it last Tuesday, Jimmie. Look how tight it's all pinned on.

(Continued on Page 44)

The Agricultural Immigrant and the American Farm—By Forrest Crissey

THE LAND OF THE ALIEN FARM HAND

Foreign Labor on an American Railroad



Threshing on a Danish Farm

TO THE average native of the United States innocent of sociologic lore, the problem of landing the agricultural immigrant on the American farm is full of confusing contrasts and amazing contradictions.

On the one hand the uplift writers hold before him vivid pictures—convincing and authoritative—of workless workers in the great industrial centers; of long bread lines of hungry toilers awaiting their turn for a hand-out of the bitter crusts of charity; of unwholesome tenements crowded with the toiling slaves of the sweatshop; and of women and children of the slums who live without hope and die without food—all these the aliens who have fled from the familiar slavery of Old World conditions to the unfamiliar terrors of the New.

This is one side of the shield as the average native of the United States sees it in the newspapers, the magazines, the motion-picture films, and the pleas of the social experts.

The other side? If the average citizen happens to be a dweller in a country village—say, in the Corn Belt of the Middle West—he gets the reverse picture at first hand from the farmers as they meet at the creamery, the grocery or the livery stable. With one voice these farmowners bewail their inability to secure help and declare that the steady farm hand is fast becoming an extinct race—this in the face of proffered wages and inducements regarded as almost prohibitive.

The picture drawn by these harassed farmers is just as vivid and true as the depressing presentation made by the students of sweatshop suffering and industrial woe in the great labor centers.

Is it any wonder that the ordinary villager, unlearned in the mysteries of immigration movements, quickly comes to the conclusion that there's a screw loose somewhere?

Carry this study in contradictions a step farther. A leading farmer in the famous Elgin dairy district declared to the writer:

"I'm just about discouraged and ready to quit the farm at the very moment when I ought to be making the most money. Why? Because I can't get labor that can be depended on. This seems strange to me when there are lots of men out of work in the big manufacturing centers. I can't reconcile the existence of the bread lines, made up of able-bodied men in the big cities, with the lines of empty bins in my barn and in thousands of other barns throughout the great dairy country of the Middle West where these plants are run at part capacity because of the undependable labor supply.

"The riddle is beyond me. I give it up. If somebody doesn't find a practical solution of the problem before long, however, I'll be forced to give up farming. My predicament is typical of that faced by thousands of so-called independent farmowners wherever dairying is the main line of agriculture.

"Here is what I am up against: I have now reached a ripe middle age. The best working years of my life have been devoted to the careful building of a big plant for milk production. Of course I had to begin on a comparatively small scale, not only because of lack of capital but also because my land was not in shape at the start to carry a large herd. The job always ahead of me was that of steadily increasing the efficiency of my plant, the productiveness of my land and the size of my dairy herd.

"This meant tilling and draining, converting low and wet ground into the richest and most productive soil on the farm, equipping the whole farm with a full and well-arranged system of fencing, putting up modern barns and silos, and instituting a thorough and complete system of crop rotation calculated to push the productiveness of every field of the farm to a higher point with each round of rotation. Perhaps more important than all this, it also involved my own education as a specialist in milk production.

"When I began this big job of carefully upbuilding a large farm plant for the economical production of milk two factors were immensely in my favor: First, hired help was comparatively plentiful; and it was good help. You could depend on it. My hired hands were mainly the sons of the smaller farmers in the township. Generally I knew their fathers; and the young men usually had a reasonable sense of responsibility, would live up to their agreements, and would not quit without fair warning. Second, my sons were growing up in the business."

The Dairy Farmer's Tale of Woe

"THESE conditions enabled me to crowd the farm and keep it going at practically maximum capacity. Keeping a dairy herd and following a well-ordered system of crop rotation mean a rapid increase of soil fertility. The result was that practically every year brought the temptation to add to the size of my herd. The farm was able to produce more corn and roughage each year and, therefore, to carry more cows. Every manufacturer knows that the way to get the most out of his plant is to run it at practically full capacity; so I found my operations constantly enlarging.

"Then came a change. My sons reached the age when they married and became farmowners themselves. This forced me to operate my farm wholly with hired help. Where do I find myself to-day? I am decidedly older; I cannot do the hard manual work I did when building up this plant. Theoretically I do not need to do it. My time can be more profitably employed in doing the headwork for the farm, in superintending its operations, and in giving special attention to the marketing end of the business.

"I am precisely in the position of a manufacturer who started out with little skill, a few tools and a small shop, and has developed himself into a capable executive; who is master of every process involved in his particular kind of production. Then, too, I find myself with a highly perfected plant on my hands, one that has been carefully developed and is now capable of turning out a big volume of product on a well-ordered, economical and efficient basis. Inevitably my overhead charges have increased along with the productiveness of my plant. The farm is worth much more money now than when I began, but the taxes are immensely increased; so is the upkeep, and so are all the expenses a manufacturer would term overhead charges.

"So far, everything in the situation is fine—at least, an outsider would so consider it; but right here the color of the prospect changes. It begins to shade into a deep blue. Why? Because I find myself standing in the shoes of a manufacturer, with a large and efficient plant, who cannot get men to do the manual work required to turn out his product in a dependable volume. This is not merely a matter of wages. Every dairy farmer in this section of the country has to pay wages that are dangerously near to being prohibitive of profits, if he gets any help at all.

"A good, steady farm hand round here can command thirty-five dollars a month the year round. Occasionally you can find one who receives forty dollars a month. Those who are not quite topnotchers get thirty dollars. And what do they receive besides this cash compensation? If single they receive the same food and housing the farmer gives himself and his family; their laundry; and very frequently the keep of a driving horse. If the hired hand is married, and his wife is not regularly employed, he and his family are given the rent of the tenant house on the premises, and the use of just as large a garden patch as he will cultivate; his firewood, in case there is timber on the farm; all the milk he needs for family use, which generally means the milk of one cow; and all the eggs and chickens needed for the family. That is precisely the arrangement I know exists between a certain farmer in Sugar Grove Township, Kane County, Illinois, and his hired hand.

"In addition to this, all extra help for harvesting, threshing and silo filling is boarded by the wife of the hired hand at a price that pays her a fair profit for her labor. Also, the wife of the hired hand raises the poultry on halves, she doing the work of looking after the fowls and the farmer furnishing the feed. In many cases the hired hand who has a family is allowed a hog for pork and a half of a beef for winter-meat supply. In other words about the only things the hired hand with a family has to buy, as a rule, are clothing and personal luxuries. Where the wife of the hired hand takes the position of cook in the home of the farmowner, the compensation is generally about forty-five dollars a month for the two, which would mean thirty dollars for the man and fifteen dollars for the woman.

"In some cases this joint wage is fifty dollars. Of course there are instances that run below those figures; but I am talking about the customary compensation of a hired hand who has a good reputation and whose services are held by the community to be entirely desirable. Bitter experience, however, has taught me that the available supply of farm help to-day is as freakish and undependable as a village flirt.

"Before I learned the mercurial nature of the kind of hired help to be had to-day, I repeatedly found myself with some sixty cows waiting to be milked and only myself to do the milking. My hired hands had suddenly quit without notice. What is the result of this sort of experience? I have been forced to cut down my herd to a number I can handle myself in case of emergency without actual peril to my own health; but that does not solve the problem, because I am running my plant at about one-half its capacity. This means I am not able to operate it on the lines of highest economy and efficiency. Every large dairy farmer in the West has had much the same experience.

"Meantime the city bread line continues and grows in length as the cow line in my stables shortens and dwindles. That bread line has become mighty fascinating to me. From what I can learn, it is almost wholly composed of aliens, a large number of them being men who have done farmwork before they emigrated. Germany, Denmark and several other Old World countries have systems of agricultural schools so far-reaching that a fundamental agricultural training is almost forced on even the most obscure farm hands. They know how to farm and they know nothing else. They are accustomed to long hours and short wages

"Why is it, then, that the American farmowner finds himself unable to operate his farm factory at anything like full capacity because he cannot obtain competent help, while at the same time the farm immigrant from the Old World, with at least the fundamentals of a farm education behind him, is standing in the city bread line and feeling the grip of actual hunger? I look at the farms round me and see almost all their owners in the same predicament; but that is not all I see.

"A little to the west of me is a splendid farm, owned by a hired hand who was with me for several years in the earlier part of my farm experience. It is fully paid for and well equipped. North of me is another farm, owned by a man who worked for me a little later; and I think he owes nothing on it. In other parts of this country are two more men who were hired hands on my farm. They now have farms of their own, with little or no encumbrance on the property.

"I know these men intimately, and I cannot believe that in any other line of effort they could have accumulated so much property as they have by following the line of work to which they apprenticed themselves when they became farm hands. There are few of the older farmowners in this section who cannot check up the list of their former hired hands and find just as high a percentage of successful farmowners among them as I can.

"Keeping all these facts clearly in mind, is it strange that the bread line of husky foreigners at the industrial centers is a standing mystery to me and to almost every other farmowner in the country? Do you wonder we farmers feel that there has been a consistent miscarriage of immigration, with even worse results to the immigrant than to the farmer? I am not a student of sociology and I am comprehensively ignorant of immigration statistics; but it seems decidedly clear to me that the machinery of distribution is fatally weak when it comes to the business of placing the agricultural immigrant from the Old World where he belongs—on the soil instead of in the factory, the shop, the mine, or the streets of a big city."

The Rumanians' Hard-Luck Story

THIS man does not speak as an isolated individual, but as the representative of a large class. His problem is the problem of the American farmowner at large. There are thousands of American farmowners who stand in this man's shoes and who will exclaim:

"That farmer hits the nail squarely on the head; his predicament is my own. I couldn't describe my situation more accurately than he has described it in stating his own outlook to-day!"

Where does the machinery of immigrant distribution fall down? Why is it that the incoming alien, accustomed to farm labor in the Old World, fails to reach his natural destination on the American farm and finds himself, instead, in the factory or the mine?

Let us take another dip into this perplexing medley of contrasts and throw on the screen two more pictures from the reel of actual experience.

One fall morning three Rumanians made a timid appearance at the offices of the Immigrants' Protective League in Chicago. Their clothes hung in tatters and their shoes were practically without soles. They could not speak a word of English, but every line of their haggard faces and every thread of their ragged clothing told a tragic story of struggle and hardship. In the office was an assistant who could speak the Rumanian tongue, and he drew from them the following account of their experiences:

A labor agent in Cleveland had rounded up a group of ninety-five Rumanians who had lately arrived from the old country. Some, and perhaps all of them, had obtained temporary employment in the Cleveland shops and foundries; but they were accustomed to country life and had a longing for the familiar freedom of the open.

The claim of the labor agent that he had sure employment for them in the harvest fields of Kansas was a temptation too strong to be resisted, and they eagerly paid an individual railroad fare of eighteen dollars and started for Topeka, Kansas. They arrived at Topeka in the evening and bunked in the immigrant room of the station, ready to start out in the morning for their first taste of American farm life. But when the young Rumanian who had been sent along to represent the labor agent, and who could speak a few words of English, returned to his fellows, he brought the depressing news that harvest work in the section where they were had already been completed, and that the nearest point at which certain employment was obtainable was more than two hundred miles farther on. This would require an additional fare of four dollars and a half each.

After exploding this bomb in the camp of his charges, the guide made an arrangement with the railroad agent by which the immigrants could remain in the station that day and the following night; and then he set out to scour the city for any stray chances that might lead to the temporary employment of some of the men. Meantime the bewildered aliens at the railroad station went into an all-day session on the subject of ways and means.

Lithuanian Immigrants, Some of the Finest Farmers That Come In

It was found there was enough money in the group to pay the fare of seventy-five hands to the destination where work was to be had. The man who had money enough to pay the fare of a brother, a cousin or a close friend, who was without funds, agreed to divide his entire capital in this way as far as it would go. An understanding was also reached that those having no money of their own, and no brother or cousin able to advance the individual railroad fare of four dollars and a half, would be left behind to shift for themselves as best they could.

Again the guide returned, with the report that no work of any kind was to be found. Invariably the instinct of the alien in a situation of this kind is to return to his original starting-point. Consequently, instead of deciding to walk some two hundred and twenty-five miles to the section where the harvest had not been completed, the twenty remaining Rumanians promptly started to walk about eight hundred and seventy-five miles back to Cleveland. They had friends there who spoke their own tongue, and their one thought was to reach these compatriots. Twenty oddly dressed aliens, chattering in a strange tongue and equipped with sticks and bundles, did not prove a welcome sight to the farmers' wives along the line of march. Doors were shut against them and farm dogs were encouraged to do their utmost.

As a result of the mistake of marching in a body, they secured little to eat except in towns and villages, where the authorities generally supplied them with coarse food and a night's lodging, and then saw to it that they moved on.

Before they had gone far, however, the law of the survival of the fittest began to separate them into smaller groups. The strongest and best-shod pushed on ahead as an advance guard. Those who were less vigorous followed at a more leisurely pace, while the weaklings and the foot-sore brought up the rear. Day by day the advance guard grew smaller as one after another dropped out to rest by the roadside and wait for the group behind.

Overexertion, hunger and illness constantly reduced the numbers of each traveling group until all were separated except the trio that finally reached Chicago. There the Immigrants' Protective League supplied them with food, lodging, shoes and clothing, and offered to find them employment; but they could not be dissuaded from their purpose to get back to Cleveland. So, after three days of rest and refreshment, they again took up their tramp and finally reached Cleveland, where they were taken in hand by the Municipal Welfare Bureau and given employment in one of the great industrial plants of that city.

The fate of the seventeen who fell by the wayside is an unexplained mystery. The best guess of the Immigrants' Protective League is that probably most of them were absorbed by the larger towns and cities along the way.

Now for a glance at the opposing picture.

"Are any of the farms about here owned by men who made their start as immigrant hired men?" I asked the president of the Farmers and Drovers' Bank in a small Northern Illinois town.

"About all of them," he answered. "Of course some straight American stock is still to be found on the farms—children and grandchildren of men I knew when I was a boy; but they're scarce. The names on the rural-delivery mail boxes tell the story. They're German or Swedish or Danish for the most part, with an occasional mixture that might be almost anything except straight American. I know the antecedents of these men, and it is scarcely too sweeping a statement to say that nine-tenths of them began their farm careers as hired hands. This is the Land of the Hired Hand—and of the alien hand at that. These husky immigrants came to serve—and remained to own. There is hardly a poor farmer among them.

"I happen to own a dozen or more farms right round here, to which I give personal supervision, operating them either with hired help or on a share basis. As a rule there is an immigrant on every one of these farms. I keep a sharp eye out for the incoming immigrant. It doesn't matter how green he is if he looks right; and he generally does. I nab him for a hired man or tenant. There is keen competition for him, because this is a town of retired farmers; and those who have not already sold their farms to former hired men are after the aliens for hands or tenants."

On the Primary Farm

"ABOUT two years ago I chanced to catch sight of a young Dane who had recently arrived. I nabbed him before he could get away and put him at work on my poorest and smallest farm—I call it my primary. The Danes are wonderful farmers and they can handle a dairy in a way to make the average American blush.

"Ordinarily he would have been advanced the next year to one of my intermediate farms—not the poorest, and by no means the best; but he did so well I was forced by circumstances to jump him clear over the intermediate grades and put him at the top, on the best farm of all. This came about because the tenant on that farm had made and saved so much money he was ready to step into the farmowner class; so I slipped the young Dane into his place and allowed the Swede to go and buy a farm. The Dane will probably average a net annual profit, above his living, of from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars a year for the next five years—if I am able to hold him that long.

"Meantime I am constantly on the lookout for fresh immigrant blood for the primary farm and the intermediate farms. These men make good so regularly, so dependably, that there is no use in figuring on keeping them as hands or share tenants for more than a few years. You can't hold them down. They're workers and they're thrifty—regular born farmers. Just so soon as they have a chance to adjust their Old World skill and experience to American conditions, and also learn to do business in our language, they take the bit in their teeth and make a run for a farm of their own.

"Some farmowners round here try to hold them by extra inducements after they have reached that point of their development. That doesn't pay. Instead, I spend more time looking for fresh alien blood to keep the farms going. I know that in just about so many years the greenest hired hand in my employ will be ready to buy a farm. When I'm tired of running my farms I'll sell out to these men. Until then my problem will be to keep up the supply of alien recruits. I prefer to get a green immigrant and start him as a hired hand, and then advance him to a share tenant.

"Sometimes, however, the material is so good that it is safe to start the newcomer as a share tenant on a small farm. In the end the result is always the same—the green immigrant becomes a farmowner. If he doesn't buy a farm after he has learned the American game it is because he finds a retired American farmer who will take cash rent for his farm at a price that will make its ownership of no advantage. This occurs more frequently than one would imagine.

"All this goes to show one thing—there is no place where the immigrant who has done farmwork in the old country can get ahead so fast as he can right on an American farm. The title deeds to the farms of this county prove this, and probably almost every other county in the Middle West has much the same proof to offer. The agricultural immigrant from Germany, Denmark, Holland, Portugal, Austria, Northern Italy, or any other European country, can better afford to take a job as a farm hand here than he can to go on the pay roll of a mine, a shop or a factory at the highest wages on record for unskilled labor in those lines.

"Now, in view of these facts, why is it that we get only an occasional stray from this class of immigration, while the mines, the mills and the shops get the most of them? And can't something be done to change this? If every farm-trained immigrant who comes to America could be brought straight here to the Land of the Hired Hand, we could not only make farming a different thing but we could change the industrial bread line so that you couldn't recognize it; for, instead of having a starving string of city bread eaters, we should have the same men in a line of bread producers.

"That's the way this immigrant problem looks to a country banker and farmowner. But don't forget to answer the question: What can be done to place the agricultural immigrant on the American farm, where he is needed, where he will prosper as he cannot prosper anywhere else, and where he'll shortly own his farm as sure as grass grows and water runs?"

Set these two pictures side by side—the twenty Rumanian immigrants starting to walk from Topeka to Cleveland, because they had been sent on a wild-goose chase by a labor agent, and the Land of the Hired Hand, where experience has taught the natives that the immigrant farm hand is predestined and foreordained to become a farmowner. Both these pictures are authentic and both are typical.

Imperfect Machinery

WHEN Miss Grace Abbott, the competent head of the Immigrants' Protective League, related the tragic experience of the Rumanians she was asked whether that was an exceptional occurrence.

"No," she answered. "In the main it is typical of a common run of experiences. Generally not so many men are involved and the distance the disappointed and stranded aliens walk back is not so great; but the essential features are constantly repeated—a wild-goose chase after field labor, ending in disappointment and a weary return.

"Do you think anybody will ever be able to pry loose from city environments one of those twenty Rumanians who started to walk back to Cleveland? Never! Those who survived the ordeal of the traveling bread line will stick to the city to the end of their days, no matter how many hardships they have to put up with there. They are permanently eliminated as farm-hand prospects. One such misadventure in the farm field is enough for a lifetime."

Who was to blame for this tragic miscarriage of immigrant distribution? The Cleveland labor agent had sent a guide with the party. This was a substantial indication of good faith. The Topeka correspondent had, according to an investigation, acted in good faith in saying that many men were needed for the harvest and could command good wages; but he did not back his statement with a bond, a deposit, or any other form of definite obligation. Before these men arrived on the scene an unexpected army of men who did not have so far to travel stepped in and cleaned up the work in that immediate locality.

The labor agent had been willing to take a chance that the men would be employed at the end of their long journey; his Topeka correspondent had taken the chance that the need of men would still exist when they arrived. Both had acted with less responsibility in shipping a carload of human beings nearly halfway across the continent than they would have been obliged to assume in shipping a carload of sheep—and the immigrants were more helpless than the sheep would have been. Federal laws would have compelled the humane treatment of the sheep; and so would public sentiment.

This focuses our study of the amazing contradictions of the agricultural-immigrant situation in this country to the general conclusion that the existing machinery for placing the arriving alien farm hand on the farm, where he will fulfill his natural destiny—to say nothing of meeting an urgent demand on the part of the greatest industry in America—is about as adequate to the task in hand as one of the original tall-grass local telephone systems of Kansas would be to meet the modern telephone requirements of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and the entire Atlantic seaboard.

This is no reflection on the energy and the conscientiousness of the Federal agents at present in charge of this work. The best telephone operator in the world cannot give you a talking connection with a point to which the wires of the system do not reach; nor can six or eight men, no matter how competent or devoted, do the work of six or eight hundred. In a word the Federal machinery for performing this important function of the National Government is hopelessly inadequate.

Polish Girls as Farm Hands in Germany

Along This Street are the Agencies That Take Contracts to Supply Labor of All Kinds and in Big Numbers to Many Industries

State Street, Where the Homes for Immigrants Are

It is a horse that cannot pull its load, because it is not hooked up to the cart; it is a delivery system that does not deliver, because its conveyors do not extend to the point of destination.

This is not the fault of the men who are doing their best to make an inadequate, dismembered and uncoördinated mechanism do the work that demands an efficient, nation-wide system. At present the Federal machinery for this purpose is known as the Division of Information, and is concerned with all immigrants, not merely those whose natural destination is the farm. Though the New York office of this division is designated as a branch, it is evidently the main works, so far as active effort to connect the alien farm hand with the American farm is concerned. Active is hardly the right adjective in this connection, however; passive would probably be the more descriptive term.

Law and Red Tape

AS DICTATED by a variety of repressive influences, including legal handicaps and those imposed by red-tape rulings and the conservatism inherent in the atmosphere of governmental service, this division is certainly not slandered when its attitude is described as passive rather than active. This repression, however, is not at all to the liking of the Commissioner-General of Immigration, the Chief of the Division of Information, or the head of the New York branch—far from it! Their own official reports are sufficient to convict these public servants of an energetic desire to do things with an efficiency that would measure up to the standard of results required in a progressive commercial institution.

There is every reason to believe that these officials are anxious to place the arriving alien who is accustomed to farmwork on the American farm, where he will be worth most to himself and to his new country, instead of permitting him to become a permanent economic misfit through being captured by the labor scouts of the mills, the mines, the shops and the factories of the great industrial centers.

A passage in the latest report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration throws light on this policy of repression under which the work of passing the agricultural immigrant through the lines of the industrial pickets into the open country and to the farm is performed. It reads:

"We cannot by law prevent our own people from flocking to the cities; nor can we—under the existing system—in order to overcome the same tendency in a large majority of immigrants, direct them, after landing, to certain localities where they may remain."

Just where the law leaves off and red tape begins, in forming the repressive policy of "the existing system," only a wizard in immigration lore can tell; but to the overworked farmowner, out in the Land of the Hired Hand, who must curtail his operations because he cannot get steady labor, it looks very much as though the existing system needed fixing. He is inclined to feel that here is a branch of government service which is falling down on its job.

As a matter of fact, however, the wonder is that the Information Office, which places an annual average of five

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Billy Fortune and the Ten-Cent Limit

By William R. Lighton

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

HONEST, what do you think about the little old game of draw? Does it interest you? What is there interestin' about it for you? You tell me that, and I can tell you what kind of a man you are. Yes, I can! I can tell you how you treat your family, and whether you're liberal with your church, and whether you're scared about dyin' when you get sick and all them things. Sure pop! You let me set and watch you playin' against a bunch of the boys for just a half an hour and see what you make out of the cards just the way they come, and you won't have to explain yourself none to me after that. I'll know you even if you're a rank stranger to me.

Do you like a game where the white chips are a cent apiece, and the red ones a nickel, and the blue ones a dime, and it only costs you a white one to draw, and you can't bet more than one blue one at a time? And then when you catch four aces, do you like to play just a red one, pushin' it out real careful, so as to be perfectly safe? And when it comes round to you again with a couple of blues on the table, do you want to take another look at your hand and count 'em over to make sure, and then just call on what you've got? Or do you like one of these open-air games with no roof over you, so you've got a chance to play with your mind instead of just the cards? Well, that answers it.

Me, I'd as soon set and whirl my thumbs for sport as to play ten-cent limit. I used to do it, but I won't do it any more. I'll play solitaire with myself first. When I play I want my disposition to have a plumb plenty of room for exercisin' itself. That's what I play for. The little-limit lads—they play just for the winnin', don't they? Me, I want to play just for the game and let the winnin' sort of look after itself. I've seen 'em that would be fair tickled to death if they could quit at the end of an evenin' as much as four bits ahead. Do you like that? I'd rather go broke the rest of my life than to have that kind of a feelin'. It ain't respectable. And I'll tell you another thing: The boy that invented draw, he never meant it to be played with a mean little limit on it; I'll bet a million he didn't. He couldn't, because if he'd had that kind of a mind he couldn't have figured out the game at all.

I ain't thinkin' only about poker; I'm thinkin' about life too. That's the way it is with a man's life. If he plays that game cautious and scared—mostly usin' nothin' but his white chips—what does it get him? Mebbe he takes in a few four-bit pieces before he's done; but he's played terrible shy of amusement. Can you figure it's worth it? Don't you reckon he's sort of sore when he comes to count up his safe little winnin's at the end and then thinks what he might have had? But he's the only one to blame, ain't he? Yes, sir: A lad that won't play nothin' but a limit game—he's got no kick comin' if he don't make nothin' decent out of the cards life lets him hold.

It was thinkin' about Bat Wheelock that started me to broodin' like this. Bat, he was a boy that didn't seem ever to have knew there was such a thing as a limit in the game he was playin', let alone tryin' to play it that way on his own account. He certainly was scornful of his chips—that rascal was—whenever it come his bet. You can judge for yourself what it got him.

He showed up at Nine-Bar one mornin' when me and the Boss was out in the lane fixin' a string of fence that one of the bulls had tore down. It was the Boss that saw him first when he raised up from workin' the wire-stretcher.

"Hello, Billy," the Boss says to me. "Who's that comin'? Looks like some kind of a stranger."

He'd have looked like a stranger to 'most anybody. He was ridin' a little ewe-necked buckskin of the sort that hadn't been bred round our part of the country for the last ten years—lean and rough and narrow-chested and droopin' and meek-lookin'; one of the kind you can't ever depend on for doin' anything except what you ain't expectin' 'em to do. Save me from a pony that acts meek! He's worse than a meek man. And Bat, he was settin' humped down in the saddle, all dusty and discouraged, with his head hangin'. One sleeve of his shirt had been ripped off somehow, and there was a big piece gone out of the near leg of his pants; and besides, I could see his hair stickin' up out of a big hole in the top of his hat. Anybody could tell he hadn't been doin' it just so as to get ventilation; Old Man Trouble had done it for him. He had an old tarp bed hung on back of his saddle. That couldn't mean but one thing: He was foot-loose and driftin' round huntin' him a job. He sure needed it. You could have bought his whole outfit for a ten-dollar bill with considerable change comin' to you.

"He don't seem so awful prepossessin' to me, Billy," says the Boss. "If you was me, would you hire him?"

"You Keep My Knife for Me Till We Meet Again, Will You, Billy?"

"I wouldn't hire what he's got with him," I says; "but it's too soon to tell about the man yet. Let's wait and see. Mebbe he'll look better when we get a sight of him."

He didn't though. He rode up to the gate at the foot of the lane and tried to open the bar by leanin' down from his saddle. That's a horrible careless trick when you're ridin' a ewe-necked buckskin with them meek manners. While he was unbalanced that way with his feet loose in the stirrups, his pony give a nasty quick squeal and a quick hump and pitched him plumb over the top of the gate bottom side up, and then whirled round and went lopin' back off up the trail toward Lusk.

It must have jounced him a good bit when he lit, because he set right there where he was for a minute without tryin' to move. It had made him mad, too, because he started in to swear; but before he could get the first word out a fit of the hiccups caught him and broke it off in the middle. He started it again, but it was just the same way. It seemed as if that made him madder yet and he tried it two or three more times; but he didn't have a bit of luck. He'd commence a blazin' hot cussword and it would turn out nothin' but a shrill hiccup. It was right comical watchin' him. After he'd made a few more tries he got real interested and absorbed with it. He'd go at it fierce and hard and then he'd go at it cautious and easy, sort of experimentin' with different ways; but it was all the same thing. He seemed to have forgot all about us; but pretty soon he looked up and give a sheepish grin.

"Take your time, friend," says the Boss. "There's no rush. I know what you want anyway. You want work. When you're able you might tell me what you can do. Have you had any experience with horses?"

"Ex-pup-perience with horses!" says Bat, settin' spraddled out there on the sand. "Dud-didn't you see me arrivin' here?"

The Boss laughed at him and walked up a little closer, lookin' him over, and Bat got up and pushed his old hat back so we could get a good sight of his face. It had a week's bristles on it, and the cheeks were sunk in some round the middle and high over the bones, with years and years of sunburn and weather-wrinkles. His face didn't amount to much till you saw his eyes. There's only one kind of man that's got that kind of eyes and he's the kind you can tie to. They weren't pretty, but they were on the level, lookin' straight out without a squint nor a shift.

"Well," says the Boss, "by the look of your boots you've certainly rode some since they were new. Whereabouts?"

"Everywhere," says Bat, "from Montana to Chihuahua, and everything from pack burros to man-killers." He'd got over his hiccups by now and he was talkin' earnest. "I can ride anything a man can straddle," he says. "Don't you judge by what that glass-eyed buckskin done to me. You let me show you. I can break anything that's got four feet under him and when I get him broke he's gentle—see? If you've got horses to break you try me."

"I've got some horses to break," the Boss says. "A carload of 'em—good ones—that I want to take back to Ohio to sell. I want 'em broke so their tempers ain't hurt. I need somebody to help. It ain't everybody that can do it. I don't know——" He was studying the Bat boy up and down real careful. "It's takin' chances. I don't know anything about you but what I can see, and I think a lot of my horses. No offense! The way your luck has left you lookin', it's sort of like pushin' out a stack of blues on a busted flush; but—I'll bet 'em. You can stay if you want to."

You wouldn't have thought that lad could blush under all that sunburn of his; but he did—blushed clear up to his hair and clear down the back of his neck, lickin' his tongue over his lips and starin' straight at the Boss' eyes. I thought he was goin' to say somethin' about how grateful he was; but he didn't. He never said a word. I liked him better for keepin' still.

He was a wizard with the horses. That part's all right. I ain't tellin' you about that part, I'm tellin' you about Bat. After we'd watched him work the first mornin' with the breakin', it was plumb easy to see how he was goin' to make out with it; but the man don't live that could have figured on the rest of it. That's the part I'm gettin' at.

He was certainly good at the horse job. He could take the very worst of 'em and win the heart right out of it in a half an hour. But he didn't seem to get the boys to lovin' him. That was sort of curious to me. It wasn't on account of his looks. A bunkhouse in the cow country ain't often what you'd call a beauty show. Red McGee with his bowlegs, and Black's Jim with his comical cock-eyes, and me with my hook nose and this scar across my forehead—we didn't have nothin' much on Bat for looks. It wasn't that. The feelin' was somethin' a body couldn't hardly locate. I expect it was Bat's fault—most of it. He didn't seem to want to help 'em a speck to get acquainted with him. He stayed too strange. That don't do, does it? It wasn't so bad in the day when we was at work; but round the bunkhouse after supper it's different. A man's pretty near got to be friendly then. Bat wasn't. I can't think of anything in particular he done—it was what he didn't do. He didn't ever help himself to anybody's tobacco, nor he didn't ever offer to take a hand in the seven-up, nor he didn't ever have a word to say about the girls—nothin' at all like that. He'd just set on the edge of his bunk back there away from the light till early bedtime and then he'd roll in. It wouldn't have been so bad for a couple of nights or so; but he kept it up till it commenced to make the boys sort of hostile.

He kept it up till the first pay day. That was three weeks after he come. You know what we started that night. In between when everybody was broke we stuck to pitch and Jack and fan, to keep things from going dead on us; but pay days there was sure to be a couple come over from Rawhide, and one or two up from down the creek, for a little spell of draw. It wouldn't be nothin' but ten-cent limit. There wasn't any of the boys so terrible fond of it, only for a change to break the lonesomeness. You'll do lots of things when you're lonesome.

Well, that night was the first time Bat seemed to come awake. The game hadn't more than got started till he moved over from the edge of his own bunk and set down on the edge of mine where he could see; but he didn't ask

to be let in. Red McGee was bankin', and pretty soon he give the extra chips in the cigar box a rattle, lookin' round at Bat.

"Why don't you buy a few?" says Red. "They're cheap." It was a kind of a mean way he said it; but Bat just shook his head.

"You ain't religious, are you?" says Red. "You sure don't look it."

"If I was," says Bat, "I'd sure lose my religion at that game."

"What's the matter with this game that it don't suit you?" Red says.

"Pennies and nickels and dimes!" says Bat. "I'd as lief get mine by bein' a cripple with a tin cup on the street."

"Oh!" says Red. "The game ain't big enough for the gentleman, boys." He commenced to finger his stack sort of wishful. He hadn't any business in a real game, Red hadn't. Did you ever know a real bow-legged man that could show good judgment at draw? But he didn't seem able to keep out of one every chance he got. "Mebbe we can accommodate you some," he says to Bat. "What do you want?"

"Pots," says Bat. "Make the whites a dollar and table stakes." And with that he moved up and pulled out his money. Forty dollars he had, and he bought with all of it right on the jump.

"Look out!" says Red. "I wouldn't do that. You're goin' to need some new pants before next pay day." Nobody but a bow-legged man would have said that. There's some things you can say to a man but not others; but it seemed as if Red had got started bein' nasty and couldn't quit. If I'd been Bat, Red and me would have had some more conversation right there; but Bat just took a slow look at him out of his straight eyes and started sortin' his stack.

The playin' didn't start half as swift as it wound up. There was five of us stayed in, and the deal went six hands before anybody caught anything he wanted to open on. Then Red dragged down all those whites with three queens I dealt him, just because none of us would stay. He pulled the chips in with one of those insultin' laughs of his, as if he'd won 'em by playin'. That's what I never did like about a man like him—winnin' a little always makes him so terrible cocky, and losin' a little always makes him so terrible sore.

"Why," says Red, "I can buy me a swallowtail suit with this, can't I?"

I certainly wouldn't have said it. And that was when the swift part begun. It was Red's deal, and the first card he pitched to Bat fell face up. I guess he didn't do it on purpose. It was nothin' but the deuce of hearts anyway. Bat faced the next one himself—the four, and the next one too—the six.

"Shucks!" he says and he rolled him a cigarette before he picked up the other two.

It was me that opened with three treys. Bat looked sideways at me and grinned. "You, Billy!" he says. "What you doin'? Darned if I don't draw with you just for luck." And Red kept in, too, with the other two layin' down.

I didn't help my treys, so I let it go by me. Bat had drew two cards and he passed, and Red bet a couple of blues. He hadn't drew any. It was too much for me. I laid down and took a look at Red's hand. Aces full he had. Bat never flickered an eye-winker; he just pushed out all the chips he had and commenced fishin' through his pockets for a match.

What would you have done? You'd have done just like Red done. What livin' chance did Bat have for better than threes unless the Old Nick was in the deck? Of course Red called; and then Bat laid down a straight little heart flush, deuce to six! Sufferin' Peter! He'd held up them three and he'd filled twice in the middle! Did you ever see the like?

It kind of unsettled Red's mind; so the very next hand Bat finished cleanin' him. Skinned him right down to the table! It tickled me even if it had cost me ten. Red wasn't tickled though. He acted just like he always does when anybody puts it over him, makin' a noisy dunce of himself and tryin' to pick a fuss.

"You oughtn't ever to play for nothin' but pennies," says Bat when Red's talk got tedious. "Or else you ought to set your brand on the cards so you'll know 'em."

They couldn't be friends after that, could they? It don't take so awful much to start a grudge, does it? They certainly had one started, and it wouldn't be so easy to stop because neither one of 'em would want to stop it. A mess of men-folks has always got to have some kind of a grudge goin'; if it ain't one thing it's another. No, sir; them two wouldn't ever like each other a mite.

I got to likin' Bat first-rate, though, after seein' the way he played 'em that night. He'd stripped me too before we quit and he done it by playin' 'em. That didn't make me mad. Anybody that can take my money away from me at draw is welcome to it; sometimes I can even be right fond of him for doin' it if he don't act the butcher too much about it. Bat had done it clean and he'd made me feel real sociable toward him by it.

I couldn't help feelin' sorry for Red, though, next mornin' when he come to me and tried to borrow some money off of me. He'd got over bein' sore by then, but he was lookin' right worked-up and worried.

"Billy," he says, "I was a rank fool last night. I needed that money bad. Say, you can't slip me twenty till next month, can you? I've just got to have it."

"Gee whiz, Red!" I says. "Why, how can I? Didn't you see that Bat boy takin' mine too? He deprived me of every bit I had. I couldn't lend nobody nothin'."

He made a miserable kind of a sound in his throat, with his eyes lookin' real pitiful. "I don't know whatever I'm goin' to do," he says. "I've just got to have it. I didn't figure on losin'. And now, what am I goin' to do?"

I couldn't help it, could I? It did seem kind of unfair, though, when the very next person I run against was Bat,

"Let's Get Out of Here. I Don't Want to Run Against That Man. He Rites Me"

settin' at the table in the bunkhouse countin' money. He had a bunch of it; he must have had as much as a couple of hundred spread out in front of him, and he was enjoyin' himself fine, thumbin' it over and makin' little piles of the different kinds. He didn't quit when I come in; he just looked up to see who it was and then went back to what he was doin'. It seemed awful quaint, him with his ragged pants and his tattered shirt and his hair stickin' out through his hat and ownin' all the money round the place. I set and watched him a minute.

"Bat," I says pretty soon, "I wish you'd tell me somethin': Just what's the reason you don't like a limit game?"

He give me another quick flicker of a look. "Who—me?" he says. "What's it to you, Billy?"

"Oh, nothin' much," I says. "I was only wonderin'. A bright man sometimes has a reason for them unreasonable little prejudices of his'n. I thought mebbe you had."

He stopped to consider it for a while, crumplin' the bills up in a roll and then smoothin' 'em out again careful and layin' 'em up on top of each other with their edges perfectly straight. He was a considerable time workin' round to it.

"It ain't likely you'll understand when I tell you," he says, "because it ain't likely you've been through it the way I have. It's nothin' in the world, Billy, but playin' a limit game that's made me like I am. It's lost me everything I've wanted that I ever stood any chance of winnin' in my life, and it never won me a thing but a mess of regrets. Can you sense that?"

"Can I?" says I. "Yes, indeedy!" I couldn't, but I said that so as to coax him to go on. "And yet you seem horrible lucky," I says.

"Lucky?" he says after me slow and steady. He'd got his knife out of his pocket and was startin' to whittle thin little shavin's off the edge of the table, drawin' 'em out slim and long as hairs. "Lucky?" he says. "No. Nobody can play in luck after it's too late. And nobody can play in luck so long as he plays a limit game. It don't matter what he wins, he'll know he'd have won more the other way; and if he loses he'll know he might have won if the limit had been off. No, sir! The only way in the world to play any kind of a game—if you go into it at all—is to be willin' to stake all you've got when the time comes. I guess I know! I played a limit game with my wife, holdin' out on her like a man will for fear of lettin' her get too much of a hold. Mebbe I kind of saved myself some—my fool pride and that kind of thing; but I lost my wife by it. I was in a fair way to amount to somethin', but it all went just because I was scared to risk takin' the limit off. It showed me after it was too late. It ain't any use now; but I sure found out that the only way in this world to play for anything you want is to be willin' to go after it with all you've

"You Told Him You Was Willin' to Bet a Stack of Blues on Him. Well, He Wouldn't Have Played It This Way on You, Not After That"

got—to be willin' to push every last chip to the middle of the table. It don't make a bit of difference what it is: If you get a hand you want to play, play it!"

He was awful serious about it; but it was the funny part that struck me most—him lookin' the way he did and then talkin' so righteous.

"Yes," I says, "but it's kind of consolin' to a body's spirit just the same to be able to do like you done last night once in a while."

He got his eye on that pack of green ones and yellow ones layin' on the table. "Darn the money!" he says, and he raised up his knife and stabbed the point down through the wad and drove it into the board. It stuck there quiverin'. It was a solemn-lookin' knife with a blade the shape of a sword and a handle that had been carved out like a man's bones, with a little white skull at the end. I'd never noticed one like it. But there it stuck tremblin', with the skull a-grinnin' just as if it had understood!

"There's some that wouldn't feel that way about it," I says. "There's one of 'em right out there." It was Red comin' pokin' up the path from the corrals toward the bunkhouse with his hands in his pockets and his head down, dejected as an old hound that's been outrun by a coyote. "There's a man that wouldn't be findin' no fault with a little luck like yours," I says. "They say he's got a wife and kid, too, somewhere out in the brush. They can't get along together, I expect. He ain't ever said nothin' about it; it's the only thing he's ever kept his mouth shut about; but it's been sort of talked round. They say he sends her money. He tried to riffle twenty off of me this mornin'. Yes, sir; I'll bet he'd enjoy a little of your luck real well."

"That so?" says Bat. He had his eyes on Red. "That so?" he says again kind of to himself, and his eyes commenced to narrow down to a couple of cold slits. "That so?" he says. That time he talked as if he'd forgot me bein' round. But then he come awake quick, pullin' his knife up from where it was standin' and startin' to gather up his money. "Come on, Billy," he says; "let's get out of here. I don't want to run against that man. He riles me."

"Bat!" I says—but then I didn't say the rest. There was a couple of the yellow ones he hadn't picked up. I thought he hadn't noticed; but then it come glimmerin' into my mind. I just kept still and drilled out of the bunkhouse with him and down to the creek.

That was Sunday, and the next day the Boss took the bunch of us ridin' off down toward the Platte to pick up some more of the horses he wanted that had straggled off through the hills. There was six of us, and we hunted the ground all over careful, but we didn't find hide nor hair of 'em till we hit the river at Guernsey, along in the middle of the week. We heard they'd been seen lately, though, on the flats up above Four-J Cañon, so we'd pick 'em up on the back trail. We'd start in the mornin', the Boss said, goin' over through Hartville and Sunrise and up that way; but we'd stay in Guernsey overnight.

Do you know Guernsey? Well, you ought to. It's a spry place, Guernsey is; and up at the end of the street is Fletcher's. The Log Cabin, Fletch calls it, and he's got it full up with all kinds of different things—bones and horns and hides and stuffed critters and mineral and Indian junk, till there ain't hardly room for the bar. That's where I mostly hang out when I'm there, on account of Fletch bein' an old cow-man himself; and that's where I put for that night after supper.

It was early yet, but Red was there ahead of me, bellied up against the bar all alone. He'd been there long enough to get about four drinks ahead of me too. You could always count the number of drinks that man had had by the way he was talkin'. By the time he'd had three he'd be real sociable, and the fourth one would make him push his hat back and act liberal, and with six in him you could always look for him to get mournful with the tears runnin' down beside his nose; and then a couple more would mostly finish him. His hat was away on the back side of his head when I got there that night, and he sung out to me the minute I got past the door.

"Billy, you old skeezicks!" he says. "What'll you have? Fletch, set it out! It's on me. Billy's money's no good to-night while I'm round."

That's the way he talked; and then he slapped a yellow twenty down in front of him. I couldn't have helped noticin', not if I'd tried. The twenty had a clean little slit cut right in the middle of it, just where Bat's knife blade had stabbed through it last Sunday, up there on the table in the bunkhouse. I'd forgot all about what Bat had done till then; but that made me remember. I wouldn't have thought it of Red and I'd been knowin' him round the country a long time too. It didn't make me feel good; nor the drink didn't help much when I took it. It needed another one. I bought that one myself; and then while we was takin' it, Bat come in. After me it was his buy. He didn't invite Red; they hadn't even noticed that each other was there yet—so far as the signs went; but of course the bottle went down to Red's end. That was six or seven he'd had and he'd been gettin' 'em pretty fast. He pulled his hat forward down over his eyes, and set his chin in his hands with his elbows up on the bar, and let out a windy groan. He'd be wipin' the tears away in a minute. That kind of a man don't interest me when he gets that way. I begun to prospect with Fletch for the news.

"How's things at Sunrise, Fletch?" I says. "The last I heard, the mines was sort of slackened off some."

"They keep changin'," says Fletch. "Them huskies, they keep comin' and goin'. It seems as if they're terrible hard to be suited. It's the grub that don't suit 'em mostly. Fresh meat—that's what they holler for. Ain't it ridiculous? Back in their own country I reckon a bite of fresh meat once a year would scare them chaps' stomachs to death; but over here they've got to have it three times a

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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XXIII

THE *maître d'hôtel* had presented his bill. The little luncheon party was almost over.

"So I take leave," Hunterleys remarked as he set down his empty liqueur glass, "of one of my responsibilities in life."

"I think I'd like to remain a sort of half ward, please," Felicia objected, "in case David doesn't treat me properly."

"If he doesn't," Hunterleys declared, "he will have me to answer to. Seriously, I think you young people are very wise and very foolish and very much to be envied. What does Sidney say about it?"

Felicia made a little grimace. She glanced round, but the tables near them were unoccupied.

"Sidney is much too engrossed in his mysterious work to concern himself very much about anything," she replied. "Do you know that he has been out all night two nights this week already, and he is making no end of preparations for to-day?"

Hunterleys nodded.

"I know that he is very busy just now," he assented gravely. "I must come up and talk to him this afternoon."

"We left him writing," Felicia said. "Of course he declares that he is working for his beloved newspaper, but I am not sure. He scarcely ever goes out in the daytime at all. What can he have to write about? David's work is strenuous enough, and I have told him that if he turns war correspondent again I shall break our engagement."

"We all have our work to do in life," Hunterleys reminded her. "You have to sing in Aida to-night, and you have to do yourself justice for the sake of a great many people. Your brother has his work to do also. Whatever the nature of it may be, he has taken it up and he must go through with it. It would be of no use, his worrying for fear that you may forget your words or your notes to-night, and there is no purpose in your fretting because there may be danger in what he has to do. I promise you that so far as I can prevent it he shall take no unnecessary risks. Now if you like I will walk home with you young people, if I shan't be terribly in the way. I know that Sidney wants to see me."

They left the restaurant a few minutes later and strolled up toward the town. Hunterleys paused as they neared a jeweler's shop.

"And now for the important business of the day!" he declared. "I must buy you an engagement present on behalf of myself and all your guardians. Come in and help me choose, both of you. A girl with a new engagement ring should have a better bag to hang from that little finger."

"You really are the most perfect person that ever breathed!" she sighed.

They paid their visit to the jeweler and afterward drove up to the villa in a little victoria. Sidney Roche was hard at work. He greeted Hunterleys warmly.

"How Absurd You Are! You Must Know Perfectly Well That It Would Have Been Quite Impossible for Me to Come Out With You Alone"

"Glad you've come up!" he exclaimed. "The little girl's told you the news, I suppose?"

"Rather!" Hunterleys replied. "I have been lunching with them on the strength of it."

"And look!" Felicia cried, holding out the gold bag which hung from her finger. "See how I am being spoiled!"

Her brother sighed.

"Awful nuisance for me," he grumbled, "having to live with an engaged couple. You two couldn't perhaps clear out for a little time?" he suggested. "I want to talk to Hunterleys."

"We'll go and sit in the garden," Felicia assented. "I suppose I ought to rest. David shall read my score to me."

They passed out and Roche carefully closed the door behind them.

"Anything fresh?" Hunterleys asked.

"Nothing particular," was the somewhat guarded reply. "That fellow Frenhofer has been up here."

"Frenhofer?" Hunterleys repeated interrogatively.

"He is the only man I can rely upon at the Villa Mimosa," Roche explained. "I am afraid to-night it's going to be rather a difficult job."

"I always feared it would be," Hunterleys agreed.

"Frenhofer tells me," Roche continued, "that for some reason or other their suspicions have been aroused up there. They are all on edge. You know the house is full of men-servants, and there are to be a dozen of them on duty in the grounds. Two or three of these fellows are nothing more nor less than private detectives, and they all of them know what they're about or Grex wouldn't have them."

Hunterleys looked grave.

"It sounds awkward," he admitted.

"The general idea of the plot," Roche went on, walking restlessly up and down the room, "you and I have already solved, and by this time they know it in London. But there are two things they may discuss to-night that are of vital importance: The first is the date; the second is the terms of the offer to Douaille. Then, of course, more important perhaps than either of these is the matter of Douaille's general attitude toward the scheme."

"So far," Hunterleys remarked reflectively, "we haven't the slightest indication of what that may be. Douaille came pledged to nothing. He may after all stand firm."

"For the honor of his country let us hope so," Roche said solemnly. "Yet I am sure of one thing: they are going to make him a wonderful offer. He may find himself confronted with a problem that some of the greatest statesmen in the world have had to face in their time: Shall he study the material benefit of his country or shall he stand firm for her honor?"

"It's a great ethical question," Hunterleys declared; "too great for us to discuss now, Sidney. Tell me, do you really mean to go on with this attempt of yours to-night?"

"I must," Roche replied. "Frenhofer wants me to give up the roof idea, but there is nothing else worth trying. He brought with him a fresh plan of the room. There it lies on the table. As you see, the apartment where the meeting will take place is almost isolated from the rest of the house. There is only one approach to it—a corridor leading from the hall. The east and west sides will be patrolled. On the south there is a little terrace, but approach to it is absolutely impossible. There is a sheer drop of fifty feet on to the beach."

"You think they have no suspicion about the roof?" Hunterleys asked doubtfully.

"Not yet. The pane of glass is cut out and my entrance to the house is arranged for. Frenhofer will tamper with the electric lights in the kitchen premises, and in response to his telephonic message I shall arrive in the clothes of a workingman and with a bag of tools. Then he smuggles me on to the spiral stairway that leads out on to the roof where the flagstaff is. I can crawl the rest of the way to my place. The trouble is that, notwithstanding the ledge round the roof, if it is a perfectly clear night just a fraction of my body, however flat I lie, might be seen from the ground."

Hunterleys studied the plan for a moment and shook his head.

"It's a terrible risk, this, Roche," he said seriously.

"I know it," the other admitted. "But what am I to do? As you know very well they keep sending me cipher messages from home to spare no effort to send further news, and two other fellows will be here the day after to-morrow to relieve me. I must do what I can. There's one thing—Felicia's off my mind now. Briston's a good fellow and he'll look after her."

"In the event of your capture ——" Hunterleys began.

"The tools I shall take with me," Roche interrupted, "are common housebreaker's tools. Every shred of clothing I shall be wearing will be in keeping, the ordinary garments of workmen of the district. If I am trapped it will be as a burglar and not as a spy. Of course, if Douaille opens the proceedings by declaring himself against the scheme I shall make myself scarce immediately."

"You were quite right when you said just now," Hunterleys observed, "that Douaille will find himself in a difficult position. There is no doubt that he is an honest man. On the other hand, it is a political axiom that the first duty of any statesman is to his own people. If the others can make Douaille believe that he is going to restore her lost provinces to France without the shedding of a drop of French blood, simply at England's expense, he will be confronted with a problem over which any man might hesitate. He has had all day to think things over. What he may decide is simply on the knees of the gods."

Roche sealed up the letter he had been writing and handed it to Hunterleys.

"Well," he said, "I have left everything in order. If there's any mysterious disappearance from here it will be the mysterious disappearance of a newspaper correspondent and nothing else."

"Good luck, then, old chap!" Hunterleys wished him. "If you pull through this time I think our job will be done. I'll tell them at headquarters that you deserve a year's holiday."

Roche smiled a little queerly. "Don't forget," he pointed out, "that it was you who scented out the whole plot. I've simply done the Scotland Yard work. The worst of our job," he added as he opened the door, "is that we don't want holidays. We are like drugged beings. The thing gets hold of us. I suppose if they gave me a holiday I should spend it in St. Petersburg. That's where we ought to send our best men just now. So long, Hunterleys."

They shook hands once more. Roche's face was set in grim lines. They were both silent. It was the farewell of men whose eyes are fixed upon the great things.

"Good luck to you!" Hunterleys repeated fervently as he turned and walked down the tiled way.

XXIV

THE *concierge* of the Hôtel de Paris was a man of great stature and imposing appearance. Nevertheless, when Hunterleys crossed the road and climbed the steps to the hotel the *concierge* seemed for a moment like a man reduced to pulp. He absolutely forgot his usual dignified but courteous greeting. With mouth a little open and knees that seemed to have collapsed he stared at this unexpected apparition as he came into sight and stared at him as he entered the hotel. Hunterleys glanced behind with a slight frown. The incident, inexplicable though it was, would have passed at once from his memory but that directly he entered the hotel he was conscious of the very similar behavior and attitude toward him of the chief reception clerk.

He paused on his way, a little bewildered, and called the man to him. The clerk, however, was already rushing toward the office with his coat tails flying behind him. Hunterleys crossed the floor and rang the bell for the lift. Directly he stepped in, the lift man vacated his place and, with his eyes nearly starting out of his head, seemed about to make a rush for his life.

"Come back here," Hunterleys ordered sternly. "Take me up to my room at once."

The man returned unsteadily and with marked reluctance. He closed the gate, touched the handle and the lift commenced to ascend.

"What's the matter with you all here?" Hunterleys demanded irritably. "Is there anything wrong with my appearance? Has anything happened?"

"I Must Buy You an Engagement Present on Behalf of Myself and All Your Guardians"

The man made a gesture, but said absolutely nothing. The lift had stopped. He pushed open the door.

"Monsieur's floor," he faltered.

Hunterleys stepped out and made his way toward his room. There he was brought to a sudden standstill. A *gendarme* was stationed outside the door.

"What the mischief are you doing here?" Hunterleys demanded.

The man saluted.

"By orders of the director of police, monsieur."

"But that is my room," Hunterleys protested. "I wish to enter."

"No one is permitted to enter, monsieur," the man replied.

Hunterleys stared blankly at the *gendarme*.

"Can't you tell me at least what has happened?" he persisted. "I am Sir Henry Hunterleys. That is my apartment. Why do I find it locked against me?"

"By order of the director of the police, monsieur," was the parrotlike reply.

Hunterleys turned away impatiently. At that moment the reception clerk, who downstairs had fled at his approach, appeared, bringing with him the manager of the hotel. Hunterleys welcomed the latter with an air of relief.

"Monsieur Picard," he exclaimed, "what on earth is the meaning of this? Why do I find my room closed and this *gendarme* outside?"

Monsieur Picard was a tall man, black-bearded, immaculate in appearance and deportment, and with manners and voice of velvet. Yet he, too, had lost his wonderful imperturbability. He waved away the floor waiter who had drawn near. His manner was almost agitated.

"Monsieur Sir Henry," he explained, "an affair most regrettable has happened in your room. I have allotted to you another apartment upon the same floor. Your things have been removed there. If you will come with me I will show it to you. It is an apartment better by far than the one you have been occupying, and though it is much larger, the price is the same."

"But what on earth has happened in my room?" Hunterleys demanded.

"Monsieur," the hotel manager replied, "some poor demented creature, who has doubtless lost his all, in your absence found his way there and committed suicide."

"Found his way into my room?" Hunterleys repeated. "But I locked the door before I went out. I have the key in my pocket."

"He entered possibly through the bathroom," the manager went on soothingly. "I am deeply grieved that monsieur should be inconvenienced in any way. This is the apartment I have reserved for monsieur," he added, throwing open the door of a room at the end of the corridor. "It is more spacious and in every way more desirable. Monsieur's clothes are already being put away."

Hunterleys glanced round the apartment. It was certainly of a far better type than the one he had been occupying, and two of the floor valets were already busy with his clothes.

"Monsieur will be well satisfied here, I am sure," the hotel manager continued. "May I be permitted to offer my felicitations and to assure you of my immense relief? There was a rumor—the affair occurring in monsieur's apartment—that the unfortunate man was yourself."

Hunterleys was thoughtful for a moment. He began to understand the sensation his appearance had caused. Other ideas, too, were crowding into his brain.

"Look here, Monsieur Picard," he said. "Of course I have no objection to the change of rooms—that's all right; but I should like to know a little more about the man you say committed suicide in my apartment. I should like to see him."

Monsieur Picard shook his head.

"It would be a very difficult matter, that, monsieur," he declared. "The laws of Monaco are stringent in such affairs."

"That is all very well," Hunterleys protested, "but I cannot understand what he was doing in my apartment. Can't I go in just for a moment?"

"Impossible, monsieur! Without the permission of the commissioner of police no one can enter that room."

"Then I should like," Hunterleys persisted, "to see the commissioner of police."

Monsieur Picard bowed.

"Monsieur the commissioner is on the premises without a doubt. I will instruct him of Monsieur Sir Henry's desire."

"I shall be glad if you will do so at once," Hunterleys said firmly. "I will wait for him here."

The manager made his escape and his relief was obvious. Hunterleys sat on the edge of the bed.

"Do you know anything about this affair?" he asked the nearer of the two valets.

The man shook his head.

"Nothing at all, monsieur," he answered without pausing from his labors.

"How did the fellow get into my room?"

"One knows nothing," the other man muttered.

Hunterleys watched them for a few minutes at their labors.

"A nice intelligent couple of fellows you are," he remarked pleasantly. "Come, here's a louis each. Now can't you tell me something about the affair?"

They came forward. Both looked longingly at the coins.

"Monsieur," the one he had first addressed regretted, "there is, indeed, nothing to be known. At this hotel the wages are good. It is the finest situation a man may gain in Monte Carlo or elsewhere, but if anything like this happens there is to be silence. One dares not break the rule."

Hunterleys shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said. "I shall in time find out what I want to know."

The men returned unwillingly to their tasks. In a moment or two there was a knock at the door. The commissioner of police entered, accompanied by the hotel manager, who at once introduced him.

"The commissioner of police is here, Sir Henry," he announced. "He will speak with you."

The official saluted.

"Monsieur desires some information?"

"I do," Hunterleys admitted. "I am told that a man has committed suicide in my room, and I have heard no plausible explanation as to how he got there. I want to see him. It is possible that I may recognize him."

"The fellow is already identified," the commissioner of police declared. "I can satisfy monsieur's curiosity. He was connected with a firm of English tailors here who sought business from the gentlemen in the hotel. He had, accordingly, sometimes the entrée to their apartments. The fellow is reported to have saved a little money and to have visited the tables. He lost everything. He came this morning about his business as usual, but overcome by despair he stabbed himself—most regrettably in the apartments of monsieur."

"Since you know all about him, perhaps you can tell me his name?" Hunterleys asked.

"James Allen. Monsieur may recall him to his memory. He was tall and of pale complexion, respectable looking but a man of discontented appearance. The intention had probably been in his mind for some time."

"Is there any objection to my seeing the body?" Hunterleys inquired.

The official shrugged his shoulders.

"But, monsieur, all is finished with the poor fellow. The doctor has given his certificate. He is to be removed at once. He will be buried at nightfall."

"A very admirable arrangement, without a doubt," Hunterleys observed, "and yet I should like, as I remarked before, to see the body. You know who I am—Sir Henry Hunterleys. I had a message from your department a day or two ago which I thought a little unfair."

The commissioner sighed. He ignored altogether the conclusion of Hunterleys' sentence.

"It is against the rules, monsieur," he regretted.

"Then to whom shall I apply?" Hunterleys asked. "Because I may as well tell you at once that I am going to insist upon my request's being granted. I will tell you frankly my reason. It is not a matter of curiosity at all. I should like to feel assured of the fact that this man Allen really committed suicide."

"But he is dead, monsieur," the commissioner protested.

"Doubtless," Hunterleys agreed; "but there is also the chance that he was murdered, isn't there?"

"Murdered!"

Monsieur Picard held up his hands in horror. The commissioner of police smiled in derision.

"But, monsieur," the latter pointed out, "who would take the trouble to murder a poverty-stricken tailor's assistant?"

"And in my hotel too!" Monsieur Picard interposed.

"The thing is impossible," the commissioner declared.

"Beyond which it is ridiculous!" Monsieur Picard added.

Hunterleys sat quite silent for a moment.

"Monsieur the Commissioner," he said presently, "and Monsieur Picard, I recognize your point of view. Believe me that I appreciate it and that I am willing to a certain extent to acquiesce in it. At the same time there are considerations in this matter which I cannot ignore. I do not wish to create any disturbance or to make any statements likely to militate against the popularity of your wonderful hotel, Monsieur Picard. Nevertheless, for personal reasons only, notwithstanding the verdict of your doctor, I should like for one moment to examine the body."

The commissioner of police was thoughtful.

"It shall be as monsieur desires," he consented gravely, "bearing in mind what *monsieur* has said," he added with emphasis.

The three men left the room and passed down the corridor. The *gendarme* in front of the closed door stepped to one side. The commissioner produced a key. They all three entered the room and Monsieur Picard closed the door behind them. Underneath a sheet upon the bed was stretched the figure of a man. Hunterleys stepped up to it, turned down the sheet and examined the prostrate figure. Then he replaced the covering reverently.

"Yes," he said, "that is the man who has called upon me for orders from the English tailors. His name, I believe, was, as you say, Allen. But can you tell me, Monsieur the Commissioner, how it was possible for a man to stab himself from the shoulder downward through the heart?"

The official extended his hands.

"Monsieur," he declared, "it is not for us to question. The doctor has given his certificate."

Hunterleys smiled a little grimly.

"I have always understood," he observed, "that things were managed like this. You may have confidence in me, Monsieur the Commissioner, and you, Monsieur Picard. I shall not tell the world what I suspect. But for your private information I will tell you that this man was probably murdered by an assassin who sought my life. You observe that there is a certain resemblance."

The hotel proprietor turned pale.

"Murdered!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! A murder here! Unheard of!"

The commissioner dismissed the whole thing airily with a wave of his hand.

"The doctor has signed the certificate," he repeated.

If Her Husband Should Return at That Moment Draconmeyer Knew That the Game Would be Up

"And I," Hunterleys added as he led the way out of the room, "am more than satisfied: I am grateful. So there is nothing more to be said."

XXV

DRACONMEYER stood before the window of his room, looking out over the Mediterranean. There was no finer view to be obtained from any suite in the hotel, and Monte Carlo had reveled all that day in the golden, transfiguring sunshine. Yet he looked as a blind man. His eyes saw nothing of the blue sea or the brown-sailed fishing boats, nor did he glance once toward the picturesque harbor. He saw only his own future, the shattered pieces of his carefully thought out scheme. The first fury had passed. His brain was working now. In her room below Lady Hunterleys was lying on the couch half hysterical. Three times she had sent for her husband. If he should return at that moment Draconmeyer knew that the game would be up. There would be no bandying words between them, no involved explanations, no possibility of any further misunderstanding. All his little tissue of lies and misrepresentations would crumble hopelessly to pieces. The one feeling in her heart would be thankfulness. She would open her arms. Draconmeyer saw the end with fatal, unerring clearness. His servant returned. Draconmeyer waited eagerly for his message.

"Madame is lying down, sir," the man announced. "She is very much upset and begs you to excuse her."

Draconmeyer waved the man away and walked up and down the apartment, his hands behind his back, his lips set. He was face to face with a crisis that baffled him completely, and yet one that he felt to be wholly unworthy of his powers. His brain had never been keener, his sense of power more inspiring. Yet he had never felt more impotent. It was a woman's hysteria against which he had to fight. The ordinary weapons were useless. He realized quite well her condition and the dangers resulting from it. The heart of the woman was once more beating to its own natural tune. If Hunterleys should present himself within the next few minutes not all Draconmeyer's ingenuity or the power of his millions could save the situation.

Plans shaped themselves almost automatically in his mind. He passed from his own apartments through a connecting door into a large and beautifully furnished salon. A woman with gray hair and white face was lying on a couch by the window. She turned her head as he entered and looked at him questioningly. Her face was fragile and her features were sharpened by suffering. She looked at her husband almost as a cowed but still affectionate animal might look toward a stern master.

"Do you feel well enough to walk as far as Lady Hunterleys' apartment with the aid of my arm?" he asked.

"Of course," she replied. "Does Violet want me?"

"She is still feeling the shock," Draconmeyer said. "I think that she is inclined to be hysterical. It would do her good to have you talk with her."

The nurse, who had been sitting by her side, assisted her patient to rise. She leaned on her husband's arm. In her other hand she carried a black ebony walking stick. They traversed the corridor, knocked at the door of Lady Hunterleys' apartment, and in response to a somewhat hesitating invitation entered. Violet was lying upon the sofa. She looked up eagerly at their coming.

"Linda!" she exclaimed. "How dear of you! I thought that it might have been Henry," she added as though to explain the disappointment in her tone.

Draconmeyer turned away to hide his expression.

"Talk to her as lightly as possible," he whispered to his wife, "but don't leave her alone. I will come back for you in ten minutes."

He left the two women together and descended into the hall. He found several of the reception clerks whispering together. The *concierge* had only just recovered himself, but the place was beginning to wear its normal aspect. He whispered an inquiry at the desk. Sir Henry Hunterleys had just come in and had gone upstairs, he was told. His new room was Number 148.

"There was a note from his wife," Draconmeyer said, trying hard to control his voice. "Has he had it?"

"It is still here, sir," the clerk replied. "I tried to catch Sir Henry as he passed through, but he was too quick for me. To tell you the truth," he went on, "there has been a rumor through the hotel that it was Sir Henry himself who had been found dead in his room, and seeing him come in was rather a shock for all of us."

"Naturally," Draconmeyer agreed. "If you will give me the note I will take it up to him."

The clerk handed it over without hesitation. Draconmeyer returned immediately to his own apartments and tore open the envelope. There were only a few words scrawled across the half sheet of note paper:

> Henry, come to me, dear, at once. I have had such a shock. I want to see you. VI.

He tore the note viciously into small pieces. Then he went back to Lady Hunterleys' apartments. She was sitting up now in an easy-chair. Once more at the sound of the knock she looked toward the door eagerly. Her face fell when Draconmeyer entered.

"Have you heard anything about Henry?" she asked anxiously.

"He came back a few minutes ago," Draconmeyer replied, "and has gone out again."

"Gone out again?"

Draconmeyer nodded.

"I think that he has gone round to the club. He is a man of splendid nerve, your husband. He seemed to treat the whole affair as an excellent joke."

"A joke!" she repeated blankly.

"This sort of thing happens so often in Monte Carlo," he observed in a matter-of-fact tone. "The hotel people seem all to look upon it as in the day's work."

"I wonder if Henry had my note?" she faltered.

"He was reading one in the hall when I saw him," Draconmeyer told her. "That would be yours, I should think. He left a message at the desk that was doubtless meant for you. He has gone on to the Sporting Club for an hour and will probably be back in time for dinner."

Violet sat quite still for several moments. Something seemed to die slowly out of her face. Presently she rose to her feet.

"I suppose," she said, "that I am very foolish to allow myself to be upset like this."

"It is quite natural," Draconmeyer assured her soothingly. "What you should try to do is to forget the whole circumstance. You sit here brooding about it until it becomes a tragedy. Let us go down to the club together. We shall probably see your husband there."

She hesitated. She seemed still perplexed.

"I wonder," she murmured, "could I send another message to him? Perhaps he didn't quite understand."

"Much better come along to the club," Draconmeyer advised good-humoredly. "You can be there yourself before a message could reach him."

"Very well," she assented. "I will be ready in ten minutes."

Draconmeyer took his wife back to her room.

"Did I do as you wished, dear?" she asked him anxiously.

"Absolutely," he replied.

He helped her back to her couch and stooped and kissed her. She leaned back wearily. It was obvious that she had found the exertion of moving even so far exhausting. Then he returned to his own apartments. Rapidly he unlocked his dispatch box and took out one or two notes from Violet. They were all of no importance—answers to invitations. He spread them out, took a sheet of paper and a broad pen. Without hesitation he wrote:

> Congratulations on your escape, but why do you run such risks! I wish you would go back to England. VIOLET.

He held the sheet of note paper a little away from him and looked at it critically. The imitation was excellent. He thrust the few lines into an envelope, addressed them to Hunterleys and left the note at the office.

"Send this up to Sir Henry, will you?" he instructed. "Let him have it as quickly as possible."

Once more he crossed the hall and waited close to the lift by which Violet would descend. All the time he kept on glancing nervously round. Things were going his way, but the great danger remained that they might meet first by chance in the corridor or in the lift. Hunterleys might think it his duty to go at once to his wife's apartment in case she had heard the rumor of his death. The minutes dragged by. He had climbed the great ladder slowly. More than once he had felt it sway beneath his feet. Yet to him those moments seemed almost the longest of his life. Then at last she came. She was looking very pale, but to his relief he saw that she was dressed for the club. She was wearing a gray dress and a black hat. He remembered with a pang of fury that gray was her husband's favorite color.

"I suppose there is no doubt that Henry is at the club?" she asked, looking eagerly round the hall.

"Not the slightest," he assured her. "We can have some tea there and we are certain to come across him somewhere."

She made no further difficulty. As they turned into the long passage he gave a sigh of relief. Every step they took meant safety.

He talked to her as lightly as possible, ignoring the fact that she scarcely replied to him. They mounted the stairs and entered the club. She looked anxiously up and down the crowded rooms.

"I shall stroll about and look for Henry," she announced.

"Very well," he agreed. "I will go over to your place and see how the numbers are going."

He stood by the roulette table, but he watched her covertly. She passed through the baccarat room, came out again and walked the whole length of the larger apartment. She even looked into the restaurant beyond. Then she came slowly back to where Draconmeyer was standing. She seemed tired. She scarcely even glanced at the table.

"Lady Hunterleys," he exclaimed impressively, "this is positively wicked! Your twenty-nine has turned up twice within the last few minutes. Do sit down and try your luck and I will go and see if I can find your husband."

He pushed a handful of plaques and a bundle of notes into her hand. At that moment the croupier's voice was heard:

"*Quatorze rouge, pair et manque.*"

"Another of my numbers!" she murmured with a faint show of interest. "I don't think I want to play though."

"Just try a few coups," he begged. "You see there is a chair here. You may not have a chance again for hours."

He was using all his will power. Somehow or other she found herself seated in front of the table. The sight of the pile of plaques and the roll of notes was inspiring. She leaned across and with trembling fingers backed number fourteen *en plein*, with all the *carrés* and *chevaux*. She was playing the game at which she had lost so persistently. He walked slowly away. Every now and then from a distance he watched her. She was winning and losing alternately, but she had settled down now in earnest. He breathed a great sigh of relief, and took a seat upon a divan whence he could see if she moved. Richard Lane, who had been standing at the other side of the table, crossed the room and came over to him.

"Say, do you know where Sir Henry is?" he inquired.

Draconmeyer shook his head.

"I have scarcely seen him all day."

"I think I'll go round to the hotel and look him up," Lane decided carelessly. "I'm fed up with this ——"

He stopped short. He was no longer an exceedingly bored and discontented-looking young man. Draconmeyer glanced at him curiously. He felt a thrill of sympathy. This stolid young man, then, was capable of feeling the same emotion that was tearing at his own heartstrings. Lane was gazing with transfigured face toward the open doorway.

XXVI

FEDORA sauntered slowly round the rooms, leaning over and staking a gold plaque here and there. She was dressed as usual in white, with a turban hat and an ermine stole and an enormous muff. Her hair seemed more golden than ever beneath its snow-white setting, and her complexion more dazzling. She seemed utterly unconscious of the admiration her appearance evoked, and she passed Lane without apparently observing him. A moment afterward, however, he moved to her side and addressed her.

"Quite a lucky coup of yours, that last, Miss Grex! Are you used to winning *en plein* like that?"

She turned her head and looked at him. Her eyebrows were ever so slightly uplifted. Her expression was chilling. He remained, however, absolutely unconscious of any impending trouble.

"I was sorry not to find you at home this morning," he continued. "I brought my little racing car round for you to see. I thought you might have liked to try her."

"How absurd you are!" she murmured. "You must know perfectly well that it would have been quite impossible for me to come out with you alone."

"But why?"

She sighed.

"You are quite hopeless, or you pretend to be!"

"If I am," he replied, "it is because you won't explain things to me properly. The tables are much too crowded to play comfortably. Won't you come and sit down for a few minutes?"

She hesitated. Lane watched her anxiously. He felt somehow that a great deal depended upon her reply. Presently, with the slightest possible shrug of the shoulders, she turned round and suffered him to walk by her side to the little antechamber that divided the gambling rooms from the restaurant.

"Very well," she decided. "I suppose after all one must remember that you did save us from a great deal of inconvenience the other night. I will talk to you for a few minutes."

He found her an easy-chair and sat down by her side.

"This is bully!" he declared.

"Is what?" she asked, once more raising her eyebrows.

"American slang," he explained penitently. "I am sorry. I meant that it was very pleasant to be here alone with you for a few minutes."

"You may not find it so after all," she said severely. "I feel that I have a duty to perform."

"Well, don't let's bother about that yet, if it means a lecture," he begged. "You shall tell me how much better the young women of your country behave than the young women of mine."

"Thank you," she replied. "I am never interested in the doings of a democracy. Your country makes no appeal to me at all."

"Come," he protested, "that's a little too bad! Why, Russia may be a democracy some day, you know. You very nearly had a republic foisted upon you after the Japanese War."

"You are quite mistaken," she assured him. "Russia would never tolerate a republic."

"Russia will some day have to do like many other countries," he answered firmly, "and obey the will of the people."

"Russia has nothing in common with other countries," she asserted. "There was never a nation yet in which the aristocracy was so powerful."

"It's only a matter of time," he declared.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You represent ideas of which I do not approve," she told him.

"I don't care a fig about any ideas," he replied. "I don't care much about anything in the world except you."

She turned her head slowly and looked at him. Her glance was supercilious, her tone frigid. "Speeches of that kind may pass for polite conversation in your country, Mr. Lane. We do not understand them in mine."

"Don't your men ever tell your women that they love them?" he asked bluntly.

"If they are of the same order," she said, "if the thing is at all possible, it may sometimes be done. Marriage, however, is more a matter of alliance with us. Our servants, I believe, are quite promiscuous in their love-making."

He was silent for a moment. She perhaps felt some compunction, for she spoke to him a little more kindly.

"We cannot help the ideas of the country in which we are brought up, you know, Mr. Lane."

"Of course not," he agreed. "I understand that perfectly. I was just thinking, though, what a lot I shall have to teach you."

She was momentarily aghast. She recovered herself quickly however.

"Are all the men of your nation so self-confident?"

"We have to be," he told her. "It's the only way we can get what we want."

"And do you always succeed in getting what you want?"

"Always!"

"Then unless you wish to be an exception," she advised, "let me beg you not to try for anything beyond your reach."

"There is nothing," he declared firmly, "beyond my reach. You are trying to discourage me. It isn't any use. I am not a prince or a duke or anything like that, although my ancestors were honest enough, I believe. I haven't any trappings of that sort to offer you. If you are as sensible as I think you are you won't mind that when you come to think it over. The only thing I am ashamed of is my money, because I didn't earn it for myself. You can live in palaces still, if you want to, and if you want to be a queen I'll ferret out a kingdom somewhere and buy it. But I am afraid you'll have to be Mrs. Lane behind it all, you know."

"You really are the most intolerable person," she exclaimed, biting her lip. "How can I get these absurd ideas out of your mind?"

"By telling me honestly, looking in my eyes all the time, that you could never care for me a little bit, however devoted I was," he answered promptly. "You won't be able to do it. I've only one belief in life about these things, and that is that when anyone cares for a girl as I care for you it's absolutely impossible for her to be wholly indifferent. It isn't much to start with, I know, but the rest will come. Be honest with me. Is there any one of the men of your country whom you have met that you want to marry?"

She frowned slightly. She found herself at that moment comparing him with certain young men of her acquaintance. She was astonished to realize that the comparison was all in his favor. It was for her an extraordinary moment. She had, indeed, been brought up in palaces, and the men whom she had known had been reckoned the salt of the earth. Yet at that crisis she was most profoundly

(Continued on Page 49)

She Leaned Across and With Trembling Fingers Backed Number Fourteen

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 5, 1914

The German Idea

WE HAVE seen one nation standing against three of the most powerful countries in the world, and have noticed that its financial demoralization was less extensive than might have been expected. As to how Germany, on the business side, met the shock of war, Vice-Chancellor Delbrück is quoted as follows:

"I had a talk with gentlemen representing control of the sugar industry, and in fifteen minutes we had settled all the questions affecting it. I met other men, and we quickly settled the textile and chemical industries. I met representatives of all the agricultural organizations, and in an hour we had settled all questions pertaining to the food supply. Germany, as no other country, is centralized industrially and economically, giving us an organization that makes us unconquerable, economically and industrially."

Germany has long boasted of this thorough organization and coordination of business. Farmers have their associations; so have the iron and steel mills, the coal mines, the chemical manufactures and textile industries, shipping, and what not. It is hardly too much to say that men competent to speak and to act for all the great lines of business, from farming to banking, could be gathered in a small hall in Berlin on two days' notice.

Germany has long regarded this organization of business as the key to her extraordinary economic progress, and the government fosters it.

Pull together is the German idea. Our idea is: Get apart and fight one another!

Look on Our Battlefields

THERE is something fine and generous in the way America has responded to Belgium's cry for help. Men have bought shiploads of flour, women have worked night and day, that Belgium, wrongfully invaded, might be fed and clothed. But in helping the innocent victims of the war abroad, we must not forget our duty to the equally innocent sufferers from the war at home.

Charity is too often farsighted; too often callous to the commonplace; too often just a little dull of comprehension. Ten thousand people starving in the shadow of a volcano, fifty thousand fleeing from a burning city, or five hundred thousand weeping among the ruins of their war-wrecked homes—these she understands and rushes to help. But five hundred thousand people scattered through the tenements of a hundred cities, ravaged by disease, half-clothed, half-starved, overworked part of the time, without work of any kind the rest of the time—they do not shock her into great sacrifices. Yet these, too, are the victims of war.

Look on our battlefields—they, too, are covered with wounded, with hungry women and children. Within a mile of your home you will find want, cold and sickness, due directly to the war that is raging in Europe—if your charity needs that stimulus—distress that will become more acute as the winter advances.

What are Americans going to do for American war sufferers this winter? Will our Red Cross sew for Belgians, French and Germans, and ignore the nakedness around the corner? Will our business men send shiploads of flour abroad while their neighbors have no bread? Will we remember the children of Europe at Christmas and forget the children of our tenements? There has always been want around the corner, but this year it will be more acute than ever, because manufacturing misery has become the business of half the world.

Casting up accounts for the first few months of the war it seems doubtful whether "a place in the sun" is worth what it costs in the blood of the strong and the misery of the weak. And America, no less than Europe, must pay a part of the price. In view of this perfectly patent fact, will not some of our girls who are begging for a chance to nurse in France volunteer for New York? Will not some millionaire send a carload of flour to Chicago? Will not some Red Cross circle take in a little plain sewing for the poor of Philadelphia? And will not some newspaper start a Christmas ship for American children. Look at Mr. Johnson's cartoon on the next page and you will see the point.

We say this not to criticize but to suggest. We would not say it at all were we not hearing that our charities are beginning to feel pinched and that our poor are in danger of being forgotten in the rush to help abroad. We would not hold back one dollar from Belgium, nor stifle one generous impulse to help in Europe. Hunger and suffering speak a universal language; the wounded men of every race are our brothers, whom we must help. But we fail of our highest duty if we remember them and forget the helpless women and children around the corner.

A Year for Home-Made Goods

A FARMER ought to have an automobile if he can afford it; but if he mortgages the farm to buy one he is a fool. That illustrates the position of the United States with regard to imported goods. We ought to buy as few of them as possible now, simply because we have not the means to pay for them.

Ordinarily the thirty million dollars or so that we spend yearly in Europe for art works is justified. So with the other thirty million we spend for laces and embroideries, and a long list of foreign goods. We pay for them with foodstuffs, cotton, copper, petroleum and machinery. We have those things to spare, and it is good to swap our surplus for other things that adorn our galleries, our homes and our pulchritudinous persons.

This year our exports of cotton are cut to a third of the ordinary dimensions; exports of copper and petroleum are restricted by the war. Europe will buy nothing of us that is not absolutely necessary. We should buy nothing there that we do not have to have. We already owe billions there. Every purchase will increase the debt or drain our stock of gold.

Europe can pay a trade balance in our favor by simply canceling so much of our indebtedness. A trade balance in her favor puts us that much deeper in debt to her. This is the year to insist on American goods.

A Loathsome Trade

NOW and then you read in a newspaper that the warden of such and such a prison is making heroic efforts to break up a systematic sale of cocaine to the inmates; that the police have raided an opium joint; or that an old offender in the way of illicit traffic in drugs has been arrested again.

That the use of opium, cocaine and like drugs is extensive in the United States is common knowledge. That a drug habit is the most destructive of vices is well known too. This drug trade appeals to no generous emotion. There is not a solitary rational word to be said in defense of it. Every normal person hates it. No vested interest pleads for it. We should like to know whether this loathsome trade really can be suppressed.

Canal and Rail

THE Panama Canal has had a greater effect on rail business than was anticipated. The all-water freight rate from coast to coast by way of the canal is in many cases quite one-third lower than the all-rail rate; and even more than that in some cases. The voyage is made in twenty days. Thus, Pacific Coast freight from as far west as Ohio and Indiana has been drawn to the canal, the rate from the interior point to the Atlantic seaboard and thence by water being lower than the rail rate from the shipping point to the coast.

The railroads want to meet this canal competition by lowering transcontinental rates; but they do not want to lower proportionately, or at all, the rates between interior points. Thus the present discrimination against interior points as compared with coast points would be heightened.

Already it costs more to ship a carload of goods from the Atlantic seaboard to a point three hundred miles east of the Pacific Coast than to ship it clear through to the coast. Likewise it costs more to ship it from the Mississippi Valley than from the seaboard. If the roads lower transcontinental rates still more, in order to meet canal competition, the effect will be to build a sort of pyramid, with low rates at the bases representing the two coasts and higher ones the farther back from the base one gets.

The roads argue that, unless they meet canal competition by lowering rates, the traffic will simply go to the canal, and interior points will be exactly where they were before; but we do not believe people living on the sides of the pyramid can be permanently reconciled to paying decidedly more for such a universal necessity as freight service than their fellow citizens down toward the base.

The South American Chance

WHOEVER dreamed of rushing down to South America and capturing a great lot of trade out of hand has had a disagreeable awakening. For one big obstacle, the financial demoralization down there made credit operations extremely difficult. Nevertheless, the war does open a fine opportunity. It disrupts long-established connections between South America and Germany in particular. This means that many South American houses, which six months ago would have given scant consideration to our goods, are now in a most receptive attitude.

As an experienced exporter puts it:

"I believe now is the right time to go after business down there, because we can interest firms now that formerly would not have given us a hearing. American manufacturers have never before had so good an opportunity to make first-class connections."

Trade is not to be grabbed out of hand. It must be built up with patient labor and money. Selling goods in Rio is much the same as selling them in Posey Center, Indiana. The house that the buyer knows, and knows favorably, is the one he will prefer. The war gives us an opportunity to get acquainted. The house that has the right goods at the right price and is willing to spend months making acquaintance will get business.

Brazil with her coffee and rubber, Argentina with her wheat and cattle, have things to sell for which there will be demand irrespective of war. Consequently they will be able to buy foreign goods. A year from now, if we are willing to do the necessary preliminary work, we should begin to reap tangible advantage from the opportunity made by the war.

A Democracy of Credit

ALL along there has been a regrettable attempt to create an impression that the conditions on which any citizen of the United States can obtain bank credit under normal circumstances are changed somehow by the new banking system. President Wilson, in his letter to Chairman Underwood, points out what the new system will do. It will provide an elastic currency. It will, to a degree, centralize the country's bank reserves. It will make sound commercial paper always fluid, because such paper can be converted into bank notes.

Now these things are exceedingly valuable for forestalling financial crises and for minimizing money stringencies; but at no point do they touch in any way the conditions under which bank credit is extended in normal times. The man who could not borrow from a bank in normal times under the old system will be unable to borrow now.

Individual borrowers have no direct relations with the Federal Reserve Banks. Loans to them will be made by the old banks on the old terms. Collateral that was not sufficient before will not be sufficient now. Names that the cashier rejected before there were any Federal Reserve Banks will still be rejected.

The President said: "Credit is at the disposal of every man who can show energy and assets." He should have added character; and he would then have correctly defined the condition under which credit has always been available under ordinary circumstances. Exactly the same bank officers who judged whether the assets, character and energy were sufficient before will judge of them now, and they will form their judgment in the same way.

In ordinary times your credit at the bank will not be good for a cent more than it was before. The new system provides highly valuable means for dealing with abnormal or extraordinary conditions.

Why it should be said to create a democracy of credit we do not understand.

Do Your Shopping Now

CHRISTMAS goods are still fresh. So are the salespeople. You can see the full lines and get the obliging attentions of an undistracted clerk. There is room in the shops to turn round. Still for a few days Christmas shopping may be a pleasant experience. You know very well what it will be just a little later—with the article you really want all sold out, and a young lady tired to the point of nervous prostration trying to wait on three people at once.

If you put off the shopping you will simply exasperate yourself and afflict her. What is the use of that?

THE WAR AND YOUR MONEY

The Attitude of the Administration

By Roger W. Babson

THE framer of the United States statute that relates to the duties of Treasury officials should have placed an asterisk after the words Comptroller of the Currency, with an explanatory footnote. The footnote should clearly state to whose currency the statute applies. Is it the currency of the banks or the currency of the people? Is the man who holds this important position comptroller of the banks' currency or the people's currency?

Some readers may attempt to argue that there is no difference and that there is but one form of currency, which belongs equally to the banks and to the people. To those who argue along those lines I have but one question to put, namely: Have you gone to any bank to borrow money since August 1, 1914, when war was declared between Germany and Russia?

Theoretically one might say the interests of the banks and the people are mutual, and that the currency belongs to all; but in this case there is a great difference between theory and practice. The relation between borrowers and lenders is just about the same as the relation between employees and employers.

There should be coöperation between borrowers and lenders, and the best results are obtained only through coöperation; but under present conditions little coöperation exists, and until it does exist their respective interests are in the relation of buyer and seller. When the interests of buyer and seller of the same commodity are mutual the interests of banks and borrowers will be mutual, and not until then.

Most men who have been called to Washington to become Secretary of the Treasury or Comptroller of the Currency have been bank men, or men whose interests have been primarily allied with lenders of money rather than with borrowers. Hence it is very natural that these men should interpret the law as referring to the currency the banks hold, and honestly believe that it is their duty to protect the banks, and especially their profits. It is an open secret that the President much displeased the money lords of Wall Street by selecting as Secretary of the Treasury a man who had been and probably was a borrower of money rather than one who always had been a lender.

Again, President Wilson added fuel to the flames by appointing John Skelton Williams Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Williams, like Mr. McAdoo, was not a member of the Wall Street banking fraternity. These men were builders, interested in developing our country. Mr. McAdoo was the man who linked up New York and New Jersey by building tubes under the Hudson, against the interests that had money invested in the ferries. He fought the people's fight and won. Mr. Williams, in connection with his brother, has fought the same fight in the South for many years through the development and upbuilding of run-down railroads.

Bellwether Bankers

BOTH men have been obliged to borrow money; but what of that? If they had not borrowed money it would still be necessary to use an old ferryboat to get from New York to New Jersey, and to change trains two or three times in going from Richmond to Florida. As borrowers of money these men became sympathizers with the people of this country, who are likewise interested in development work and hence are compelled to borrow.

Though these men are unpopular with the banks, the banks have no reason for their attitude except the fact that the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency have considered the borrower equally with the lender. Practically the attitude of the banks toward these men is due to the fact that they are unpopular with two or three bankers in the city of New York whose opinions it is customary to indorse. If there is any secret society whose members can begin to hang together and swear by one another as do our bankers, I should like to know what it is.

Let two or three prominent bankers in New York express their opinion on some subject and all the other bankers in New York bow their heads in assent. Immediately the vice-presidents, cashiers and other employees loudly cry "Amen!" As though by magic, their individuality vanishes by mutual consent; and, with or without reason, they take the position outlined by Mister So-and-So, president of such-and-such a bank in the city of New York.

And this is not all. The leading bankers of Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and other cities go to New York for instructions. If you ask the average banker of Boston or Chicago for his opinion on some subject, you will not get his opinion, but rather that of the bankers of New York. And as the Boston bankers follow the New York bankers, so the country bankers follow the Boston bankers—until all are bound up as a unit and led by a few men in New York as though bound by a chain. Moreover, this applies less to New England than to some other sections of the country.

These men are splendid fellows personally—are interested in civic and other good work; but they certainly do lack appreciation of the borrower's position. And so they often forget that banks were originally founded for borrowers and not for lenders. Therefore the people of this country are very fortunate to-day in having at Washington men who can sympathize with the borrower; men who look on the currency of the country as belonging to the people as well as to the banks.

In my talks with bankers and stock-exchange firms during the past few weeks I found such a strange feeling toward the Treasury Department at Washington that I went there to ascertain with my own eyes and ears the exact position of the Comptroller of the Currency, and to hear what dreadful things he is saying that apparently displease our great financial leaders. I had the pleasure of being in Washington during important conferences between President Wilson, Secretary McAdoo, the Comptroller of the Currency, and other members of the Federal Reserve Board, together with certain other bankers, and the representatives of the Treasury of Great Britain—namely, Sir George Paish and Basil Blackett, whom I had previously met in England.

Heads We Win; Tails They Lose

WITHOUT giving reasons to the Comptroller of the Currency for my call, I asked him for his opinion on the present situation. Whereupon he sat back in his chair, looked me straight in the eye and spoke as follows:

"We must work to give as well as to take. We are, as regards the fearful war of Europe, put—almost without act or will of our own—in the position of a benevolent Iago: 'Now, whether he kill Cassio, or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, every way makes my gain.'

"We have the right to use thriftily what Fortune, or the follies or crimes of others, may send for our advantage; but we have the plain duty to use our peculiar conditions and the strength they give us to try to make the world and the human race happier and better. As we do that, the reflex action and results must make our own nation happier, better, richer and more prosperous. No other people has been permitted, as we are now, to offer rescue to mankind; to be the firm foundation for the rehabilitation of civilization and order; to deserve and win the gratitude, the confidence and the affection of every nation, of every tongue.

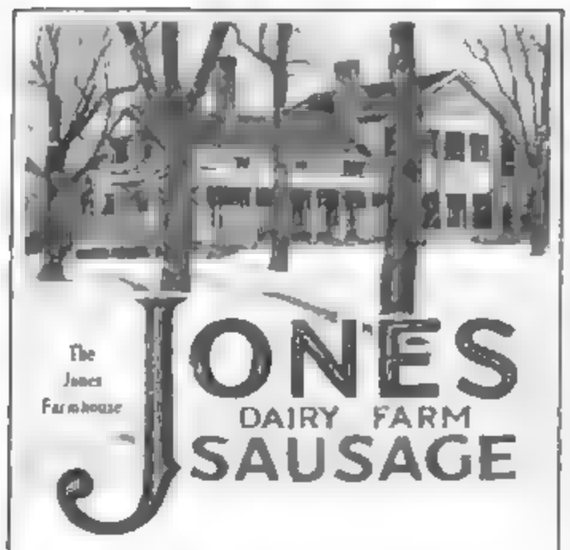
"Our first step and duty has been and is to assure our own safety; to establish our own strength; to care for our own people. For us the rapidly succeeding declarations of war and the immediate consequences were like a sudden and violent amputation. Holding steadily to the maxim bequeathed to us by the farseeing Washington, we avoided entangling political alliances; but in business we were in partnership with all the countries that without warning began to tear and destroy one another.

"As we stood, we were subject to drains on our resources and demands on our credit by the cables under the sea and the wireless in the air, through the heavens above and the waters under the earth; and along the surface of the sea we could send nothing of our heaped-up stores of actual substance to bring money or credit. Our money assets were assaulted by invisible forces of suction. The closing of the exchanges here and the moratorium declared in Great Britain were like anæsthetics to stop nerve action and prevent death from shock and strain.

"The results so far have been the striking contrast of no panic or ruin here, with eight declarations of war among powerful nations within one week, and paralysis of all international traffic; whereas in 1893 dangers in no way comparable to those we have recently faced brought a procession of failures and bank suspensions, the closing down of mercantile houses and industries, and terrific losses, extending from one ocean to the other.

"Yet, though the methods used were prompt and heroic, they would have done harm rather than good, would have spread

"Gee! I Wisht We Was Belgium Refergees!"



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demoralization and given a new impetus to a fast-spreading fright, but for one great solemn fact underlying everything. That fact is the conviction that this Government of ours, of the people, by the people and for the people, is now ready and able to protect us from unnecessary or artificially created stringencies. But for this confidence on the part of the people we should have had dismay instead of assurance, and frantic anxiety and demoralization instead of quiet optimism.

"Hence, what is needed at the moment is coöperation all along the line. Exporters and importers must coöperate to build up a balance in our favor; banks and stock exchanges should coöperate in order that the exchanges may be open on some limited basis; the state banks and trust companies should cooperate with the national banks in such policies as the Government outlines; while the man who attempts to sell short—either securities or merchandise—should be severely dealt with.

"So far as this Department goes we shall follow a common-sense policy, recognizing fully that if the banks should attempt to liquidate at the present time they could get only a very small per cent in gold for the securities and notes they hold. In other words, remind your readers that our entire stock of gold, about one and seven-eighths billions, represents only about one per cent of the total estimated value of all property in this country, which has been accurately estimated at between one hundred and fifty and two hundred billions. Hence, it will be our policy to look neither at officially pegged quotations nor at quotations caused by forced selling. We shall attempt to judge everything on its merits, looking at the property and earnings that must form the real basis of value.

"This means that this office will try to keep in mind what the condition of certain corporations and individuals would naturally be after the storm has blown over—or, in other words, the basic virtues they have for weathering the storm. Therefore we shall exercise a conservative degree of forbearance, applying the rule of reason to banking as the Supreme Court has applied it to industry.

"What I wish you to impress, however, on your readers is that they can best help by continuing their purchases as heretofore, for it is income that is needed by workmen, industries and railroads. The most loyal citizen of the United States to-day is he who is continuing to spend—of course he should not spend beyond his means—as heretofore. Too great economy under some conditions is a crime. Let us remember that to provide for the bare necessities of life—food, raiment and shelter—the human race would have to labor probably not more than one day in the week. It is in creating and furnishing what were once regarded as luxuries that occupation is found for the great army of the employed during the other five working days of the week. Our multiplying wants take up the slack created by labor-saving machines and keep the industrial world busy producing. The luxury of to-day becomes the necessity of to-morrow. Tell your readers that it is the water running over the mill wheels of industry that counts, not the water that remains stagnating in the pond."

Workings of the New Bank Act

To one who, like myself, had been for days talking solely with bankers and stock-exchange firms, this was a tremendous shock. To turn from those New York bankers and brokers, with faces yards long, bluer than the bluest imaginable, to the atmosphere I found in the Treasury Department at Washington was a startling change. Instead of finding pessimism, as in the New York banks, I found a spirit of confidence and progress.

In this connection let me quote what the Comptroller of the Currency has to say relative to the new banking system, which is just beginning operations. Said he:

"The Federal Reserve Act is not a measure that serves only banks and their customers; but it is destined, I firmly believe, to exert a powerful influence for good on the lives and fortunes of all classes of our population. It is the instrumentality through which the American people will be freed from the domination of a financial oligarchy. It restores to the channels of commerce and industry hundreds of millions of dollars of money that was drawn from the sections where it was most needed to lie idle in the vaults of the big banks in two or three cities, or else be loaned by those banks largely on demand loans in the stock market.

"It provides for a system to meet completely and effectively the requirements of expanding or contracting business, according to the seasons and the varying conditions; and it accomplishes, along the most natural lines, the mobilization of the bank reserves, and devises the methods by which they can be most safely and fairly utilized. It practically removes from honestly and capably managed banks all fears of runs, or the dread of suspension or failure, by providing the means for quickly converting into currency the commercial paper in which its funds may have been invested.

"By the system of clearings the bill provides for it is estimated that several hundred million dollars, heretofore kept in transit and in unavailable balances, will be released for the needs of business, while the delay and expense of making collections of checks will both be eliminated.

"It opens the way for the establishment of branches of our national banks in foreign countries, so as to secure for this country a larger share of the world's commerce. It removes the barrier which prevented the national banks from lending money on real estate, and makes improved real estate acceptable as a basis for loans under conditions clearly and conservatively defined, so as to bring into active commercial use one of the most substantial of all securities."

The Banks to the Rescue

In order that readers of this article may appreciate the good work the bankers of the country did for us all before the crash, let me say that between May first and September first, 1914, our bankers, for the benefit of merchants and other customers, had shipped abroad one hundred and sixteen million dollars in gold, though they found themselves still confronted with debts of their customers, which would fall due in Europe before the close of the year, of about three hundred and fifty million dollars more. Of course the largest item of this debt was that represented by city of New York loans, for which, as I explained in a previous article, the bankers have loyally provided.

Had peace continued our normal exports of cotton, food products and other merchandise would have amounted to more than a billion dollars between August first and December thirty-first of this year. This would have been sufficient to pay all our indebtedness to Europe and leave us a handsome balance. With the ships of the world tied to the docks, and no facilities for sending out our bountiful harvests of cotton, wheat and other supplies, Europe not only insisted on the payment of our debts, but likewise endeavored to sell us her securities.

On August first the reserves of the New York banks fell more than forty million dollars below the legal requirement, owing to the flood of bonds and shares held by foreigners that had been dumped on the market for foreign account. The New York banks were alarmed, and with reason, at the drain on their resources that had begun from all directions. After a conference held on Sunday night, August second, with the presidents of the leading banks and trust companies of the city of New York, the Secretary of the Treasury announced that the Government would at once supply the New York banks with one hundred million dollars of additional currency if needed; in fact, anticipating the situation, the Secretary had that morning, before leaving Washington, ordered the shipment to the New York Subtreasury of forty million dollars for the use of the banks in that city.

Reports of this prompt assistance were sent all over the country, with the statement that the New York city banks were ready to respond to all calls from country banks for shipments of currency against their balances. Thus there was no suspension of currency payments or premium on currency, as in 1893 and 1907.

A few weeks later the Government agreed to provide further funds in order to aid the New York bankers in carrying out their plan for funding the city's loans of eighty-two million dollars, just coming to maturity abroad. More than this, the Government has impartially aided all sections of the country by sending to banks all over the United States currency aggregating more than one hundred and sixty million dollars. Thus alarm has been dispelled and confidence restored.

(Concluded on Page 29)

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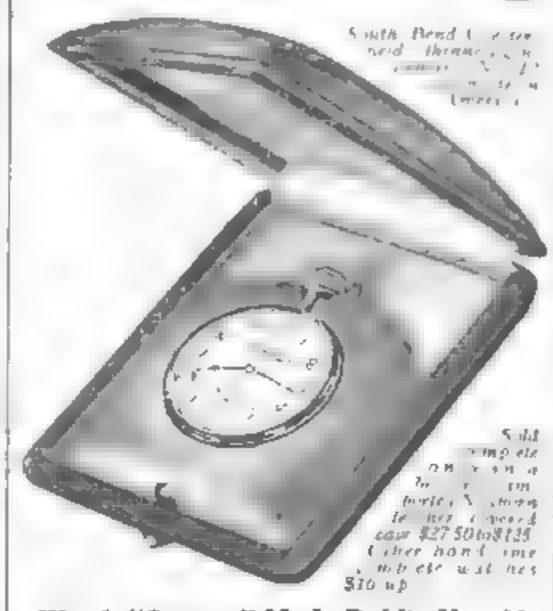

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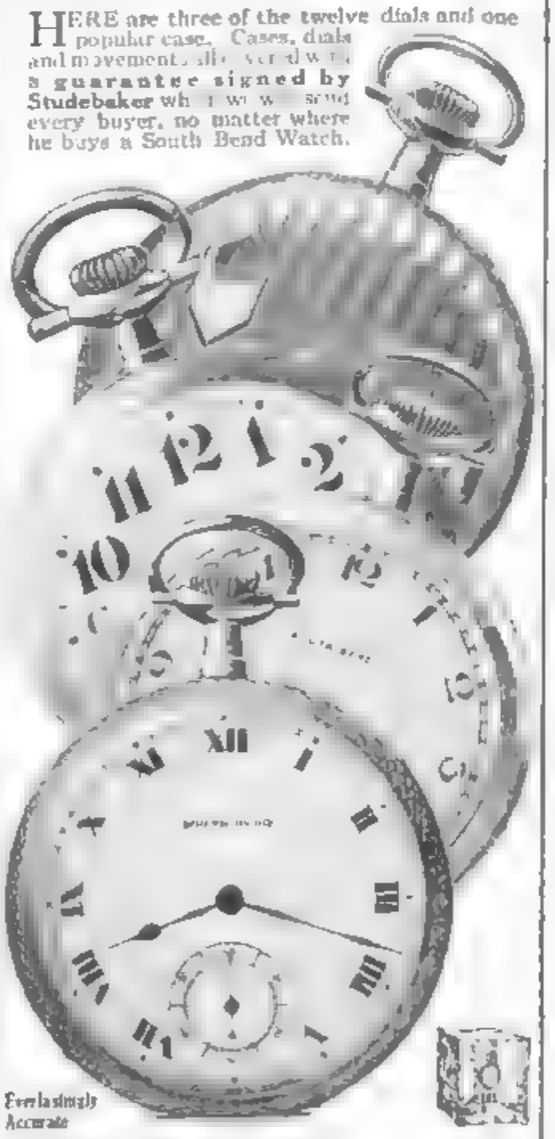

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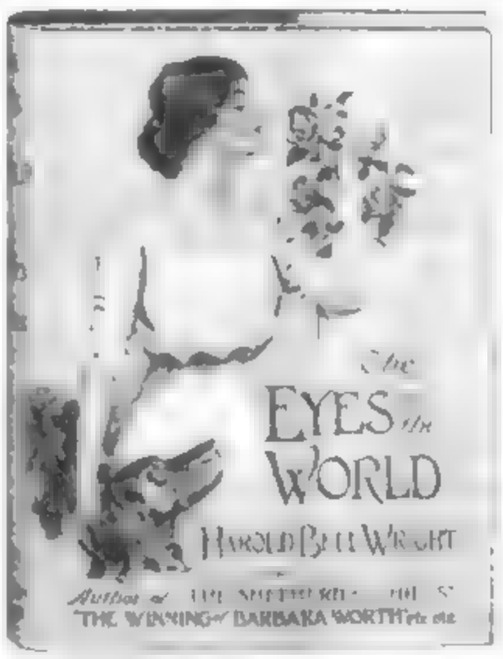

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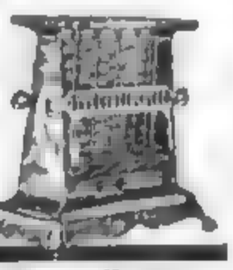

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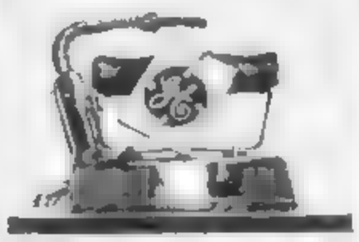

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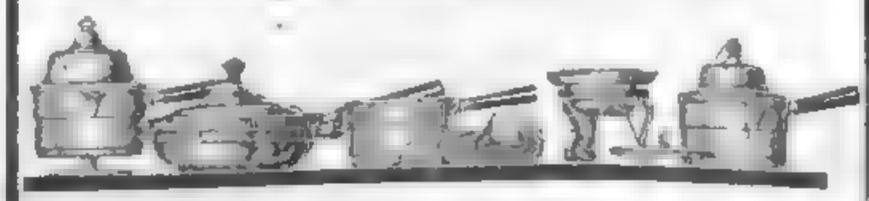

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 26)

After the Comptroller had told me this story I inquired regarding the foreign holdings of American securities that so trouble Wall Street, and he replied as follows:

"In its efforts to provide for present and to guard against further and future demands the country has been steering a cautious course between two perils. Money enough for ordinary and extraordinary requirement—not only to move the crops but to hold some crops the normal demand for which was suspended—was urgently needed. Yet such inflation of the currency as might threaten our gold reserve and impair our public credit and the value of our money would be suicide.

"Self-preservation demands, first, the preservation of our credit. With that wounded we should be unable to maintain ourselves. If we allowed the currency supply to become inadequate for our requirements we might inflict the penalties of confiscation and ruin on the innocent many to the enrichment of the designing and remorseless few. If we allowed inflation of the currency away from safe and solid bases of actual and irreproachable value we should also make a mistake.

"Therefore we have tested and studied; we have striven to work and build swiftly but carefully; to act promptly, but with thoughtful provision for the situation as it is, while keeping alert eyes on the possibilities of the days and months to come.

"The work of adjustment, and of getting the machinery of business on perfect foundations, and oiled and leveled, is not completed; but it is well started, with safe and efficient methods.

"We and our business machinery will be required to work not only for ourselves but for the world. In protecting our own stability we protect the world's finance and commerce. In conserving the interests of other nations we conserve our own and improve the opportunities that practically are forced on us.

"Along with illimitable responsibilities, the prospect of illimitable expansion confronts us. Just now, and because of the sudden halting of our delivery service and the closing of the markets, we are a debtor people. We are taking days of grace because we have assets with which to pay and know they will be needed desperately and soon.

"There are only three methods by which our international debts can be paid—by shipments of gold or silver; by shipments of merchandise; or by the sales abroad of securities. If American securities owned abroad should amount to, say, four billion dollars, and all holders should offer them for sale and demand gold for them, our entire gold supply of one and seven-eighths billion dollars—by far the largest gold holdings of any nation—would be insufficient to pay for half of them; therefore it is preposterous to talk of taking them all back and settling for them now in gold."

Our International Balance

"It is equally idle to talk of paying for them by the sale of other securities; therefore it is evident that if Europe wants to send back to us our securities she must take payment in merchandise, in the equivalent of gold. When the European countries bought our securities they did not pay for them in actual gold, they paid for them in merchandise, and should take merchandise in payment when they sell them back to us."

While in Washington I endeavored to find the answer to the question so often asked as to the amount of American securities held abroad. Authorities seem to agree that it is probably not less than four billion dollars and not more than six billion, and that from one-quarter to one-half of those securities may come back in the next few years.

On the other hand, when we remember that the net balance of trade in our favor during the past thirty years has averaged more than three hundred million dollars a year, we should not be staggered at the idea of taking back in time this amount of securities.

Of course our exports are bound to be cut down; but imports will greatly decline also, thus making much less difference in the balance than would at first appear.

Moreover, when we consider the money that will be kept in this country which heretofore has been spent abroad by tourists, and the money that will be saved here through the reducing of dividends on securities held abroad, the foreign-trade balance in our favor may, under present adverse circumstances, still compare favorably with that of other years.

It was the possession of such figures as these in the Treasury Department at Washington that gave the spirit of optimism I found so apparent.

Hence I can report to readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that, if this country does not go to war, conditions will adjust themselves very soon. Every shipload of merchandise swells our exports; every foreign mill shut down reduces our imports; every American forced to give up a European trip builds up our gold reserve; while every reduction in dividends and decline in security prices likewise keeps money in this country. Therefore it should be but a short time before we are the great creditor country of the world, instead of being in debt to other nations, as at present. This should loosen up money, cheer up our bankers, and enable readers of this weekly to borrow as heretofore.

Manufacturers who have not sufficient orders to keep their mills going must of necessity run on part time, or possibly shut down altogether for a week or so. No manufacturer or merchant, however, should reduce his salesforce or cut down his advertising under present conditions. For American concerns to cut down their salesforces and advertising, under the conditions ruling to-day, seems to me to be the height of folly. In closing the interview the Comptroller spoke as follows:

"Strong and powerful, but just and compassionate, we must be prepared to meet the rush of people fleeing to us from war and war taxes and war ruin; the rush of the demand for bread and meat and clothing; for fuel and building materials; the rush of the demand for money for restoration and new beginnings where war will leave chaos and emptiness."

The Outlook for the Future

"We can prove ourselves honest and kindly debtors and merciful and considerate creditors. We shall soon be looked up to as the storehouse of the world. Our fields already furnish two-thirds of the cotton that clothes the human race, while from our harvest fields is already being shipped the grain to supply bread to the millions in Europe who have now become dependent on us for their food supply. By the ways of peace and the uses of commerce we can—and shall—not only strengthen our influence where it already exists, and tighten our hold on those with whom we have traded and exchanged, but we shall widen our sphere of operations through a great part of this great Western Hemisphere and send our flag and our agencies to countries where they are strangers now. Our conditions for doing all this great work are better than ever before in our life as a nation.

"We are correcting the tendency toward huge consolidations, to inordinate individual accumulations, and to isolation and the bludgeoning and suppression of individual enterprises and initiative. We are calling back and restoring the dash and daring and restless alacrity that spring from free and fair competition. We are distributing ambition among all our citizenship by restraining the facilities for small and select minorities. We are sweeping away many clouds of doubt and distrust—the more dangerous because, by imagination and exaggeration, they are magnified and given shapes of dread portent. We are breathing a cleaner and more stimulating atmosphere.

"So long as we progress on these lines we have nothing to fear and much to look forward to, whatever conditions may exist in the countries across the sea."

Personally I feel that most lines of business will be dull until there are some signs of peace. To tell the truth, I cannot be so optimistic regarding general business conditions during the next year as is the Administration at Washington. Europe is suffering from a great catastrophe and we must to some extent share her losses. The only favored ones in this country will be the farmers and a few concerns that are temporarily helped by foreign war orders and the cessation of certain imports.

However, so soon as there are any signs of peace I believe a great boom will be witnessed; and those who keep up their organizations during the trying days through which we are now passing will be the first to receive the fruits of the period of prosperity that is to follow.

Solve the Christmas Problem

Send Davis Quality Cards. For dozens of your friends they are actually better than costly gifts (which sometimes put the receiver under unwelcome obligations). These beautiful cards with their glad, friendly enthusiasm are always appreciated.

Without any cheap sentimentality they express your own thought to each friend in an intimate, personal way. Their originality and good taste are a welcome relief from the old-time, highly colored Christmas booklet with its meaningless jingles. Their exquisitely blended colors, artistic printing and quality paper make them elegant enough to send in place of costly gifts

THE A.M.DAVIS CO.
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The cards shown here and hundreds of others are sold separately at good stores everywhere. If you want to make your Christmas shopping easy, ask for the dollar box of

Quality Cards for Quality Folks

containing 19 unusual cards, absolutely unhandled, for your various friends.

The busy man will find many Christmas problems solved by our dollar box of

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containing 10 unusual cards and our "Busy Man's Calendar"—just the sort a man likes to send to his friends.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us the coupon below with a dollar for each box desired, and we will mail them to you direct. Or, send a postal for our booklet showing complete line.

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Christmas Specials

These seven gift suggestions are very special values you will find at the Hallmark Store in your town

Each will solve one of your gift problems. Each will delight some one of your friends.

They are also examples of the high quality merchandise at moderate cost which the Hallmark Jeweler offers you—values made possible only by the cooperative purchasing power of all the Hallmark Stores—one in each of hundreds of cities and towns.

Go to the Hallmark Store in your city and ask to see these articles, or if there is no Hallmark Store there as yet, we will be glad to send any article prepaid to any address upon receipt of the price.

The quality is exceptional. For example, the hat pins illustrated not only have solid gold tops but the pins themselves are gold-plated.

The Hallmark Stores are high-grade jewelry stores which have formed a cooperative company to unite the power and prestige of the 2500 leading jewelers of the United States.

Their company is The United Jewelers, Inc., in which the stock is owned and control maintained by the retail jewelers themselves.

By uniting their purchasing power they reduce selling and manufacturing cost to a minimum, and control quality and workmanship. Thus they are able to give you highest quality jewelry and merchandise at no greater cost than lower grades distributed in the ordinary manner.

There is only one Hallmark Store in each city or town, and Hallmark goods are sold only in the Hallmark Stores. There are now Hallmark Stores in hundreds of cities and towns—the leading jewelers in each—and every city and town in the United States will soon have a Hallmark Store.

Look for the Hallmark Store sign. Look for the HALLMARK trade-mark. It stands for honor and service. It means better quality at lower price.

The United Jewelers, Inc.

31 Union Square, New York City

THE AGRICULTURAL IMMIGRANT AND THE AMERICAN FARM

(Continued from Page 17)

thousand agricultural immigrants on American farms, is able to do the volume of useful work it discharges. The handicaps under which it labors are not imposed alone by the inefficiencies of the existing system nor by the lack of sufficient funds. To the man in the Information Service who wrestles with the details of this task it appears as though both the chief beneficiaries of his work—the arriving agricultural immigrant and the American farmer—were inspired by an almost superhuman perversity in making the task difficult.

The instinct of the immigrant is to conceal the fact that his life in the Old World has been spent in tilling the soil. This is usually because he has been primed, before starting, with letters from friends or relatives in America telling of fabulous wages to be had in the mills, the mines and the shops of the United States. The fact that these letters may be directly inspired by a hope of reward—a rake-off—is not apparent to the credulous immigrant, who is inclined to believe all who speak or write his language and to distrust all who do not.

Again, a mighty fear of the contract-labor law has been instilled into the immigrant, and the sight of an immigration official strikes such terror to his soul that, if he had on his person a letter from a relative or friend directing him to the country instead of to an industrial center, his inclination would be to conceal that fact. Then, too, he is generally as determined to locate in the zone of the bright lights as the moth is to singe its wings in the flame of a candle.

On the other hand, the farmer who has learned to look to the Information Office for his help is too often in search of an unfair advantage. He states his conditions with too many reservations. Because he is looking for a raw recruit he knows to be unfamiliar with the language and conditions of this country, the temptation is often strong with the inquiring farmer to drive a sharp bargain, to withhold information that may tend to discourage the officials from permitting the immigrant to accept the offered employment, and particularly to give the impression that the position is to be permanent if the alien gives satisfaction, when the real intention is to use him only temporarily.

The officials attempting to meet the needs of the agricultural immigrant and the American farmer are, in a word, obliged to fight evasion and fear on the part of the immigrant and greed and sharp dealing on the side of the prospective employer.

The type of farmer most in need of the steady, dependable labor of farm immigrants—the employer who has most to offer the green hand from the Old World—is remote from the seaboard and from the New York office of the Information Division; and he is generally out of the way of this information. The knowledge of how to get hold of the alien does not permeate him; and if it did he would not take advantage of it. He would as soon think of ordering a team of draft horses from a catalogue as of engaging a hired hand without an opportunity to look him over.

Postal-Card Inquiries

To do business with this kind of farmer the alien hired hand must either enter his appearance locally or he must have his case presented locally by some person of known responsibility who not only has the interests of the farmers at heart but also understands their needs.

An attempt has been made to use the machinery of the post office for this purpose.

"The Division of Information," says its chief, "can at the present time, through the assistance rendered by the Post Office Department, state the labor requirements of the farmers of the United States. A system of postal-card inquiry, inaugurated some years ago, enables the Division to keep in touch with agriculturists, and details of their wants may be made known to applicants for positions on farms."

Something has been accomplished by this means, but only enough to demonstrate how much greater results could be achieved by the employment of an agency vitally interested in this particular task. The postmaster at Strawberry Point, for example, naturally does not consider helping Farmer Jones to find a hired hand among the arriving immigrants as part of his official job; in fact, he regards it as quite aside from the job of being postmaster.

He is willing to pass a little information back and forth between Farmer Jones and the Immigrant Information Office, just as he is willing to hang out a colored poster for the War Department calling for recruits; but the initiative must come from either the immigration authorities or the farmer. Above all things the postmaster is particularly shy on assuming any responsibility in a transaction that involves even a remote chance of leaving a local farmer or a government official dissatisfied particularly when that transaction is no part of his regular duties.

It is clear, then, that neither the Middle West farmer nor the Division of Information is particularly strong on initiative in this important function, while the postmaster is, at best, a passive and cautious go-between, ready to side-step the responsibility of doing more than facilitating the exchange of postal-card information.

Where to Find Help for Immigrants

Is there any existing agency, broadly distributed throughout the Land of the Hired Hand, close to the farmer and vitally interested in his needs, and at the same time sufficiently responsible and independent, to protect the immigrant's interests and satisfy the immigration authorities?

There are several philanthropic organizations doing good work in forwarding agricultural immigrants to the farm. Among them are: German House, 8 State Street; Leo House, 6 State Street; Irish Home, 7 State Street; Polish Home, 180 Second Avenue; Hebrew Industrial Removal Society, 174 Second Avenue; the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society, 174 Second Avenue—all in the city of New York; and the Immigrants' Protective League, 920 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

These are mainly specialized along distinct racial lines, however, and have limited resources and equipment. They do not answer the big demand. There is another device, already built, manned and financed, which seems ready to meet the emergency admirably.

The modern county agricultural expert would appear to a layman to be almost ideally calculated to fill this need. No matter by what name he happens to be known—whether County Soil Expert, County Agricultural Adviser, or what not—his functions are practically the same. His job is to promote the cause of progressive agriculture in a prescribed territory where he is a fixture. And his tribe is increasing with astonishing rapidity. Though the County Agricultural Adviser is distinctly a modern figure in the machinery of the better-farming movement, there are hundreds of these local demonstrators in the country to-day.

Under the provisions of the Lever Act, now in process of being put into practical effect, his numbers will not only be multiplied but his status will become standardized. He will be the local representative of the United States Department of Agriculture, of the State Agricultural College, and of the local farming interests; for all these bodies will help to pay his salary, supervise his activities and inspect his results.

In the county where this article was written the expert receives a salary of four thousand dollars a year; and an automobile and office are provided for him, with their maintenance, together with the services of a stenographer.

In the office of each expert is a card-catalogue list of all the farms and farmers in the county—about five hundred of them. In most cases the farmer's telephone number is on the card bearing his name. The expert comes into direct personal touch with most of these farmers in the course of the year and secures an intimate, detailed knowledge of the character and extent of the farmer's operations, equipment and soil.

More than this, the county expert inevitably accumulates much information as to the moral and financial responsibility of the farmers in his agricultural parish. He knows the farmers who get along well with

(Continued on Page 32)

Your Money Back If You Are Not Delighted With It

"White Beauty"
A scientific Kitchen Cabinet of wide renown

In this NEW HOOSIER Your Whole Kitchen is at Fingers' Ends

You can search the world over and not find anything that saves so much labor in your kitchen as this beautiful new Hoosier.

You can sit down at work with this Hoosier and save miles of steps. It combines Three Big Cupboards, a Large Pantry, Special Bins and Compartments, and dozens of Labor-Saving Features, around a roomy metal table that slides out 16 inches.

Yet the new "White Beauty" is so compactly and scientifically arranged that it saves you even half your ordinary reaching. Definite places are provided in it for over 400 articles. Many of these places are labeled so you automatically keep things in order

YOUR NEED FOR IT *will not question when you know its total conveniences. And now, with so many new features and its much larger size, at the present low cash price, it is a wonderful bargain which you can easily afford.*

YOU MAY CHOOSE between two dominating models—"White Beauty," which has a waterproof, ivory-white enamel upper cupboard, and the models with merely an "Oak" interior, at slightly less price

OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE *protects you on any Hoosier you buy and removes any* ***final cause*** *you might have for hesitating to*

ANSWER THESE TWO QUESTIONS:

1. Am I doing justice to myself and my family by wasting my strength with miles of useless steps in my kitchen—which a Hoosier would save, or

2. Shall I write now for detailed information about the new Hoosier features in order to compare—detail by detail—the savings this cabinet will make for me when I put it in my kitchen?

THIS MONTH the Hoosier agent in your town (there is only one) will very likely [illegible] of Hoosiers on the *famous Hoosier plan.* Here are the terms:

1. **$1 puts the cabinet you choose in your home.**
2. **$1 weekly quickly pays for it.**
3. **The Low Cash Price fixed by the factory prevails strictly.**
4. **No interest. No extra fees.**
5. **This sale is under direct supervision of the Hoosier Company.**
6. **Your money back if you are not delighted with your Hoosier.**

THIS IS A REMARKABLY *EASY* WAY to own a Hoosier and we advise you to *write us now* for the book, described there ——> With it we'll send your dealer's name and all prices and details *without obligation to you.*

20,000 Hoosier Cabinets

were given for

Christmas

last year. 700,000 women now use them

Note These Exclusive Features

(1) Mrs. Christine Frederick's famous "Housekeepers' Food Guide"—on the upper left door—answers every woman's eternally perplexing problem—"What shall we have for dinner?" You turn the dial to the meat you want and a complete outline of a perfectly balanced meal is before you—an exclusive Hoosier feature that is an invaluable help.

(2) The Cook-book Holder on the middle upper door holds your cook book securely when not in use. When you are cooking, simply open up the book to the proper page behind the holder. It is on a level with your eyes, always clean, never in the way.

There are 40 Special Conveniences in the NEW HOOSIER —17 are entirely new.

(3) The Hoosier Metal Flour Bin holds 50 pounds. It is low and easy to fill. The sliding glass front enables you to clean the entire bin easily. The inside is entirely of metal with no corners to hold flour. First flour in is always out first.

(4) The New Shaker Flour Sifter is the most wonderful of all the New Hoosier inventions. It is the only flour sifter ever made that shakes flour through instead of grinding it through. It *cannot wear out* and cannot grind through any grit or foreign substance that might be in the flour. *It makes flour fluffy and light.*

Every Hoosier Cabinet is built of carefully selected and seasoned oak. This extra quality guarantees lasting service.

(5) A Big, Extra Roomy Drawer in the base is made entirely of metal for the proper storage of all kitchen linen, towels, dish cloths, etc. The drawer is noiseless, rustless, and easy to keep clean.

(6) A new feature in the Base Cupboard is a narrow shelf located for the storage of canned articles. Most women will find this a great convenience as an "emergency shelf." It will save many trips to the cellar or pantry.

"You and Your Kitchen"

By Mrs. Christine Frederick

FREE

This book describes Mrs. Frederick's five years' experience with the Hoosier in her Experimental Kitchen, and treats YOUR kitchen problems in a SIMPLE, BROAD, SCIENTIFIC MANNER. It is filled with illustrations and will prove a valuable help to you. Send for it now. You do not obligate yourself by accepting.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 1412 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.

Branch: Pacific Building, San Francisco 4000 Agents in United States and Canada

Only one dealer in any town sells Hoosiers

Hurrah! Home Billiards!

Grandest Christmas Gift to Greet Delighted Thousands

Yes, this is the royal sport in store for young and old when happy families come trooping in and all eyes light on good St. Nicholas' biggest surprise—the "BABY GRAND."

Then follows a flight of rollicking hours at Carom and Pocket Billiards. Princely games that make each winter evening lively—moments of tense uncertainty—lightning shots when you tingle all over—and comical situations when a quick exchange of jest *throws all the party into an uproar!*

Napoleon prepared for his greatest battles by relaxing his mind at Billiards. And a Brunswick Table will keep you, too, in winning trim. For Carom or Pocket Billiards steadies nerves, braces the body and *makes men young at sixty.*

Give your boys and girls this training that *keeps them home!*

"BABY GRAND"

Carom or Pocket Billiard Tables

They are *real Brunswick Regulation Tables,* modified in sizes and designs to fit any house. The life, the speed, the same accurate angles—all the scientific playing qualities that have made the name *Brunswick* stand for highest excellence around the world.

A masterpiece of highest class cabinet work, in genuine San Domingo mahogany—not a toy. Equipped with fast, imported billiard cloth, Monarch cushions, famed for quick action, and genuine Vermont slate bed.

Note also the Brunswick "Convertible" Tables, ingeniously contrived to serve as perfect Library or Dining Tables when not in use for Carom or Pocket Billiards. All have the high-class "Baby Grand" Playing Equipment.

"Convertible"
Library-Billiard Table

30 Days' Home Trial—Then 20c a Day

Note our bona-fide offer to let you try a Brunswick Table *right in your own home for 30 days FREE.* Then spread your payments over an entire year if you like, terms as low as *20 cents a day.*

"Convertible"
Dining-Billiard Table

Playing Outfit FREE!

High-class Playing Outfit given free with each table: Balls, hand-tapered cues, rack, markers, cue clamps, brush, chalk, spirit level, expert book on "How to Play," etc.

Our interesting new book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," explains all Brunswick tables in detail, and gives full information about factory prices. Sent free! Mail the coupon printed below while the edition lasts.

Send No Money But Mail This For Billiard Book FREE!

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 8-S, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send me free, postpaid, color-illustrated book
"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
and details of your 30-day home trial offer.

Name_____

Address_____

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(Continued from Page 30)

their help and have a name for square dealing, and those who have acquired local reputations for getting into trouble with their hired hands and their neighbors.

When the County Agricultural Adviser does not know the standing of any particular farmer in these respects, he is in a position to secure definite information on that score at a moment's notice.

There is not a school district in his bailiwick where he has not a personal acquaintance who would give the specific information desired.

The substance of the whole matter is this: If the Department of Labor and the immigration authorities of the United States had deliberately planned to construct—without regard to cost—an ideal machine for the safe, responsible and effective distribution of the agricultural immigrants arriving from the Old World, it is doubtful whether they could have constructed a system, a mechanism, so perfectly adapted to the performance of this difficult and important task as already exists in the growing body of County Agricultural Advisers.

These men are responsible; they are widely distributed; they are close to the farmers.

As soon as the provisions of the Lever Act are in practical operation all those men who are not now under direct Federal supervision will become so; they are in the same sense representatives of their respective state and county governments; generally speaking, they are also the direct representatives of the farmers themselves, according to the extent of the farmers' contributions to their maintenance.

In his report the Commissioner-General of Immigration makes an earnest plea for the establishment of branch offices in all the important industrial centers of the country, for the better distribution of all immigrants, including those who should be placed on farms. The coöperation of the County Agricultural Advisers, of every kind and class, would not interfere with this proposed extension of the Immigration Service, but would readily coördinate with it.

In other words the United States Immigration Service, at East Ninth Street and Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for example, would serve as a central distributing point from which the farmers of the Middle West, through their County Agricultural Advisers, could draw their needed supply of immigrant labor.

The immigration authorities are concerned with the interests of the immigrants, not those of the farmers. They admit in practically every public report, as well as privately, that it is undeniably best for every immigrant trained in Old World agriculture to continue his agricultural pursuits on American soil; that in no other line can this kind of alien hope to make such sure and rapid advancement toward economic independence as he can on the soil, when his transplanting has been done intelligently and under proper protection.

Also, the immigration authorities admit that it is equally undeniable that the alien who has done farmwork in the Old World makes a far better citizen, when well transplanted to the soil of this country, than when he is permitted to follow his natural inclination and yield to the allurements of the big city and the industrial center.

Paternalism Prohibited

Every time an arriving alien who is trained in soil tillage is switched to the mine, the mill, the factory or the city, this country suffers a distinct loss in its great asset of good citizenship. It must charge off something for civic deterioration because of this misplacement; whereas it would have had a growing increase if this immigrant had been transplanted to his most favorable environment—the soil.

Again, it must be repeated that the favorable placing of the agricultural immigrant is only an incident in the duties of the Immigration Office under the existing laws. The big job of the immigration officials is to see that legally undesirable aliens are not permitted to land in this country. That is the task to which the real punch and power of the Federal Immigration Office are devoted under the present system. It is a negative job where the power and authority are positive and efficient.

The handling of the immigrant after his arrival is a secondary matter where the powers of the officials are decidedly of a negative character; if they are defined at all it is by way of restrictions, handicaps and thou-shalt-nots. There is precious little of a positive sort that the law distinctly permits the immigrant official to do in preventing the arriving alien—who is generally as helpless as a child—from making a disastrous series of mistakes involving lifelong loss to himself as well as civic and economic loss to the country of his adoption.

Anything approaching paternal direction of the alien's first footsteps in this country is practically prohibited, so far as the Federal immigration authorities are concerned; the Immigration Office has not even a supervisory or checking power over the employment agents into whose hands the great body of immigrants naturally falls. A plea for this power is a part of the latest report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration.

The Division of Information, at the United States Barge Office, Battery Park, in the city of New York, can receive requests from farmers for hired hands and tenants, and it can receive requests from arriving aliens for farm jobs and for information as to the general characteristics of the various sections of the country. Its officials are permitted to bring the job-hunting alien and the hand-hunting farmer together—generally at long range and by correspondence. That is about as far as the Information Division official can go. And while these long-range negotiations are going on the immigrant who has declared his willingness to go to a farm is depleting his little capital in meeting his daily needs. Meantime the labor agent is on his trail and usually gets him.

The Land of the Hired Hand

During the past year 320,105 confessed farm laborers and 13,180 declared farmers have immigrated to the United States. Of these, only 1921 have been placed on farms through the assistance of the Information Division, though the yearly average is about five thousand. It should be remembered, however, that the actual number of imgrants with a farm experience behind them is immensely in excess of 333,285, because the general desire of the farm-reared immigrant is to get into the zone of the motion-picture shows and saloons, and his tendency, therefore, is to conceal his farm experience.

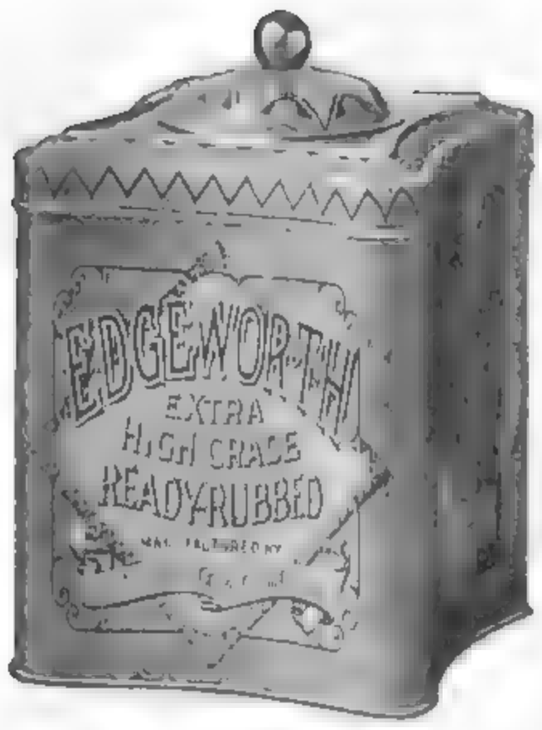
If all the immigrants who frankly confess their farm experience in the Old World could be sent to American farms there would be small need to worry about those who conceal their rural training. In the Land of the Hired Hand three hundred thousand husky and experienced recruits a year would be sufficient to change conditions materially. And the removal of this army of cheap foreign labor from competition with American workmen in unskilled industrial lines would doubtless be a welcome incident to organized labor.

The American farmer must make certain readjustments in order to utilize European farm labor and to get the most out of it. Thus far his tendency has been to use this class of labor in a short-term, seasonal way—as something to be taken on when there is an excess of heavy work to be done and thrown aside when the excess work is over. This is a wasteful and short-sighted policy. Generally speaking, the European farm worker is a stayer; his training has been to remain with one employer steadily, year after year. Steady help is the great cry of the American farmer; he complains that he cannot get it. The alien farm hand has this trait bred into him through generations of ancestors.

Again, the green alien is, at first, unable to speak our language and is unfamiliar with American farm conditions. At the start the American farmer who hires him must make an investment of much time and patience and instruction before the alien can come into his normal usefulness. In the case of short-term employment there is no opportunity to realize on this investment.

There is still another asset in the alien that cannot be fully realized on except under steady employment throughout the whole year. This is the immigrant's fund of Old World farm training. Until the alien hand has learned to speak the language of his employer, and has learned something of American farm conditions, he simply follows directions and keeps his own knowledge timidly submerged.

After he is able to talk understandingly with his employer, and has to a degree



Dollar Christmas Gift for Men Who Smoke

(—not much to pay for a gift, but *this* gift will make a hit with any smoker

Your friend, brother, husband—it's a safe sale, sure to please)

It is Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in a pound humidor tin. It is choice tobacco. It is the tobacco that induced Mr. H. J. Kline, 1050 Leader-News Building, Cleveland, Ohio, to write the producers of Edgeworth as follows:

"Three years ago my dentist heard me complaining because I could get no pipe tobacco that was worth a cent a carload. He immediately introduced Edgeworth. If I had a million dollars I would be almost willing to give half the sum for what he did for me. Since that time I have smoked Edgeworth and nothing else. And it has the same flavor today that it had the first time I smoked it. I have told a thousand friends about it and they are now all Edgeworth devotees. Pipe smokers who come to my house go 'daffy' over my Edgeworth.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. J. KLINE.
Secretary, Forest City Live Stock & Fair Co.
General Manager, The Forest City Fair
Secretary, The Grand Circuit."

If you can't get Edgeworth in one-pound humidor tins (price $1.00) at your retail tobacco store, Larus & Brother Co. will ship you direct on receipt of $1.00, all charges prepaid. If you want to make one or more of your friends Christmas gifts of these Edgeworth packages, give your instructions to your dealer, or, if he will not supply you, send us names and addresses of friends with your cards and check to cover your order at $1.00 per package and we will gladly attend to the shipping.

If you have smoked Edgeworth through some long, quiet evening, this is all you need to know. If you have never smoked Edgeworth, we will cheerfully give to you a sample of the tobacco we suggest that you give your friends.

A sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is something easy to obtain. All you have to do is to make up your mind to ask for it and send a post-card request to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia, who will be glad if you will also mention your dealer's name. You are invited to send for the sample

The original Edgeworth is a Plug Slice, wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in the handsome $1.00 humidor package which is so suitable as a Christmas gift. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by practically all dealers or mailed prepaid if yours has none.

To the Retail Tobacco Merchant:—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth in dollar humidor packages, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly ship you direct at the same price you would pay the jobber.

adjusted his Old World farm knowledge to his new environment, that knowledge gradually creeps into his practice. If his employer is sufficiently broad and open minded to learn from any source that offers, however humble, he is likely to find that his green hand has brought to his work much besides muscle and plodding physical endurance.

For example, any average country youth raised under the present remarkable agricultural-school system of Denmark can scarcely escape having a more intensive dairy training than most of the American owners of dairy farms.

The farmworker from those parts of Germany where the agricultural training of farmers' boys is made so available that none may escape inevitably brings to his American employer a technical knowledge of soils, of crop rotation, of fertilizers, of the intensive production of cereal and root crops, of animal husbandry, of farm economics, and of farm management and accounting that would make the average American farmowner appear, by comparison, a novice in his calling. Almost as much may be said for the young immigrants from Holland, Sweden, Belgium and Austria.

Apparently the keenest students of the immigration problem are of one mind in the conclusion that the result of the European war will be a greatly enlarged stream of immigration to this country. An official in the Service says:

"I can see no other outcome. And I look for the coming of a far better class of aliens than we have been getting—skilled mechanics, highly trained craftsmen and agricultural workers who have had the advantage of that peculiar combination of scientific knowledge and incessant practical training which the systems of agricultural education in most of the European countries give to its farmers and farmworkers."

Immigration After the War

Mr. Edwin G. Cooley, who closed five months of investigating agricultural conditions on the Continent just in time to escape the war, declares:

"Though the end of the war, whenever it comes, will make every European worker needed in his own country as never before, the burdens of taxation, now beyond our realization, will be increased to an extent that will make the struggle hopeless. Then, too, poverty will be terrible. Those who have been fairly prosperous are already practically penniless.

"Thousands who have acquired small holdings have seen their savings of a lifetime swept away; and this devastation has only begun. The eyes of all these will inevitably turn toward America—peaceful, prosperous, unmilitary America. They are bound to appeal to their relatives and friends already here for passage money, and that appeal will be answered.

"In my report to the Chicago Commercial Club, for which my investigations were made, I have gone on record with the prophecy that the war will bring us not only increased immigration but immigrants of the most desirable sort—skilled workmen and skilled farmers, both with a sound scientific training behind them. It is immensely important that they should be rightly placed when they arrive—the farmworkers on the farm, the rough laborers in their various lines, and the skilled artisans in their crafts. A misplacement of these newcomers would be a lamentable economic loss for this country."

In short, if Uncle Sam ever needed to put his machinery for immigrant distribution on a businesslike, efficient basis it is now; for he is going to have a large order to fill before long. His passive, negative, resistive attitude must be changed. It is up to him to give a little thought to taking care of immigrants after they are admitted, instead of putting all the punch of the immigration machine into seeing how many may be kept out.

Senators and representatives from the farming states would find the proper placing of the agricultural immigrant about as popular a line of statesmanship as they could undertake for their country constituents.

Make it a Hotpoint

Let these serviceable electric appl

More than a million women all over the world now iron the Hotpoint way—and iron in comfort.

Hotpoint Iron

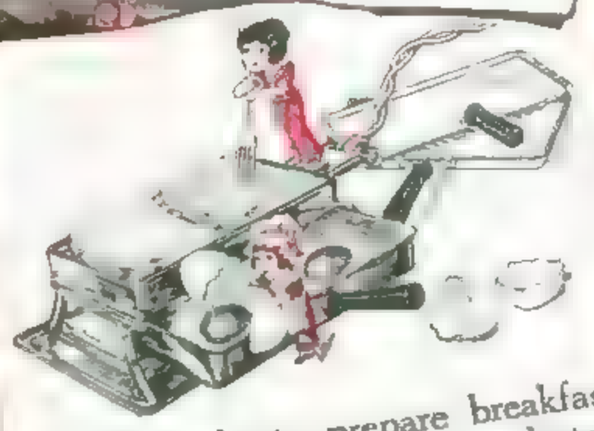
For these emancipated women there is an end of ironing troubles—in each of these million homes is an iron with attached fire-proof stand—with a cool handle—with a point always hot enough—the iron that has set the standard ten years.

At average rates an hour's ironing will cost you less than 5c. Fully nickel plated, highly polished. Heater guaranteed 10 years. With cord and interchangeable plug, price $3.50. (In Canada $4.50.)

Heat applied just where wanted—without the vexations and delays which you have so long endured.

Hotpoint El Comfo

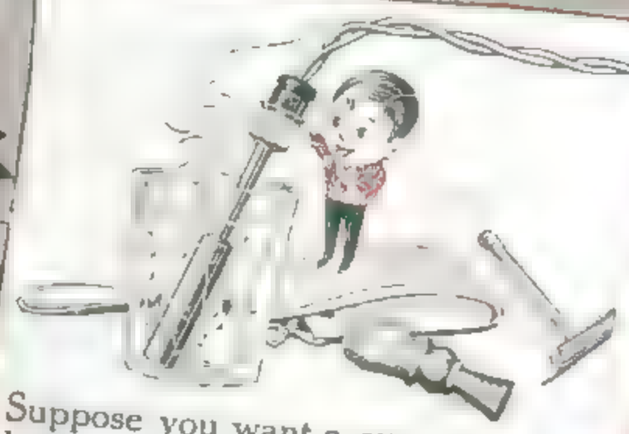
Yes, the hot-water bottle is now obsolete in electrically equipped homes. Simply moving a little lever establishes the temperature at any point between 100 and 200 degrees, which is maintained constantly or adjusted as desired. Operates 5 hrs. for 1c. Used for dry or wet pack. Made of aluminum, with washable cover. Heater guaranteed 5 years. With cord and special switch-plug, $4.50. (In Canada $6.00.) Flexible model (not aluminum) $6.50. (Canada $8.50.)



It's a delight to prepare breakfast right on the table on this electric table-stove with its red-hot coils.

Hotpoint El Grillo

You boil, broil, fry, toast, two operations at once, both above and below the glowing coils, in dishes which are furnished. Quick—chops broiled in 8 to 10 minutes, while potatoes fry on top, etc. Ideal for popping corn. Extremely compact and handsome. Cost to operate approximately 6c per hour. Made of pressed steel, nickel plated and highly polished. Separate tray to protect table. Heater guaranteed 5 years. Price $5.00. (Canada $6.50.)



Suppose you want a cup or two of boiling water. It is quickly available at any light-socket—any time.

Hotpoint El Boilo

Just plunge it into any liquid and insert the plug. Begins to heat instantly and the small size will boil a cup of water in 3 minutes. Costs 1-10 of a cent for current. Highly polished nickel, clean and sanitary. With special switch-plug. Guaranteed two years.

Boudoir size as illustrated $3.00. (In Canada $4.00.)
Kitchen size, ten inches long, $4.00. (In Canada $5.00.)
Crookneck, lies flat in dish, also used by Dentists and Doctors for sterilizing, $5.00. (In Canada $6.50.)

Handsome enough for the side-board and for dining-table use, but so efficient that it will do regular kitchen cooking.

Hotpoint El Glostove

This is the wonderful story of this newest Electric Stove with red-hot coils. Uses regular agate, tin or iron cooking vessels 7" in diameter. The reflector throws the radiant heat against the dish, making it much quicker than former types and correspondingly cheaper to operate. Made of pressed steel, nickeled and highly polished. Heater guaranteed 5 years. With interchangeable switch-plug. Price $5.00. (In Canada $6.50.)

Look for the Sign

Hotpoint appliances are sold by electric supply dealers, hardware stores, department stores, lighting companies, drug stores, etc.

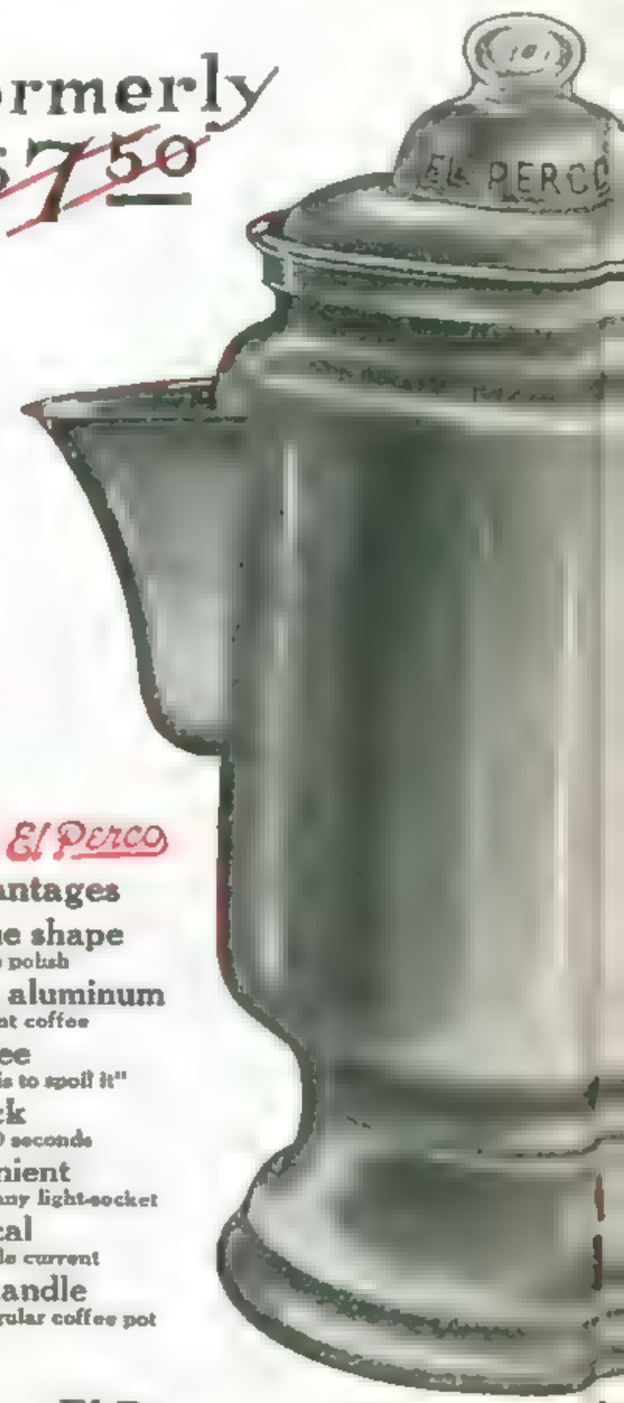
If unable to find a distributer, send check to our nearest office and we will ship prepaid at regular prices. We guarantee safe delivery. Be sure to state voltage. Ask your Lighting Company.

There is one *best* way to make
One *best* way to operate the p
And one *best* material of which
We combine these "bests" in this
which brews coffee that is alwa

It is very easy—
—you put cold water into the pot; you put cof
—then bring El Perco to the table (*it is polished*
—slip the connector in (*attaches to any light-socket*
blub-blub of percolation. Watch it, too, throu
—in 8 to 10 minutes, according to strength de
the full aroma and flavor, but without the injur

The electricity has cost you less than one cent. An

-formerly ~~$7.50~~



Hotpoint El Perco

Advantages

—handsome shape
mirror-like polish
—seamless aluminum
cannot taint coffee
—drip coffee
"to boil it is to spoil it"
—very quick
starts in 30 seconds
—so convenient
attach to any light-socket
—economical
uses so little current
—easy to handle
light as regular coffee pot

Aluminum El Perco was $7.50—now i

Think of what this means to you. Price one-third le
appearance, durability have all been retained and im
Simply this: The first popularly priced electric percol
demand which enabled us to improve manufacturing m
Look for the Hotpoint Sign—There is a dealer ready to

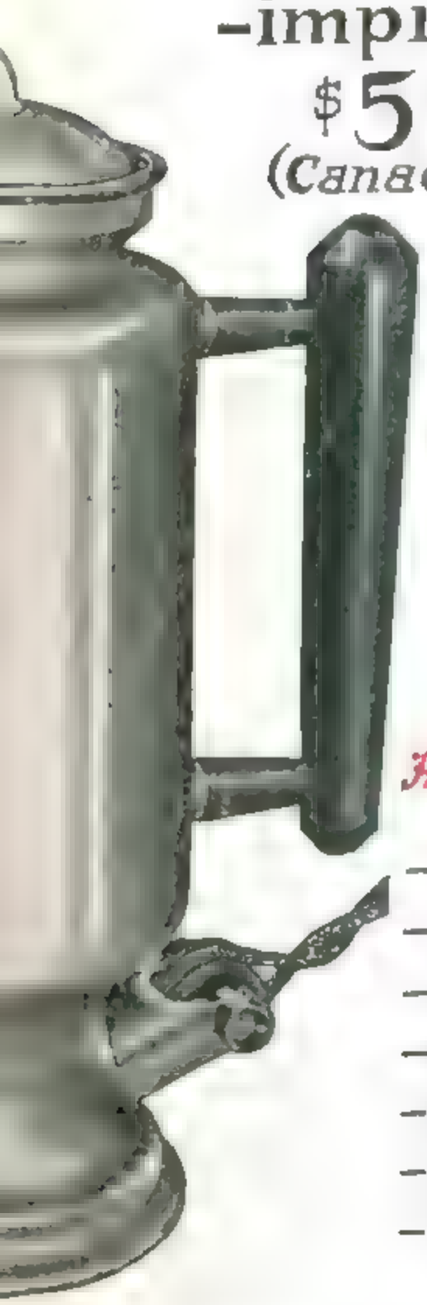
oint Christmas

liances bring joy to your friends

coffee—***percolation.***
ercolator—***electricity.***
to make it—***aluminum.***
improved Aluminum El Perco
ys uniform, always hot.

fee into the basket
to a high, mirror-like finish for table use)
) and in less than 30 seconds you hear the cheery
gh the glass top.
sired, the 6 cups will be ready—drip-coffee with
ious properties extracted by boiling.
d look at the price!

-improved
$5.00
(Canada $6.50)



El Perco is twice the size of this picture.

Hotpoint El Perco Advantages

—no valves or floats
to get out of order
—spout and handle
permanently attached
—no solder used
joints cannot leak
—easy to clean
just remove the basket
—interchangeable plug
fits most Hotpoints
—5-year guarantee
on Heating Element
—special lip spout
easy pouring

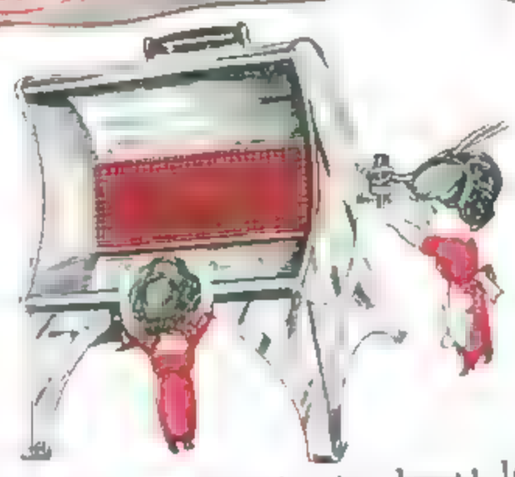
nproved, and only $5.00 (Canada was $9.75 now $6.50)
es and a better percolator than ever—efficiency,
oved. Naturally, you wonder how we can do it.
r was Hotpoint El Perco. It met with a world-wide
ethods and effect other economies.
show El Perco—It is *so* easy to demonstrate.

El Chafo spells pleasure for the hostess because it guarantees a chafing dish party *sans* the usual petty worries.

Hotpoint El Chafo

Yes, you are free to devote all your attention to your guests—there is no fuss or bother about fuel or wicks or matches. You easily secure and maintain exactly the heat desired. Made of copper, heavily nickeled, highly polished. Heater guaranteed 5 years.

No. 6, Mission Style, as illustrated, with two heats. Extra heavy, $15.00. (In Canada $19.50.)
No. 5, similar, but lighter, $12.00. (In Canada $15.75.)
No. 4, Dishes to fit El Glostovo, $5.00. (Canada $6.50.)



Feel that cheerful, glowing heat! It's yours at a moment's notice, anywhere there is an electric light-socket.

Hotpoint El Radio

The ideal supplementary heat—when the furnace is out of use—in a small room or cold, drafty corners, etc. A half-hour takes the chill off and costs 3c. No trouble or danger—no odor—no fumes. Made entirely of pressed steel, body finished dull black; ends and legs polished nickel. 10" x 12" and 12" high. Heater guaranteed 5 years. Interchangeable switch-plug. $5.00. (In Canada $6.50.)

Eat your toast piping hot! Make it right on the table—two slices at a time crispy and brown—as eaten.

Hotpoint El Tosto

Breakfast is way below par in any electrically lighted home which does not regularly use El Tosto on the breakfast table. In this improved model, gravity-operated clamps hold the bread—toast turned with one hand. Stale bread makes fresh toast. Costs 1c to toast ten slices on both sides. Top keeps toast or coffee hot, etc. Highly polished nickel. Heater guaranteed 5 years. Complete with interchangeable plug, $3.50. (In Canada $4.50.)

Two elaborate percolators are shown here. Internally the same as the one so fully described on the left.

Hotpoint El Perco

El Perco Machine is 14 inches high, with a capacity of 9 cups. Percolation in plain view in the large glass globe. Coffee is drawn through faucet. Price $11.00. (In Canada $14.50.)

El Perco Pot is 11 inches high and has a capacity of 7 cups. Made of drawn copper, nickel plated and highly polished. Price $8.00. (In Canada $10.50.)

A 3-pound Hotpoint Iron, with curling-tong heater—a 3-cup, covered dish—inverting stand and ooze leather bag.

Hotpoint Utility

Handy? Well, if you know a bachelor of either sex, or a roomer, or a traveler, you know a person who would make constant use of this outfit for ironing, for heating water or milk or light cooking. Attaches to any light-socket, weighs only 3 ½ pounds. Iron and dish highly polished nickel, stand gunmetal. Telescopes in the bag and measures 4x5x7. Heater guaranteed 10 years. Complete with interchangeable switch-plug, $5.00. (In Canada $6.50.)

Hotpoint Electric Heating Company

Ontario, California

New York, 46 West Street — Chicago, 1001 Washington Blvd.

London, Albion House, 59 New Oxford Street

Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co., Limited

Toronto, 25 Brant Street — Vancouver, 3365 Cordova Street

A New Christmas Gift

The DELTA Electric Hand Lamp

Price Only $2

In Canada $2.50

8½ Inches High

The Lamp of 1000 Uses

Indispensable to

Housekeepers
Autoists
Physicians
Photographers
Farmers
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A Flood of Bright Light in Dark Places About the Car.

Safe Around Gasoline, Oils, Gas and Hay Where Most Lights are Dangerous.

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The DELTA Electric Hand Lamp has solved this year's Christmas gift-problem for *YOU*. *A new useful, lasting, economical* present that *everybody* needs. This sturdy, portable lantern is rapidly displacing unreliable lamps, lanterns, candles and flashlights *for every purpose*

Burns 30 to 42 hours continuously on one No. 6 dry battery. Battery lasts 6 to 12 months in ordinary use. Absolutely safe around gas, gasoline, oil and hay. A push of thumb switch floods the darkness with brilliant white light. Switch need not be held. New batteries obtainable anywhere for 25 cents. Have one Christmas morn

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Order your stock now and be prepared for Christmas rush

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16

AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD KITCHENER

(Continued from Page 4)

the treaty with Belgium and the invasion of Belgian territory.

Now the assertion was being commonly made that, by the discovery of secret papers in the archives of the Belgian Government following the capture of Brussels, the Germans had learned that Belgium was potentially and actually an ally of France and England, both before hostilities started and afterward.

"In other words," commented Lord Kitchener, "the Germans prepared their alibi after the act was committed—which weakens the alibi without excusing the act. It is a poor defense that must be changed in the middle of the trial."

"For physical proof of their present claim that Belgium was really hostile to them," I added, "the Germans lay emphasis on the fact that, with the exception of Antwerp, all the extensive Belgian fortresses stood along Belgium's eastern frontier, next to Germany; and that they had no defenses of any character on the side of their country nearest to France."

It was here Lord Kitchener made his joke.

"Well," he said quietly, "if Belgium built her forts on the German frontier I rather think recent events have proved that was exactly where they should have been built. What is the German excuse for Louvain, and for Dinant, and for their treatment generally of the noncombatants of Belgium?"

I answered him as well as I could, and Lord Kitchener's comment on the answer I made will possibly illuminate the meaning I sought to convey more clearly than if I wearied the reader by putting down my own words:

Soldiers or Executioners?

"War," he said, "has its ethics, and those ethics are often upsetting of and destructive to the ethics of peace; but if every soldier is to become the judge of the behavior of the civil population of a hostile country, and if he is to be, not only judge and jury but the inflicter of punishment as well—if arbitrarily he is permitted to say: 'This man has violated the code of conduct I myself have set up on the spot, and, therefore, I shall grant no appeal and listen to no excuse and accept no extenuation, but shall shoot him forthwith and burn his house and his town and his church'—if this is the license that is to be granted to any man in uniform; if he holds absolute dominion over the lives and the property of the noncombatants of a nation—why, then, to my conceptions, he loses his proper and ordained functions as a soldier and becomes an executioner.

"If that standard of warfare is to prevail through all the world we shall all cease to enlist soldiers. We shall, instead, enroll hired executioners and send them forth against our enemy with guns and hangmen's nooses and firebrands in their hands.

"Years ago, in Africa—in the Sudan—I was called on to fight an enemy who practiced this code. That enemy believed he should kill when and where he pleased; believed that every fighting man was a supreme power unto himself; and that, being so, he might raise his hand against his foe or his foe's property whenever the chance offered. That enemy believed his job was to kill regardless of how he killed or why; and, with him, the taking of a territory, and the ravaging and the burning and the sacking of it, were all synonymous and interchangeable terms. But that enemy, let me add, was a savage, so called; and the Germans, as they themselves tell us, are the exclusive owners of the highest civilization the world has ever seen."

He had not mentioned the alleged cases of atrocities with which, until very lately, the columns of newspapers everywhere had been crowded. Nor, during my movements in and out of the active areas of hostility, have I ever found any man above the rank of colonel, in whatsoever army, who has concerned himself with these things, except incidentally. It is the stay-at-homes—the women, the gossip-mongers—who regard stories of outrages as being of paramount importance. Commanders of forces think of the main issues, not of the brutalities that have marked every war and which no doubt in every war have been exaggerated in the telling.

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The Mysto ERECTOR

The Toy with Girders like Structural Steel

It's the finest of all Christmas gifts for boys. Your boy can build easily and quickly—he doesn't get discouraged. The models are stiff and strong and won't wobble. Mysto Electric Motor comes, without extra charge, in all sets over $3. Toy dealers sell the Erector. Eight sizes $1 to $25.

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It's printed in colors and filled with pictures of models. Send dealer's name and I'll also mail free copy of my boys' magazine, *Erector Tips*, explaining prize offer for new models.

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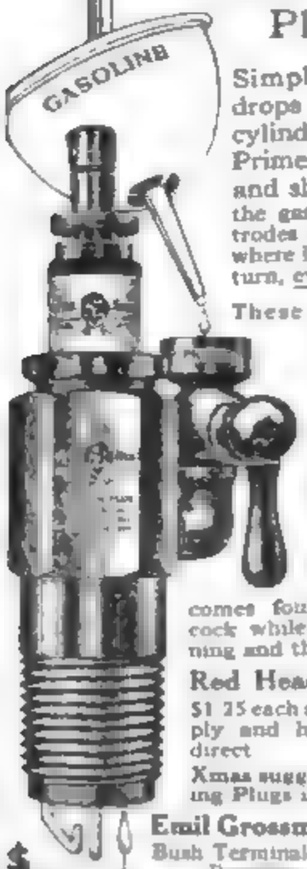

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This, I think, was true of Lord Kitchener. I judge he considered Germany, in its attitude toward Belgium, in the light of one nation's fashion of making war on another and a smaller nation, rather than with regard to sporadic cruelties.

As I interpreted his state of mind, he would not indict a country or an army on hearsay evidence, or even prima facie evidence, for certain horrible acts said to have been committed against individuals; but would indict it for inaugurating a system of warfare under which, according to his best belief, the possibilities and the opportunities for committing such acts were appreciably enhanced. I believe this is generally the soldier's point of view throughout Europe to-day.

I had been wondering, as I sat there, of whom Lord Kitchener so vividly reminded me. Now the answer to the riddle came to me all of a sudden, and it jolted me. Less than three weeks before, at field headquarters in the French town of Laon, I had dined on two days at the same table with Over-General von Heeringen, commander-in-chief of the German center, who has been called the Gray Ghost of Metz.

Physically the two men—Kitchener and Von Heeringen—had nothing in common; mentally I conceived them to be unlike.

Except that both of them held the rank of field marshal, I could put my finger on no point of similarity, either in personality or in record, which these men shared between them. It is true they both served in the war of 1870–71; but at the outset this parallel fell flat, too, because one had been a junior officer on the German side and the other a volunteer on the French side. One was a Prussian in every outward aspect; the other was as British as it is possible for a Briton to be.

A Pencil for a Baton

One had been at the head of the general staff of his country, and was now in the field in active service with a sword at his side. The other, having served his country in the field for many years, now sat intrenched behind a roll-top desk, directing the machinery of the War Office, with a pencil for a baton. Kitchener was in his robust sixties, with a breast like a barrel; Von Heeringen was in his shrinking, drying-up seventies, and his broad shoulders had already begun to fold in on his ribs and his big black eyes to retreat deeper into his skull. One was beaky-nosed, hatchet-headed, bearded; the other was broad-faced and shaggily mustached. One had been famed for his accessibility; the other for his inaccessibility.

So, because of these acutely dissimilar things, I marveled to myself why, when I looked at Kitchener, I should think of Von Heeringen. In another minute, though, I knew why: Both men radiated the same quality of masterfulness; both of them physically typified competency; both of them looked on the world with the eyes of men who are born to have power and to hold dominion over lesser men. Put either of these two in the rags of a beggar or the motley of a clown, and at a glance you would know him for a leader.

"The Germans still think they will win," said Lord Kitchener next, speaking with the inflection that made the remark part plain statement and part question. "I wonder how long a time they think it will take them to win?"

"They are still fully confident," I said; "but they have changed their schedule—their time card. When I first landed on German soil, early in September, before the campaign against Paris had been checked, Germans of intelligence said it would take Germany six weeks to whip France, and six months to whip Russia, and a year to whip England. Since then they have begun to believe and to admit that it will take a longer time to end the war."

Here Lord Kitchener made use of the one outright gesture he used. He brought his fist down hard on the table in front of him, with a thump. It was a big, sinewy fist—put it in a glove and it would make you think of a buck's haunch—and the thump was audible and solid.

"They are right in one regard," he said slowly: "it will take longer than a year to end this war. But they are wrong in another regard: they are wrong when they think they are going to win—if, indeed, in their hearts they honestly think that. They are not going to win.

"Their campaign in the West is a failure. It is a failure already, and it will become

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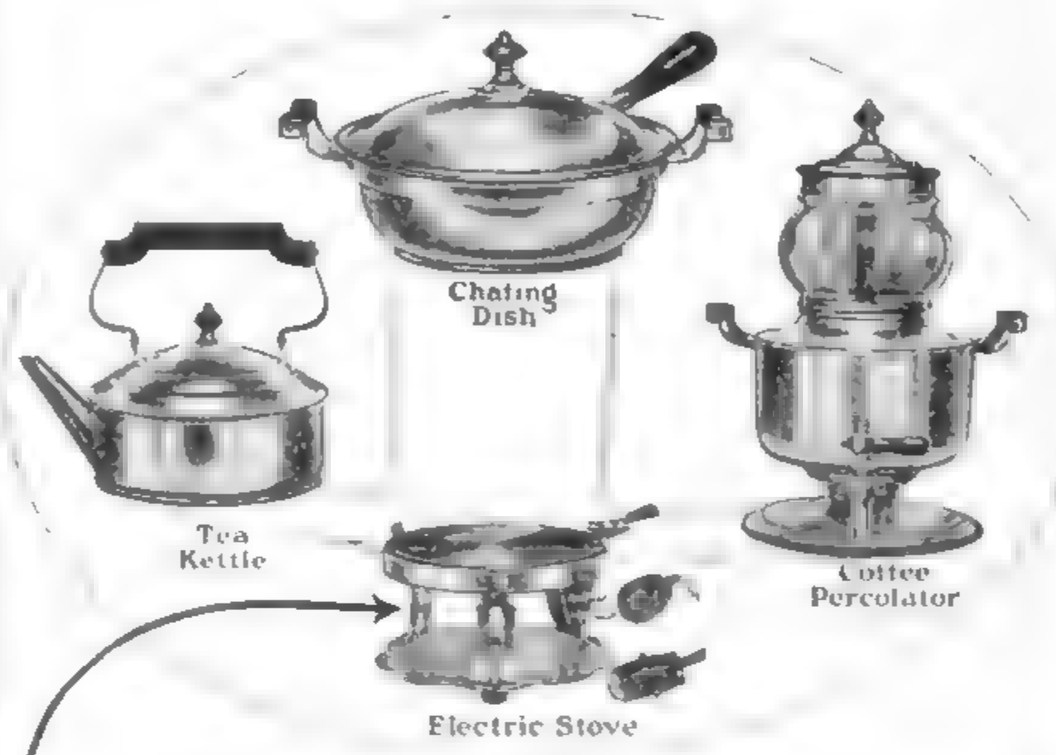

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Manning-Bowman Percolators have for years established a standard of quality for the percolation principle of coffee-making—a principle that guarantees a better, more healthful and more delicious cup of coffee in less time and at less cost than can be obtained by any other process.

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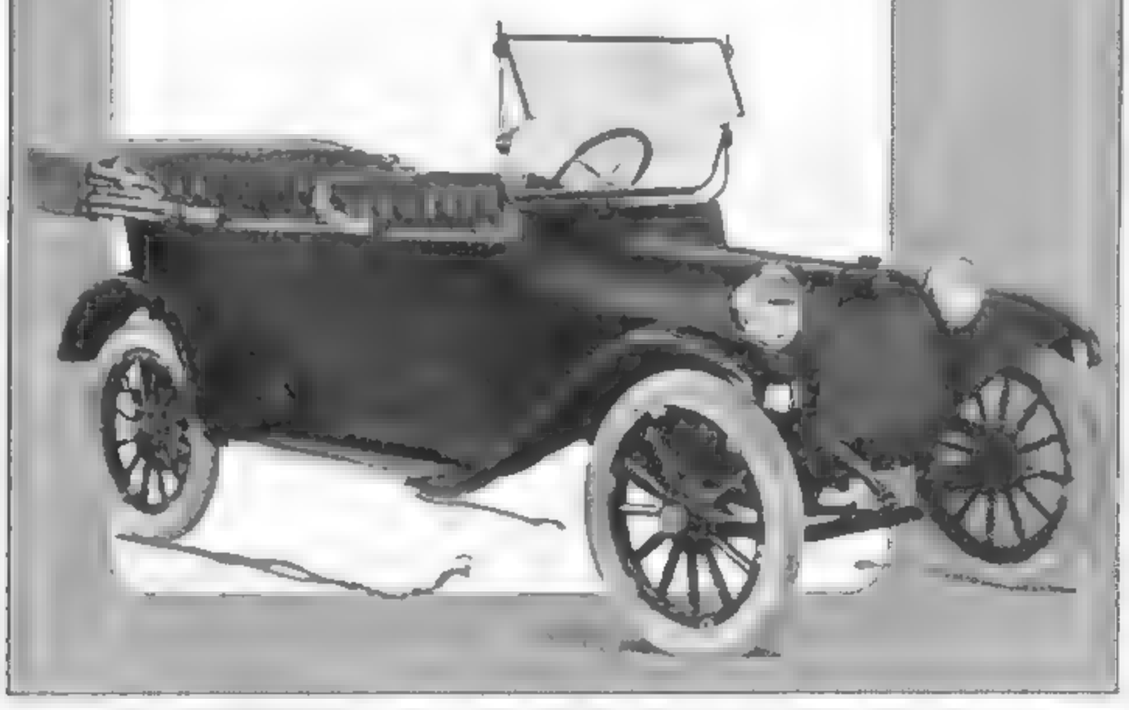

more and more a failure as time passes. When an army of invasion ceases to invade that army has lost its principal function and has failed in its principal object. When that army hides itself in trenches, and fights at long range, it is doing nothing except waste itself; and especially is this true when that army, having reached its maximum of strength and efficiency and aggressiveness months before, is now losing in all those essentials.

"To lie in that unending chain of trenches which stretches across Northern France for hundreds of miles, like a long, gray snake—that is not waging a successful campaign. That is not even waging war, as I conceive war to be. For an army of defense? Perhaps, yes; though, under certain circumstances, it might be a mistake for an army of defense so to dispose itself. For an army of invasion? Well, events—the future—will justify my belief. Of that I am as sure as I am sure that I am alive.

"Dropping bombs on cities, whether those cities be defended or undefended, is not waging war. It is a costly, spectacular byplay, which counts for naught in the final result and really does not count in the detail of momentary advantage.

"Paris might be captured, and still the war would go on. England might be invaded—though I believe the enemy has not yet worked out complete plans for that undertaking—and still the war would go on. Germany might take and keep the other side of the Channel, as she has already taken Antwerp, and still the war would go on. Belgium might be made a captive province for the time being, and still the war would go on.

"This war is going on until Germany has been defeated. There is no other possible contingency."

"Lord Kitchener," I said, "in your opinion how long will this war last?"

Three More Years of Fighting

"Not less than three years," he said. "It will end only when Germany is thoroughly defeated, not before—defeated on land and on sea. That the Allies will win is certain. That for us to win will require a minimum period of three years I think probable. It might last longer—this war might. It might end sooner. It can end in only one way.

"That it will end in a month from now, or six months or a year, I do not think likely; so, to be on the safe side, I say three years—at least three years.

"If Germany gives up sooner, so much the better for Germany and for us and for all the world. If three years are required for the undertaking, or more than three years, the world will find that we, for our part, are prepared to go on, and ready to go on, and determined to go on, and certain to go on. In any event this war can have but one outcome—one ultimate conclusion." His big jaw muscles twitched.

He said three years! And at the time of speaking the war was a few days less than three months old.

Three months—the seas already empty of commerce and the lands of half the world shaking to the tread of marching millions who produce nothing and devour everything! Three months—Germany already bleeding to death internally from two great, constant hemorrhages in her sides, and all France in the field, and England raising another million of the primest manhood in the Empire, to be provender for cannon! Three months now—a year means half of Europe underground and the other half on crutches!

Two years means a continent turned into a charnel house and a hemisphere ruined for a generation to come! Three months now—and the supreme head of the British forces had just said there would be three years of it, and perhaps more than three years of it!

I came away after that—my forty minutes was up. As I came out I passed three elderly officers who entered together, as though for a conference with their chief. They were generals, I think—finely erect, earnest, competent British military types; but they were not Kitcheners. I suppose there is only one Kitchener.

I trust I am no emotional hero worshiper and most certainly I am no soldier and know nothing of soldiering; but if I were a soldier and Kitchener were my commander I believe it would be easy for me, being a soldier, to be a hero worshiper also.

He does not inspire confidence in you—he creates it in you.

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DeVilbiss Perfumizers are beautifully patterned and finished. On the dressing table, they are attractive. In use, they give a rare expression to the refreshing and true fragrance of toilet water or perfume that adds a finishing touch of refinement to the toilet.

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BISSELL'S
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Carpet Sweeper

It's a wonderful boon to the woman doing her own housework. No other cleaning device can take the place of this handy little machine for every day use. An extra sweeper for upstairs saves steps. The Bissell comes in many handsome designs and finishes and has all the latest improvements. $2.75 to $5.75 at all dealers. *Booklet on request.*

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A Christmas Box of California's Sun-Made Raisins

3 Kinds—7½ Pounds Direct from Vineyards

$1.00 Prepaid Anywhere in the United States

Christmas is Raisin time. Raisins are used in the puddings, cakes and pies. Raisins are in the nut dish. Raisins are—or should be—in the Christmas bread.

Right here—where the finest Raisins grow—we've prepared a special Christmas box. It is nearly the size of a suit box, and contains 7½ pounds of California's Sun-Made Raisins. It's a regular delight box, filled with cartons of the most-used sorts.

Some seeded by machine. Some made from seedless grapes. Some on stems—with seeds in—for the nut dish or confections.

This whole big, choice assortment will be sent you prepaid for $1. We will also express boxes to your friends, enclosing your cards if you send them.

Make Every Day Raisin Day

This box will set you thinking. That's why we prepared it.

Why these special Raisin days, like Christmas and Thanksgiving? Why can't every day and every meal be made delightful by them?

Why not Raisin sauce for breakfast? Why not more Raisin pies? Why buy plain bread, or make it, when a cupful of Raisins to the loaf makes a luxury of it?

Why not Raisins in your cereals, in your puddings, in your cakes? Think what delights these Raisins add to what is plain without them.

This box will tell you what you miss when you neglect the Raisin.

What Raisins Are

California Raisins are made by sun-drying the sweetest, tenderest grapes—kinds too delicate to ship. They are so sweet that when dried into Raisins they seem like soft bits of grape sugar.

They are concentrated nutriment—no seeds or stems in the seedless or seeded sorts. One pound of Raisins contains as much food value as *two pounds of eggs*

They are plentiful and cheap. Measured by food value, meat and eggs cost nearly four times as much.

Think of these things when you use this box or buy Raisins from your grocery. Think what luxuries they are. Yet Raisins are almost as cheap as potatoes, nutriment considered.

52 Ways of Serving

We will send with this box 52 Raisin recipes. Or we will mail this book separately—and free—if you wish.

Cut out this Coupon!

California Associated Raisin Co., Fresno, Cal.

Send me the Christmas box of Raisins by express prepaid. Also send one box to each address attached. Enclosed find $1 for each.

Name

Address

San Diego Panama California Exposition

The Panama California Exposition and

Southern California

THINK of all the things imaginable to make you want to travel; consider the seasons, the weather, your own education, your comfort, your pleasure; add them all together and you will have part of the reasons for coming to San Diego in 1915.

This wonderful Exposition, celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal, will welcome the world on January 1st, and will not close its doors until midnight of the last day of 1915.

A year of sunshine and soft, caressing breezes; an Exposition of man's achievements; a demonstration of what man is doing; while products will be exhibited, processes will be shown; in this, all former Expositions will be outdone; others have shown the silent evidences of man's skill and ingenuity; this Exposition will show manufactures, farming, tea growing and such things throbbing with the life of performance.

Don't miss it! Don't take the chance of regret following regret, as your friends return and tell you of the most wonderful Exposition ever held; of days and nights of comfort and entertainment in a land full of romance of old Spanish Mission days: the out-of-doors part of this wonderful Exposition is worth the trip if there were no indoors part.

It is Southern California,—plus! In less than two months after the opening of the San Diego Exposition, San Francisco, five hundred miles north, will open the doors of her wonderful Exposition. Your railroad ticket takes you to both without extra charge. Could anyone think of greater inducements! Come to California in 1915.

On up the coast and across the Rockies, in the deserts and forests, on the plains and in the valleys that fill the West, there are other sights which make all other lands commonplace.

This is the West of Your Country

It is a West in which you find a civilization that pre-dates that of pre-historic Egypt, a country far exceeding those of the Mediterranean; it is the Great West of the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Painted Desert, the Great Trees; the Great West that is old, yet young, filled with the wonders of the world and with the romance of centuries. It is the West that you should see, and 1915 is the time for you to see it, when California with her two Expositions offers you the opportunity and special rates.

Railroad fares and hotel rates add to the inducement; they are very low and will not be raised. Select your time, come when you can, but come!

1915 All the Year

Ask your railroad ticket agents for the facts, then

Get your ticket to San Diego

"Sabemos guardar el tesoro, sabemos vivir y en realidad vivimos."—*Martial.*

"We know how to keep the treasure, how to live, and live indeed."—*Martial.*

1915 All the Year

THE FORMAL GARDEN AND BOTANICAL BLDG

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WAR DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 11)

He waved us together into a more compact group. "That's the idea. Stand here, please, behind Number One gun, and watch straight ahead of you for the shot—you must watch very closely or you will miss it—and remember to keep your mouth open to save your eardrums from being injured by the concussion."

So far as I personally was concerned that last bit of advice was unnecessary—my mouth was open already. Four men trotted to a magazine that was in an earthen kennel and came back bearing a wheel-less sheet-metal barrow on which rested a four-foot-long brass shell, very trim and slim and handsome and shiny like gold. It was an expensive-looking shell and quite ornate. At the tail of Number One the bearers heaved the barrow up shoulder-high, at the same time tilting it forward. Then a round vent opened magically and the cyclops sucked the morsel forward into its gullet, thus reversing the natural swallowing process, and smacked its steel lip behind it with a loud and greasy *Snuck!* A glutton of a gun—you could tell that from the sound it made.

A lieutenant snapped out something, a sergeant snapped it back to him, the gun crew jumped aside, balancing themselves on tiptoe with their mouths all agape, and the gun-firer either pulled a lever out or else pushed one home, I couldn't tell which. Then everything—sky and woods and field and all—fused and ran together in a great spatter of red flame and white smoke, and the earth beneath our feet shivered and shook as the twenty-one-centimeter spat out its twenty-one-centimeter mouthful. A vast obscenity of sound beat upon us, making us reel backward, and for just the one-thousandth part of a second I saw a round white spot, like a new baseball, against a cloud background. The poplars, which had bent forward as if before a quick wind-squall, stood up, trembling in their tops, and we dared to breathe again. Then each in its turn the other four guns spoke, profaning the welkin, and we rocked on our heels like drunken men, and I remember there was a queer taste, as of something burned, in my mouth. All of which was very fine, no doubt, and very inspiring, too, if one cared deeply for that sort of thing; but to myself, when the hemisphere had ceased from its quiverings, I said:

"It isn't true—this isn't war; it's just a costly, useless game of playing at war. Behold, now, these guns did not fire at anybody visible or anything tangible. They merely elevated their muzzles into the sky and fired into the sky to make a great tumult and poison the good air with a bad-tasting smoke. No enemy is in sight and no enemy will answer back; therefore no enemy exists. It is all a useless and a fussy business, signifying nothing."

With the Ten-Centimeter Battery

Nor did any enemy answer back. The guns having been fired with due pomp and circumstance, the gunners went back to those pipe-smoking and postcard-writing pursuits of theirs and everything was as before—peaceful and entirely serene. Only the telephone man remained at his post in the straw with his ear at his telephone. He was still there, spraddling ridiculously on his stomach, with his legs outstretched in a sawbuck pattern, as we came away.

"It isn't always quite so quiet hereabouts," said Von Theobald. "The lieutenant tells me that yesterday the French dropped some shrapnel among his guns and killed a man or two. Perhaps things will be brisker at the ten-centimeter-gun battery." He spoke as one who regretted that the show which he offered was not more exciting.

The twenty-one-centimeters, as I have told you, were in the edge of the woods, with leafy ambushes about them, but the little ten-centimeter guns ranged themselves quite boldly in a meadow of rank long grass just under the weather-rim of a small hill. They were buried to their haunches—if a field gun may be said to have haunches—in depressions gouged out by their own frequent recoils; otherwise they were without concealment of any sort. To reach them we rode a mile or two and then walked a quarter of a mile through a series of chalky bare gullies, and Von Theobald and Geibel made us stoop low and hurry fast wherever the path wound up to the crest of the bank, lest our figures, being outlined against the sky, should betray our whereabouts and, what was more important, the whereabouts of the battery to the sharpshooters in the French rifle pits forward of the French infantry trenches and not exceeding a mile from us. We stopped first at an observation station cunningly hidden in a haw thicket on the brow of a steep and heavily wooded defile overlooking the right side of the river valley—the river, however, being entirely out of sight. Standing here we heard the guns speak apparently from almost beneath our feet, and three or four seconds thereafter we saw five little puffballs of white smoke uncurling above a line of trees across the valley. Somebody said this was our battery shelling the French and English in those woods yonder, but you could hardly be expected to believe that, since no reply came back and no French or English whatsoever showed themselves. Altogether it seemed a most impotent and impersonal proceeding; and when the novelty of waiting for the blast of sound and then watching for the smoke plumes to appear had worn off, which it very soon did, we visited the guns themselves.

They were not under our feet at all. They were some two hundred yards away, across a field where the telephone wires stretched over the old plow furrows and through the rank meadow grass, like springes to catch woodcock.

The Shelters of the Gun Crews

Here again the trick of taking a message off the telephone and shouting it forth from the mouth of a fox burrow was repeated. Whenever this procedure came to pass a sergeant who had strained his vocal cords from much giving of orders would swell out his chest and throw back his head and shriek hoarsely with what was left of his voice, which wasn't much. This meant a fury of noise resulting instantly and much white smoke to follow. For a while the guns were fired singly and then they were fired in salvos; and you might mark how the grass for fifty yards in front of the muzzles would lie on the earth quite flat and then stand erect, and how the guns, like shying bronchos, would leap backward upon their carriages and then slide forward again as the air in the air cushions took up the kick. Also we took note that the crews of the ten-centimeters had built for themselves dugouts to sleep in and to live in, and had covered the sod roofs over with straw and broken tree limbs. We judged they would be very glad indeed to crawl into those same shelters when night came, for they had been serving the guns all day and plainly were about as weary as men could be.

To burn powder hour after hour and day after day and week after week at a foe who never sees you and whom you never see; to go at this dreary, heavy trade of war with the sober, uninspired earnestness of convicts building a prison wall—the ghastly unreality of the procedure left me mentally numbed.

Howsoever, we arrived not long after that at a field hospital—namely, Field Hospital Number 36, and here was realism enough to satisfy the lexicographer who first coined the word. This field hospital was established in eight abandoned houses of the abandoned small French village of Colligis, and all eight houses were crowded with wounded men lying as closely as they could lie upon mattresses placed side by side on the floors, with just room to step between the mattresses. Be it remembered also that these were all men too seriously wounded to be moved even to a point as close as Laon; those more lightly injured than these were already carried back to the main hospitals. On the far mattress against the wall lay a little pale German with both his legs gone below the knees, who smiled upward at the ceiling and was quite chipper.

"A wonderful man, that little chap," said one of the surgeons to me. "When they first brought him here two weeks ago I said to him: 'It's hard on you that you should lose both your feet,' and he looked up at me and grinned and said: 'Herr Doctor, it might have been worse. It might have been my hands—and me a tailor by trade!'"

This surgeon told us he had an American wife, and he asked me to bear a message for him to his wife's people in the States. So if these lines should come to the notice of

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Mrs. Rosamond Harris, who lives at Hineburg, Vermont, she may know that her son-in-law, Doctor Schilling, was at last accounts very busy and very well, although coated with white dust—face, head and eyebrows—so that he reminded me of a clown in a pantomime, and dyed as to his hands with iodine to an extent that made his fingers look like pieces of well-cured meerschaum.

They were bringing in more men, newly wounded that day, as we came out of Doctor Schilling's improvised operating room in the little village schoolhouse, and one of the litter bearers was a smart-faced little London Cockney, a captured English ambulance-hand, who wore a German soldier's cap to save him from possible annoyance as he went about his work. Not very many wounded had arrived since the morning it was a dull day for them, the surgeons said—but I took note that, when the Red Cross men put down a canvas stretcher upon the courtyard flags and shortly thereafter took it up again, it left a broad red smear where it rested against the flat stones. Also this stretcher and all the other stretchers had been so sagged by the weight of bodies that they threatened to rip from the frames, and so stained by that which had stained them that the canvas was as stiff as though it had been varnished and revarnished with many coats of brown shellac. But it wasn't shellac. There is just one fluid which leaves that brown, hard coating when it dries upon woven cloth.

As I recall now we had come through the gate of the schoolhouse to where the automobiles stood when a puff of wind, blowing to us from the left, which meant from across the battlefront, brought to our noses a certain smell which we all knew full well.

The Morning After

"You get it, I see," said the German officer who stood alongside me. "It comes from three miles off, but you can get it five miles distant when the wind is strong. That"— and he waved his left arm toward it as though the stench had been a visible thing—"that explains why tobacco is so scarce with us among the staff back yonder in Laon. All the tobacco which can be spared is sent to the men in the front trenches. As long as they smoke and keep on smoking they can stand—that!

"You see," he went on painstakingly, "the situation out there at Cerny is like this: The French and English, but mainly the English, held the ground first. We drove them back and they lost very heavily. In places their trenches were actually full of dead and dying men when we took those trenches.

"You could have buried them merely by filling up the trenches with earth. And that old beet-sugar factory which you saw this noon when we were at General von Zwehl's headquarters—it was crowded with badly wounded Englishmen.

"At once they rallied and forced us back, and now it was our turn to lose heavily. That was nearly three weeks ago, and since then the ground over which we fought has been debatable ground, lying between our lines and the enemy's lines—a stretch four miles long and half a mile wide that is literally carpeted with bodies of dead men. They weren't all dead at first. For two days and nights our men in the earthworks heard the cries of those who still lived, and the sound of them almost drove them mad. There was no reaching the wounded, though, either from our lines or from the Allies' lines. Those who tried to reach them were themselves killed. Now there are only dead out there—thousands of dead, I think. And they have been there twenty days. Once in a while a shell strikes that old sugar mill or falls into one of those trenches. Then—well, then, it is worse for those who serve in the front lines."

"But in the name of God, man," I said, "why don't they call a truce—both sides—and put that horror underground?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"War is different now," he said. "Truces are not the fashion."

I stood there and I smelled that smell. And I thought of all those flies, and those blood-stiffened stretchers, and those little inch-long figures which I myself, looking through that telescope, had seen lying on the green hill, and those automobiles loaded with mangled men, and War de Luxe betrayed itself to me. Beneath its bogus glamour I saw war for what it is—the next morning of drunken glory.

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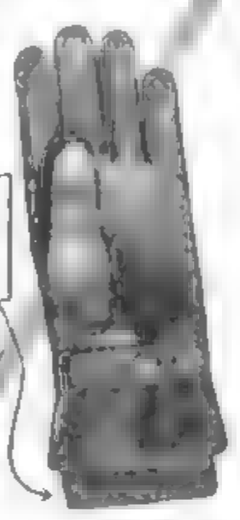

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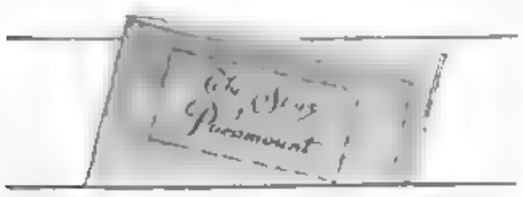

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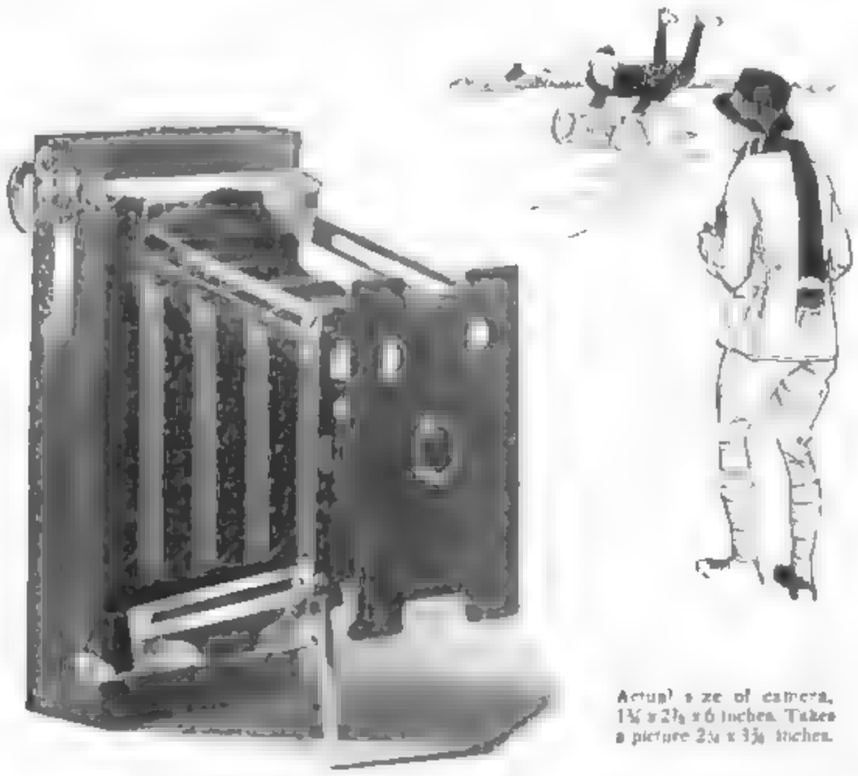

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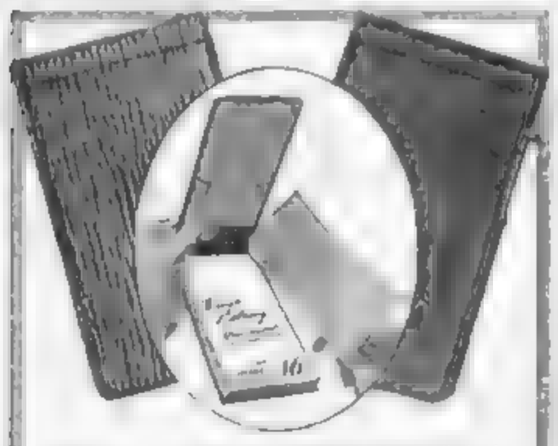

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THE Nth COMMANDMENT

(Continued from Page 14

Look at the cherries! I'm going to blow 'em right off and then eat 'em—eat 'em! Pf-f-f-f!"

She made as if to catch them with pursed lips, but they bobbed sidewise, and he regarded her with a swelling pride, then glanced about the room, pleased at the furor that followed her little antics.

"Gad, Doll, you're a winner! I can pick 'em every time! You ain't dolled up like the rest of 'em, but you're a winner!"

"Oh-oh-oh!"

"That's the ticket, waiter! I knew there wasn't nothing round here that tin wouldn't buy. I guess that ain't some great big brown grizzly with a grin for you, Doll!"

"Oh-oh-oh!"

"I guess they didn't rustle round when your Uncle Fuller began to get sore and get a great big brown one for you! Gad, the biggest I ever seen—almost as big as you, Doll! That's the ticket! There ain't anything in this town tin can't buy!"

"Oh-oh-oh!"

She lifted the huge toy off the silver tray held out to her and buried her shining face in the soft, silky wool.

"Ain't he a beauty? Ain't he the softest, brownest beauty?"

"Now, peaches, now cherries, now you little fancy fruit stand, there goes the music. Let's see that dance!"

"Aw, Jimmie, I—I was only kiddin'!"

"Kiddin' nothing! Come now, Doll, I blew me ten bucks if I blew me a cent for that bunch of wool. Come now, let's see that dance you been blowing about! Go as far as you like, Doll!"

"I—honest, I was only guyin', Jimmie."

"Don't be a quitter and make me sore, Doll! I wanna show 'em I pick the live ones every time. There's the music!"

"Aw, I——"

"Go as far as you like, Doll. Here, gimme your hat! Go to it, sister. If you land in the fountain by mistake I'll blow you to the swellest new duds on the Avenue."

"I don't know no dances no more, Jimmie. I—I can't dance with this big old thing anyways. Look, he's almost as big as me!"

"Go it alone then, Doll; but get up and show 'em. Get up and show 'em that I don't pick nothing but the livest! Get up and show 'em, Doll, get up and show 'em!"

She set down her glass suddenly and pirouetted to her feet.

"Here I go Jimmie!"

"Go to it, Doll!"

She leaped forward in her narrow little skirt, laughing. Chairs scraped back and a round of applause went with her. Knives and forks beat tattoo on frail glasses; a tinsel ball flung from across the room fell at her feet. She stooped to it, waved it and pinned it to her bosom. Her hair, rich as Australian gold, half escaped its chignon and lay across her shoulders. She danced light as the breeze up the marble stairway, and at its climax the spotlight focused on her, covering her with the sheen of mica; then just as lightly down the steps again, so rapidly that her hair was tossed outward in a fairylike effect of spun gold.

"Go to it, Doll, I'm here to back you!"

"Dare me, Jimmie?"

"Dare what?"

"Dare me?"

"Yeh, I dare you to do anything your little heart desires. Gad, you—— Gad, if she ain't!"

Like a bird in flight she danced to the gold coping, paused like an audacious Undine in a moment of thrilled silence, and then into the purple and gold, violet and red rain of the electric fountain, her arms outstretched in a radiant *tableau vivant*, water crowding in about her knees, spray dancing on her upturned face.

"Gad, the little dare-devil! I didn't think she had it in her. Gad, the little devil!"

Clang! Clang! Tink! Tink! "Bravo, kiddo! Who-o-o-p!"

Shaking the spray out of her eyes, her hair, she emerged to a grand orchestral flare. The same obsequious hands that applauded her helped her from the gold coping. Waiters dared to smile behind their trays. Up to her knees her dark cloth skirt clung dankly. Water glistened on her shoulders, spotted her blouse. Mr. Jimmie Fitzgibbons lay back in his chair, weak from merriment.

"Gad, I didn't think she had it in her! Gad, I didn't!"

"Bo-o-o-o!" She shook herself like a dainty spaniel, and he must grasp the table edge to steady himself against his laughter.

"Gad, I didn't!"

"Fine weather for ducks!"

"Gad!"

"I'm a nice girl and they treat me like a sponge."

"Gad!"

"April weather we're havin', ain't it?"

"You ain't much wet, are you, Doll?"

"Bo-o-o-o'"

"Here, waiter, get the lady a coat or something. Gad, you're the hit of the place, Doll! Aw, you ain't cold, hon? Look, you ain't even wet through—what you shaking about?"

She drew inward little breaths of shivery glee.

"I ain't wet! Say, whatta you think that fountain's spouting gasoline? I—ain't—wet! Looka my hair curling up like it does in a rain storm! Feel my skirt down here at the hem! Can you beat it? I ain't wet, he says!"

"Here, drink this, Doll, and warm up."

"No."

She threw a dozen brilliant glances into the crowd, tossed an invitational nod to the group adjoining, and clapped her hands for the iridescent Christmas ball that dangled over their table.

"Here, send 'er over—here, give you leave. I'm some little catcher myself."

It bounded to her light as air, and she caught it deftly, tossed it ceilingward until it bounced against an incandescent bulb, tossed it again, caught it lightly, nor troubled to heed the merry shouts for its return.

From across the room some one threw her a great trailing ribbon of gilt paper. She bound it about her neck like a ruff. A Christmas star with a fluted tissue-paper edge floated into her lap. She wore it like an earring, waggling it slyly so that her curls were set a-bobbing.

"Gimme my bear."

She hugged the woolly image to her as if she would beg its warmth, her teeth clicking the while with chill.

"Take a little swallow or two to warm you up, Doll!"

"Gee, I took your dare, Jimmie,—and—and—br-r-r-r!"

"A little swallow, Doll!"

"I took your dare, Jimmie, and I—I can feel my skirt shrinking up like it was rigging. I—I guess I'll have to go to work next week in a sheet."

"Didn't I tell you I was backing this toot, sister?"

"I didn't have no right to dive in there and spoil my duds, Jimmie, I——"

"Who had a better right?"

"Ain't it just like a nut like me? But I ain't had a live time for so long I—I lost my head. But I ain't got no right to spoil the only duds I got to my back. Looka this waist; the color's running. I ought to—I—oh, like I wasn't in enough of a mess already without—without—acting the crazy nut!"

"Aw, Doll, cut the tragedy! Didn't I tell you I was going to blow you to anything your little heart desires?"

"But the only duds I got to my back, Jimmie! Oh, ain't I a nut when I get started, Jimmie! Ain't I a nut!"

She regarded him with tears in her eyes and the wraith of a smile on her lips. A little drop escaped, and she dashed it away and her smile broke out into sunshine.

"Ain't I a nut though!"

"You're a real, full-blooded little winner, that's what you are, and you can't say I ain't one neither, Doll. Here's your damages. Now go doll yourself up like a Christmas tree!"

He tossed a yellowback bill lightly into her lap and she made a great show of rejecting it, even pushing it toward him across the table and to the floor.

"I—aw, what kind of a girl do you think I am? There, take your money. I—honest, I—what kind of a girl do you think I am?"

"Now, now, sister, don't we understand each other? Them's damages, kiddo. Wasn't it me dared you? Ain't it my fault you doused your duds?"

"Yes, but——"

"Aw, come now, Doll, don't pull any of that stuff on me! You and me understand each other, not?"

"Yes, but——"

"Take and forget it. You won it. That ain't even interest on the filly's winnings.

Take it. I never started nothing in my life I couldn't see the finish to. Take it and forget it!"

He crammed the bill into her reluctant fingers, closed them over it and sealed her little fist with a grandiose pat.

"Forget it, Doll!"

But her lids fluttered and her confusion rose as if to choke her.

"I—honest, I—aw, what kind of a girl do you think I am?"

"I told you I think you're the sweetest, livest little queen I know."

"Aw!"

"Come on, little live wire. Put on your swell, hothouse-trimmed hat. I'm going to take you to a place farther up the street where there are two staircases and a fountain twice as big for you to puddle your little footsies in. Waiter—here—check—get a cab! Here, little Doll, quit your shivering and shaking and lemme help you on—lemme help you."

She was suddenly pale, but tense-lipped like a woman who struggles on the edge of a swoon.

"Jimmie, honest, I—I'm shaking with chills! Jimmie—I—I can't go in these duds neither. I—I gotta go home now. He'll be wakin' and I—I gotta go home now. I'm all shaking." In spite of herself her lips quivered and an ague shot through her body. "I—I gotta go home now, Jimmie—look at me shivering, all shivering!"

"Home now!"

His eyes retreated behind a network of calculating wrinkles and she paled as she sat.

"Home now? Say, Doll, I thought ——"

"Honest, I wanna go to the other place, but I'm cold, Jimmie, and—wet through. I gotta keep well, Jimmie, and I—I oughtta go home."

"Pah!" he said, spluttering out the end of a bitten cigar. "If I'd a-known you was a puny Doll like that!"

"I ain't, Jimmie, I ——"

"If I'd a-known you was that puny! It's like I been sayin', Doll, it ain't like you and me don't understand each other. I ——"

"Sure we do, Jimmie. Honest, I—to-morrow night I—I can fix it so that—that the sky's my limit. I'll meet you at Hinkley's at eight, cross my heart on a wishbone, Jimmie."

"Cross it!"

"There!"

"To-night, Jimmie, I'm chilled—all in. Look at me in these duds, Jimmie. I'm cold. Oh, Jimmie, get me a cab quick, please; I'm co-old!"

She relaxed frankly into a chill that rumbled through her and jarred her knees together. A little rivulet of water oozed from her hair, zigzagged down her cheek and seeped into her blouse, but her blue-lipped smile persisted.

"Ain't I a nut, though! But wait till you see me dolled up to-morrow night, Jimmie! Eight, at Hinkley's. I didn't have a hunch how cold—how cold that water was. Next time they gotta—heat it."

"Got to heat it is good, Doll! All I got to do is ask once, and my word's law round here. Here, take a swallow and warm up, hon. You don't need to go home if you warm up right."

But the glass tinked against her teeth.

"I—I can't!"

"Gowann, kiddo!"

"I'll take some home with me to warm me up when I get in bed, Jimmie. I—— Not that kind, give it to me red like you did last Tuesday night, without the sparkles. That's the kind to warm me up. Order a bottle of red without the sparkles, Jimmie—without the sparkles. I—I can't stand no more bubbles to-night."

He helped her into her coat, and she leaned to him with a little movement of exhaustion that tightened his hold of her.

"Hurry a cab, waiter, the lady's sick!"

"Ain't I a nut, though!"

"Poor wet little Doll, I didn't think you was much more'n damp! You gotta make up for this to-morrow night, Doll. Eight sharp, Doll, and no funny business to-morrow night."

"Eight sharp!"

"Swell little sport you are, gettin' the chills! But we understand each other, don't we, Doll?"

"Sure, Jimmie!"

"Come on, hon. Shakin' like a leaf, ain't you? Wait till I get you out in the cab, I'll warm you up. You look just like a Christmas doll, all rigged up in that hat and that star and all—just like a Christmas doll."

"My grizzly, my brown grizzly! Gee, I nearly forgot my grizzly!"

And she packed the huge toy under her arm, along with the iridescent ball and the gewgaws of her plunder, and out into the cab, where an attendant tucked a bottle of the red warming wine between them.

"Ready, Doll?"

"Ready."

The silent storm had continued its silent work, weaving its blanket softer, deeper. The straggling pedestrians of early morning bent their heads into it and drove first paths through the immaculate mantle. The fronts of owl cars and cabs were coated with a sugary white rime. Broadway lay in a white lethargy that is her nearest approach to sleep.

Snowplows were already abroad clearing tracks, dry snow dust spinning from under them. At Longacre Square the flakes blew upward in spiral flurries, erratic, full of antics. The cab snorted, plunged, leaped forward. Mr. Fitzgibbons inclined toward the little huddle beside him.

"Sweetness, now I got you! You little sweetness you, now I got you, sweetness!"

"Jimmie! Quit! Quit! You—you old—you—you ——"

The breath of a forgotten perfume and associations webby with age stir through the lethargy of years. Memories faded as flowers lift their heads. The frail scent of mignonette roused with the dust of letters half a century old, and eyes too dim and watery to show the glaze of tears turn backward fifty years upon the mignonette bowered scene of love's young dream. A steel drawing-room car rolling through the clean and heavy stench of cow pasture, and a steady-eyed, white-haired capitalist, rolling on his rolling stock, leans back against the upholstery and gazes with eyes tight closed upon a steady-eyed, brown-haired youngster herding in at eventide. The whiff of violets from a vender's tray, and a young man dreams above his ledger. The reek of a passing brewer's wagon, and white faces look after, suddenly famished.

When the familiar pungency of her boarding house flowed in and round Mrs. Violet Smith, she paused for a moment and could not push through the oppression. Then, with the associations of odor crowding in about her, she stripped herself of her gewgaws, as if here even the tarnished tinsel of pleasure could have no place, and tiptoed up the weary wind of three unlighted flights and through the thick staleness of unaired halls.

At the third landing a broom and a dirty tangled débris of scrub cloths lay on the topmost stair, as if an aching slavey had not found the strength to remove them. They caught the heel of her shoe, pitching her forward so that she fell sharply against her own door. In the gloom she paused for a palpitating moment, her hands pressing her breast, listening; then deposited her laden hat, the little pile of tinsel and the woolen bear on the floor outside the door.

"Vi, Vi; that you, dear?"

She pulled at her strength and opened the door suddenly, blowing in like a gale.

"It's me, darlin'."

She was suddenly radiant as morning, and a figure on the bed in the far corner of the dim-lit room raised to greet her with vague, white-sleeved arms outstretched. She flew to their haven.

"Darlin', darlin', how you feelin'?"

"Vi, poor tired little girl!"

"Harry, how you feelin', darlin'? They worked the force all night—first time ever. How you feelin', darlin'—how?" And she must burrow kisses on the poor white face, and then deep into the tiny crib and back again into the vague white arms.

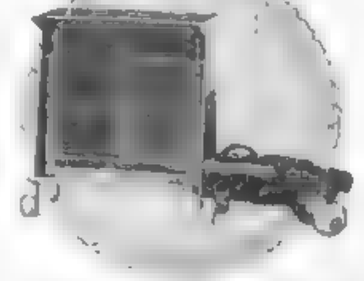
"Oh, my babies, both of you! How you feelin', darlin', so worried I've been. And the kid! Oh, God, darlin', I—I been so busy rightin' stock and all—all night they kept the force. How you feelin', darlin'? I got such news, darlin'. We should worry that it's snowing! Such news, darlin'! The kid, Harry—did Mrs. Quigley bring her milk on time? How you feelin', darlin'! You ain't coughed, have you?"

He kissed her damp hair and turned her face up like a flower, so that his deep-sunk eyes read into hers.

"I ain't coughed once since noon, darlin'. We should worry if it snows is right! A doctor's line of talk can't knock me out. I can buck up without going South. I ain't coughed once since noon, Vi, I ——"

A strangling paroxysm shook him in mockery of his words, and she crouched low beside the bed, her face etched in the agony of bearing each rack and pain with him.

"Oh, my darlin'! Oh—oh ——"



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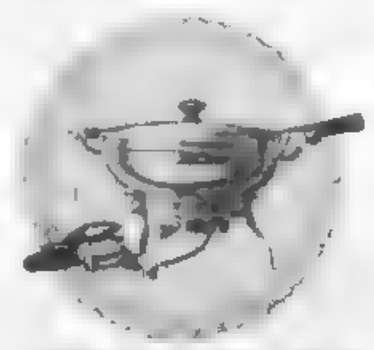

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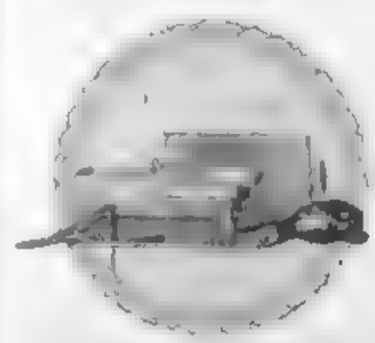

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"It's—all right now, Vi! It's all right! It's all right!"

"Oh, my darlin', yes, yes, it's all right now! All right now!"

She ran her hands over his face, as if to reassure herself of his very features, nor would she let him read into her streaming eyes.

"Lay quiet, Harry darlin', it's all right! Oh, my darlin'!"

"S-s-s-s-h, Vi, dear, sure it's all right. S-s-s-s-h, don't cry, Vi!"

"I—I—oh—oh "

"S-s-s-s-h, darlin', don't!"

"I—oh, I can't help it; but I ain't cryin', Harry, I ain't!"

"All worn out and cold and wet, that's what's a-hurtin' you. All worn out and hysterical and all! Poor little Vi-dee!"

"I—I ain't."

"It's all over now, Vi. See, I'm all right! Everything's all right! Just my luck to have the first one since noon right when you get home. It's all over now, Vi. Everything's over, Christmas rush and all. Don't you worry about the snow neither, darlin'. I knew it would scare you up, but it takes more than a doctor's line of talk to down-and-out me."

"I—I ain't worryin', darlin'."

"You're the one I been worryin' about, Vi. It's just like the kid was worried too—cried when Mrs. Quigley sung her to sleep."

"Oh, my baby; oh, my baby!"

"Don't worry, dear, she don't even know it's Christmas—a little thing like her. And anyways, look, Vi-dee, Mrs. Quigley brought her up that little stuffed lamb there. But she don't even know it's Christmas, dear; she don't even know. Poor tired little kiddo!"

"I ain't tired."

"I been layin' here all night, sweet, thinking and thinking—a little doll like you hustling and a big hulk like me layin' here."

"S-s-s-s-h! Honest, Harry, it's fun being back in the store again till you get well, honest!"

"I never ought to let you done it in the beginning, darlin'. Remember that night, even when I was strong enough to move a ox team, I told you there was bum lungs way back somewheres in my family? I never ought to let you take a chance, Vi-dee, I never ought!"

"S-s-s-s-h! Didn't I say I'd marry you if you was playin' hookey from the graveyard? Wasn't that the answer I give you even when you was strong as a whole team?"

"I didn't have no right to you, baby—the swellest little peach in the store! I—I didn't have no right to you! Vi-dee, what's the matter? You look like you got the horrors—the horrors, hon! Vi-dee!"

"Oh, don't, Harry, don't. I—I can't stand it, hon. I—I'm tired, darlin', but don't look like that, darlin', I—I got news—I got news."

"S-s-s-s-h, baby, you're all hysterical from overwork and all tired out from worry. There ain't no need to worry, baby. Quigley'll say it can go over another week. She ain't dunning for board, she ain't, baby."

"I—oh—I ——"

"Shaking all over, baby, just like you got the horrors! I bet you got scared when you seen the snow comin' and tackled Ingram to-day, and you're blue. What you got the horrors about, baby—Ingram?"

"No! No!"

"I told you not to ask the old skinflint. I told you they won't do nothing after twelve weeks. I ain't bluffed off by no snow storm, Vi. I don't need South no more'n you do, I don't, baby. I ain't a dead one by a long shot yet! Vi, for God's sake, why you got the horrors?"

She tried to find words and to smile at him through the hot rain of her tears, and the deep-rooted sobs that racked her subsided and she snuggled closer and burrowed into his pillow.

"I—I can't keep it no longer, darlin'. I ain't cryin', I—I ain't got the horrors. I'm laffin'. I—I seen him, Harry—Ingram—I seen him just before closin', and—and—oh, Harry, you won't believe it, he said he—I—I'm laffin' for joy, Harry!"

"What? What, Vi? What?"

She fumbled into the bosom of her blouse and slid a small folded square of yellow-back bill into his hand.

"A cool hundred, darlin'. Ingram—the Aid Society, because it's Christmas, darlin'. They opened up—a cool hundred! We—we can light out to-morrow, darlin'. A cool hundred! Old Ingram, the old skinflint, he opened up like—like a oyster. South, all of us to-morrow, darlin', it ain't nothing for me to get a job South. When I seen it was snowin' I'd a killed somebody to get it. I—I had to have it and we got it, darlin', we—we got it—a cool hundred!"

He lay back on the pillow, suddenly limp, the bill fluttering to the coverlet, and she slid her arm beneath his head.

"You could have knocked me down, too, darlin'. Easy, just like that he forked over. 'What's a Aid Society for?' he kept sayin'. 'What's a Aid Society for?'"

"Vi, I —"

"Don't cry, darlin', don't cry, I just can't stand it!"

"I ——"

"S-s-s-s-h! Easy, just like that he gimme it, darlin'."

"And me layin' here hatin' him for a skinflint and his store for a bloodsucker and the Aid Society for a fake."

"Yes, yes, darlin'."

"I feel new already, Vi. I can feel the sun already shining through me. If he was here, I—I could just kiss his hand; that's how it feels for a fellow to get his nerve back. I got my chance now, Vi, there ain't nothing can keep me down. Just like he says—I'll be a new man out there. Look, hon, just talking about it! Feel how I got some strength back already. An hour ago I couldn't hold you like this."

"Oh, my darlin'!"

He sat up suddenly in bed and drew her into his arms and she laid her cheek against his, and in the silence, from the trundle crib beside them, the breathing of a child rose softly, fell softly.

"I—I blew us to a real Christmas, darlin', us and the kid. I—I couldn't help it. I couldn't bear to have her wake up without it, Harry, her and you—and me."

"A real Christmas, baby!"

"Red wine for you, darlin', like I brought you last Tuesday night and warmed you up so nice. The kind the doctor says is so grand for you, darlin'—red wine without bubbles like he says you gotta have."

"Red wine!"

"Yeh, and black grapes like I brought you last Tuesday and like he says you oughtta have—black grapes and swell fruit that's good for you, darlin'."

"A real blow-out, Vi-dee."

"A bear for the kid, Harry!"

"Vi!"

"Yeh, a real brown grizz, with the grin and all, like she cried for in the window that Sunday—a real big brown one with the grin and all."

"That cost a real bunch of money, sweet!"

"Yeh, I blew me like sixty for it, hon, but she cried for it that Sunday and she had to have a Christmas, didn't she, darlin', even if she is too little. It—it would a broke my heart to have her wake up to-morrow without one."

He regarded her through the glaze of tears.

"My little kiddo!"

"S-s-s-s-h!"

"It just don't seem fair for you to have to ——"

"S-s-s-s-h! Everything's fair, darlin', in love and war. All the rules for the game of living ain't written down—the Eleventh Commandment and the Twelfth Commandment and the Nth Commandment."

"My little kiddo!"

"To-morrow, Harry, to-morrow, Harry, we're goin'! South, darlin', where he says the sun is going to warm you through and through. To-morrow, darlin'!"

"The next day, sweetness. You're all worn out and to-morrow's Christmas, and ——"

But the shivering took hold of her again, and when she pressed her hand over his mouth he could feel it trembling.

"To-morrow, darlin', to-morrow before eight. Every day counts. Promise me, darlin', I—I just can't live if you don't. To-morrow before eight. Promise me, darlin'! Oh, promise me, darlin'!"

"Poor tired little kiddo, to-morrow before eight then, to-morrow before eight we go."

Her head relaxed.

"You're tired out, darlin'. Get to bed, baby. We got a big day to-morrow. We got a big day to-morrow, darlin'! Get to bed, Vi-dee."

"I wanna spread out her Christmas first, Harry. I want her to see it when she wakes up. I couldn't stand her not seein' it."

She scurried to the hall and back again, and at the foot of the bed she spread her gaudy wares: An iridescent rubber ball glowing with six colors; a ribbon of gilt paper festooned to the crib; a gleaming Christmas star that dangled and gave out radiance; a huge brown-bear standing upright, and with bead eyes and a grin.

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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 23

conscious that not all the glamour of those high-sounding names, the picturesque interest of those gorgeous uniforms, not the men themselves magnificent in their way—were able to make the slightest appeal to her. She remembered some of her own bitter words when an alliance with one of them had been suggested to her. It was she then who had been the first to ignore the divine heritage of birth, who had spoken of their drinking habits, pointed to their life of idle luxury and worse than luxury.

The man who was at the present moment her suitor forced himself upon her recollection. She knew quite well that he represented a type. He and his kind were of the nobility, and they seemed to her in that one poignant but unwelcome moment hatefully degenerate, men no self-respecting girl could ever think of. Family influence, stern parental words, the call of her order, had half crushed these thoughts. They came back now, however, with persistent force.

"You see," Richard Lane went on, "it may not be much that I have to offer you, but in your heart I know you feel what it means to be offered the love of a man who doesn't want you just because you are of his order, or because you are the daughter of a personage, or for any other reason than because he cares for you as he has cared for no other woman on earth, and because without knowing it he has waited for you."

She moved restlessly in her chair. Their conversation was not going in the least along the lines she had intended. She suddenly remembered her own disquiet of the day before, her curious longing to steal off on some excuse to-day. A week ago she would have been content to dawdle away the afternoon in the grounds of the villa. Something different had come over her. From the moment she had entered the rooms, although she had never acknowledged it, she had been conscious, pleasurably conscious, of his presence. She was suddenly uneasy.

"I am afraid," she murmured, "that you are quite hopeless."

"If you mean that I am without hope you are wrong," he answered sturdily. "From the moment I met you I have had but one thought, and until the last day of my life I shall have but one thought, and that thought is of you. There may be no end of difficulties, but I come of an obstinate race. I have patience as well as other things."

She was avoiding looking at him now. She looked instead at her clasped hands.

"I wish I could make you understand," she said in a low tone, "how impossible all this is. In England and America I know that it is different. There marriages of a certain sort are freely made between different classes. But in Russia these things are not thought of. Supposing that all you said were true. Supposing even that I had the slightest disposition to listen to you. Do you realize that there isn't one of my family who wouldn't cry out in horror at the thought of my marrying—forgive me—marrying a commoner of your rank in life?"

"They can cry themselves hoarse, as they'll have to some day," he replied cheerfully. "As for you, Miss Fedora—you don't mind my calling you Miss Fedora, do you?—you'll be glad some day that you were born at the beginning of the new era. You may be a pioneer in the new ways, but you may take my word for it that you won't be the last. Please have courage. Please try to be yourself, won't you?"

"But how do you know what I am?" she protested; "or even what I am like? We have spoken only a few words. Nothing has passed between us that could possibly have inspired you with such feelings as you speak of," she added, coloring slightly. "It is a fancy of yours, quite too absurd a fancy! Now that I find myself discussing it with you as though, indeed, we were talking of it seriously I am inclined to laugh. You are just a very foolish young man, Mr. Lane."

He shook his head.

"Look here," he said, "I am very good at meaning things, but it's awfully hard for me to put thoughts into words. I can't explain how it's all come about. I don't know why among all the girls I've seen in my own country, or England, or Paris, or anywhere, there hasn't been one who could bring me the things you bring; who could fill my mind with the thoughts you fill it

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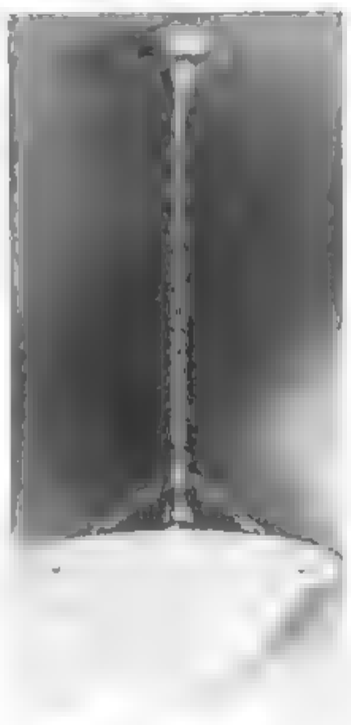

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with, who could make my days stand still and start again, who could upset the whole machinery of my life so that when you come I want to dance with happiness and when you go the day is over for me. I love you, Fedora, and I will be faithful to you all my life. You shall live where you choose, but you must be my wife. There isn't any other way out of it for either of us."

She sat quite still for several moments. They were a little behind the curtain and it chanced that there was no one in their immediate vicinity. She felt her fingers suddenly gripped. They were released again almost at once, but a queer sensation of something overmastering seemed to creep through her whole being at the touch of his hand. She rose to her feet.

"I am going away," she declared.

"I haven't offended you?" he begged. "Please sit down. We haven't half talked things over yet."

"We have talked too much," she answered. "I don't know really what has come over me that I have let you—that I listen to you."

"It is because you feel the truth of what I say," he insisted. "Don't get up, Fedora. Don't go away, dear. Let us have at least these few minutes together. I'll do exactly as you tell me. I'll come to your father or I'll carry you off. I have a sister here. She'll be your friend ——"

"Don't!" the girl stopped him. "Please don't!"

She sat down in her chair again.

"Have I been a brute?" he asked softly. "You must forgive me, Fedora. I am not much used to girls and I am sort of carried away myself, only I want you to believe that there's the real thing in my heart. I'll make you just as happy as a woman can be. Don't shake your head, dear. I want you to trust me and believe in me."

"I think you're a most extraordinary person," she said at last. "Do you know, I'm beginning to be really afraid of you."

"You're not," he insisted. "You're afraid of yourself. You can see nothing but trouble ahead just now, but I'll take you right away from that."

There was the rustle of skirts, a soft little laugh. Richard rose to his feet promptly. He had never in all his life been so pleased to welcome his sister.

"Flossie," he exclaimed, "I'm ever so glad you came along! I want to present Miss Grex to you. This is my sister, Miss Fedora—Lady Weybourne. I was just going to ask Miss Grex to have some tea with me," he went on, "but I am not sure that she would have considered it proper. Do come along and be chaperon."

Lady Weybourne laughed.

"I shall be delighted," she declared. "I have seen you here once or twice before, haven't I, Miss Grex, and some one told me that you were Russian. I suppose you are not in the least used to the free-and-easy ways of us Westerners, but you'll come and have some tea with us, won't you?"

The girl hesitated. Fate was too strong for her.

"I shall be very pleased," she agreed.

They found a window table and Lane ordered tea. By degrees Fedora came back to earth and they had a very gay little tea party. At the end of it they strolled back into the rooms together. Fedora glanced at the watch upon her wrist and held out her hand to Lady Weybourne.

"I am sorry," she said, "but I must hurry away now. It is very kind of you to ask me to come and see you, Lady Weybourne. I shall be charmed."

"I am going to see you down to your car if I may," begged Richard.

They left the room together. She looked almost tremulously at him as they descended the stairs.

"This doesn't mean, you know," she said, "that I—that I agree to all you have been saying."

"It needn't mean anything at all, dear," he replied. "This is only the beginning. I don't expect you to realize all that I have realized quite so quickly, but I do want you to keep it in your mind that this thing has come and that it can't be got rid of. I won't do anything foolish. If it is necessary I will wait, but I am your lover now as I always must be."

He handed her into the car, the footman in his long white livery standing somberly on one side. As the car moved off she gave Richard her fingers, and he walked up the steps with the smile upon his lips that comes to a man only once or twice in his lifetime.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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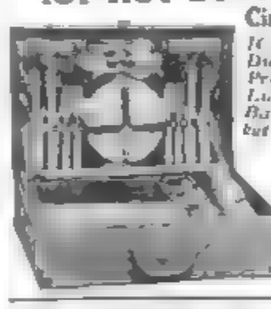

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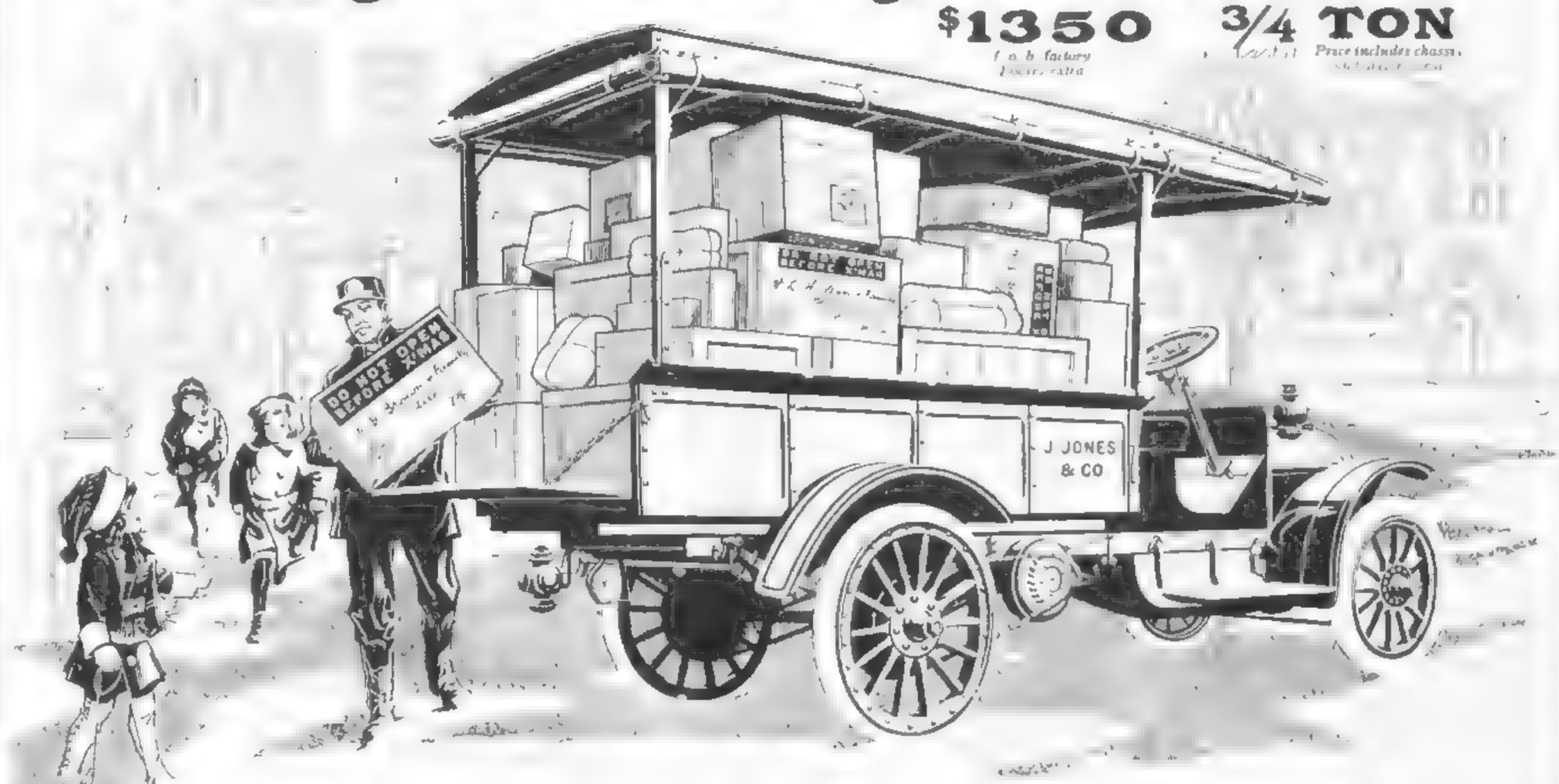

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BILLY FORTUNE AND THE TEN-CENT LIMIT

(Continued from Page 20)

day or they won't work. And they can't get it. Beef's too high to feed to huskies."

Red wasn't so far gone but he was givin' a kind of woozy attention.

"Aw!" he says. "There's plenty of beef. Ain't this a cow-country? I'd like to have the contract. I could furnish 'em. If I couldn't do no other way I could rustle a few strays. Nobody would ever miss 'em. I could find a way."

Nobody ought to have noticed what he was sayin' with him in that shape. If he'd been let alone it would have been nothin' but talk, and nobody would have remembered it. That was one time when Bat showed kinda poor judgment, it struck me. Mebbe he'd had a couple or so too.

"Yes," he says, "a man that is a thief can mostly always find a way to thieve if he's lookin' for it."

That's what he said, just that way. I backed away quick from where I was standin' in between 'em, so as not to get in the road. But I needn't have bothered. Anywhere between bein' sober and havin' only three or four, Red would have hopped him; but it's like I tell you—he changed dispositions as he went along. He didn't do a blessed thing but stand where he was, rockin' on his heels and grippin' the edge of the bar with a glaze comin' over his eyes.

"Hear that now!" he says with his voice goin' all flat with the drink. "Hear that now! Insultin' a gentleman, just because a gentleman's kid is a cripple. How can I help it? Ain't I done everything I could? Say now, Fletch, ain't I done everything I could?"

He forgot to wait for anybody to answer him because the weepin' come on him, and then I took him and steered him back up to the hotel and put him to bed with him moanin' and blubberin'. I wasn't listenin' any more to what he said. I didn't want to have the whole evenin' spoiled.

Well, that's the way it stood when we started back toward home next day. We wasn't any of us ready to start. You can't have a real pleasant whizzer in just one night. Nobody had near finished up by mornin'; but we had to light out just the same.

We hung together till we'd got up through Sunrise, in that rough mess of hills, and then we spread out. It's a bad piece of country to hunt strays in—all up and down and full of them crazy little draws and cañons and sloughs; and there wasn't any fences to speak of then, not till we'd get up on the Four-J ground. It was bound to be slow work.

It wasn't till the second evenin' that I saw any of the boys. I'd rode clear west to the river, crossin' backward and forward, but without gettin' very far north from Sunrise; and I was circlin' back to the trail to see what luck the rest had had when I run across Bat. He was settin' still in his saddle down between a couple of little hills. He was a little out of my course, but when he saw me he hollered to me.

"Come here, Billy!" he says. "Look at this."

It was a steer hide he was lookin' at. It had been stripped off and pushed back under a bunch of sagebrush, so as to kind of hide it. It was fresh; it must have been skinned since mornin', because if it had been there overnight the coyotes would sure have located it and worried it round. And there was other signs too.

"He worked alone," I says, "and he had an awful sharp knife, and he was in an awful hurry to get through. You can tell he worked alone because he had to cut the meat up in pieces to pack it off on horseback. Made several trips—didn't he?—by the way his tracks show. And his knife was so sharp he slit the hide ever so many places. He was in such a rush that he only cut the brand off the flank and overlooked the shoulder. That's our brand on the shoulder. It must have been one of the critters we got last spring from the Circle-Bar folks. Yes, sir, that man was rushed for time. He must have saw some of us round here and knew we was liable to run up on him if he didn't hurry. Cut that brand off the shoulder, Bat, and let's take it with us."

He was down on the ground, feelin' in his pocket behind; and then he felt through the rest.

"Shucks!" he says. "I ain't got my knife, Billy. What did I do with it? I ain't noticed havin' it, not this trip. I must have left it in the bunkhouse. Give me yours a minute."

He took the piece out and I put it in my saddle-pocket; and pretty soon I run across the Boss and I showed it to him. He was bothered considerable, the Boss was, though a body wouldn't hardly have thought so by the way he took it.

"Well!" he says. "Well!" He set and studied for a minute. "Huh!" he says. "Why, Billy, I thought we'd cured that kind of thing the last grand jury. There must be strangers round that hadn't heard about that yet."

And then Red McGee come up and took a look. He come from off toward the south of where I'd been.

"Would you look at that!" he says. "And that ain't all either. There's another one right over yonder a piece—down in that draw the other side of that scrub cedar. I seen it just a little bit ago. I'll show you!"

Well, there it was. And that wasn't the worst of it; because when the Boss got down and started to turn the hide over with his foot to see the other side, he stooped down quick and picked somethin' off the ground that had been layin' under the corner. He showed it to me pretty soon when just me and him were together. It was Bat's knife that he'd lost. It sent a quick little cold chill chasin' up and down my back to look at it, with that skull on the end of the handle grinnin' up at me. There just couldn't be any mistake about it.

"What do you think, Billy?" says the Boss.

There wasn't but one thing to think if a body was going to try to settle it by thinkin'. I stopped to consider, trying to match the notion up with my notion of Bat.

"I don't believe it!" I says.

"I wish I didn't," says the Boss. "What's the reason you don't?"

"There's several," I says. "In the first place it was him that showed me that first hide."

"Yes," says the Boss; "a smart man might do that."

"Oh!" I says. "Well, but if that's a reason for thinkin' he done it, it was Red that showed us the second hide."

"If Red was only a little smarter," says the Boss. "Besides, here's this knife."

"I don't care," I says; "I don't believe it. Why, say! Don't you remember the mornin' he come along huntin' a job, when you told him you was willin' to bet a stack of blues on him? Well, he wouldn't have played it this way on you, not after that. He couldn't."

"I'd like to think so," says the Boss. He waited a while then, turnin' the thing over and over in his mind; but I could see he wasn't arrivin' anywhere. He's real quick at makin' up his mind to like a man, but he's awful slow when it comes to judgin' a man the other way. He's so afraid he'll do somethin' unfair; but if he ever does work himself up to speakin' out I'd a heap rather it wouldn't be me he was talkin' to.

"Say," I says, "I wish you'd let me talk to Bat, instead of you—at first anyway. It can't do any hurt, can it? I'll bet a dollar I could find out. You let me!"

"Would you, Billy?" he says. "I wish you would. I certainly don't hanker to tackle it. Go ahead!"

I did, too, the very next mornin' when me and Bat started off together for the day's ridin'. I'd been figurin' it over durin' the night, patchin' different things together, till I'd kind of worked it out. I waited till we got to a spring after a bit where there was shade and a place to set.

"Let's get a drink," I says, "and take a little smoke and rest a minute." And then when we'd got our cigarettes goin' I picked up a little stick and pulled his knife out of my pocket and commenced whittlin'. The knife was just like we'd found it, all smeary and gummed up from the way it had been used, with a mess of the steer's red hairs stickin' to it. That's the way I wanted him to see it. He got his eye on it right away and reached out for it.

"Hello!" he says. "Why, there's my knife! Where'd you get it?" I held it out in the flat of my hand so he could see.

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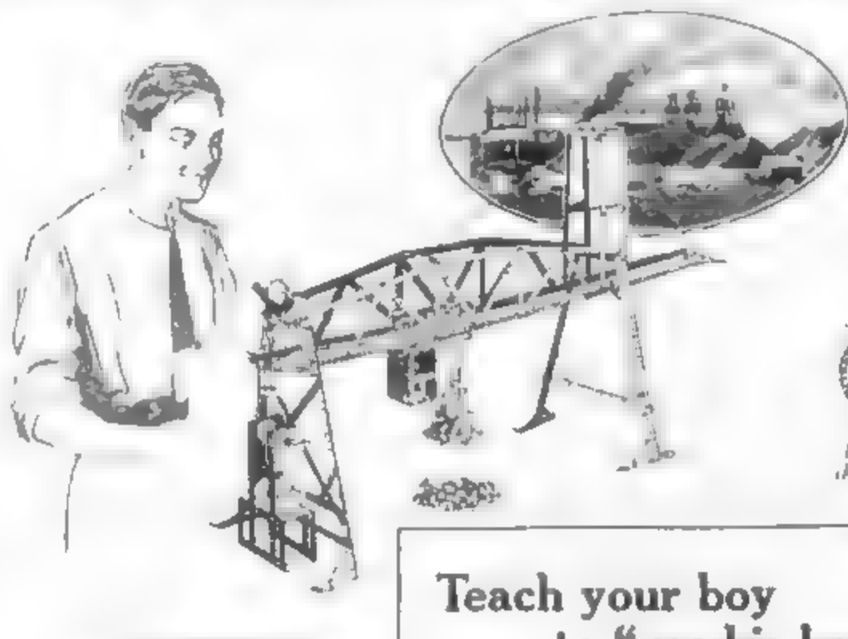

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He is growing physically, *mentally*. His surroundings, his amusements are making him today what he will be tomorrow. See that his games, his playthings develop his thinking powers

Touring Car made with outfit No. 4 of the American Model Builder

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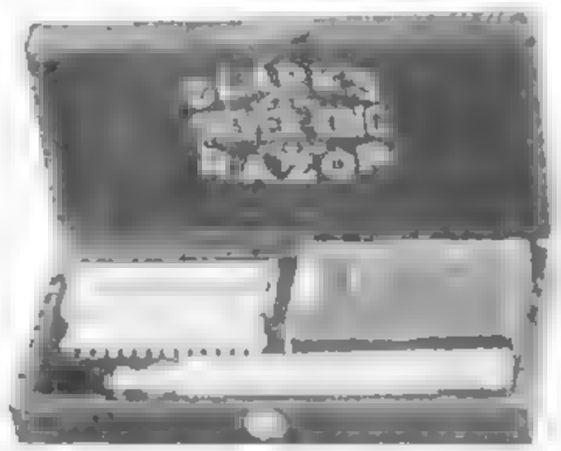
Clark's Secret Temper Hollow Ground Blades

retain their keenness without stropping—cut the wiriest beards with exceeding ease and impart that comfortable, satisfied feeling which is so hard to describe.

FREE OFFER to all users of safety razors taking single-edge blades. Tell us the name of your razor and we will send you Free a Clark blade to fit.



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"The Boss picked it up," I says. "Yesterday evenin'. Down there right beside that second hide we found."

He pulled his hand back, and I heard him draw his breath quick and hard through his teeth; but he didn't say a word. I wasn't lookin' at him; I was lookin' at my whittlin'. I reckon it was as much as a minute before I said the next thing.

"Listen, Bat," I says. "I always did hate to crab another man's game; but I certainly do wish you'd explain to me why you're playin' it this way."

"Billy!" he says. "You don't think——"

"Oh, sugar!" I says. "Don't start that now with me. I know you didn't. But there's proof you did. A cow-country jury, with everybody on it ownin' cattle and missin' a few every year, don't need such a great sight of proof. There'd be a plumb plenty to get you a couple years or so. But I know better. I know who done it and so do you. What are you goin' to do about it?"

He was lookin' at me straight with his eyes fair eatin' into me.

"How do you know?" he says.

I laughed at him. "I ain't so dumb," I says. "I got eyes; and my head works a little by spells. He took your money that time, didn't he—the couple you left for him to take? You thought I wasn't noticin'. He got drunk with some of one of 'em down there at Guernsey. I don't know what he done with the other one. Anyway he stole your money, didn't he? And he stole your knife, too, from the same place, right where you left it. And down there at Fletch's, when he had them drinks in him, was when he got the drunk notion of runnin' in some beef to them huskies. He wouldn't really have done it, mebbe, if he hadn't happened to run onto a lonesome critter in them lonesome hills, just when the notion was fresh in his mind and just when the drink was goin' stale. I don't know. Mebbe he figured it was just easy money; or mebbe he figured on sendin' it to his wife and kid. It don't matter. He done it and he got away with it so easy the first time, he come back and done it again. And he left your knife there. I expect he done that on purpose, didn't he? He wouldn't want the knife any more; and that was a good way to get rid of it, besides knowin' what the Boss would think when he found it. You can figure that out yourself just as good as I can.

"And if you're good at noticin' mebbe you noticed a few little things about Red since he come in last night. His saddle, for instance. He wasn't ridin' the same saddle he started from the ranch with. He'd changed."

He quit tryin' to bluff it out with me then.

"Yes, Billy," he says. "I know it's so."

"All right!" I says. "And what are you goin' to do about it?"

He didn't answer that straight, but just come back with another question:

"Billy, are you one of the kind that runs round tellin' things you know?"

"What?" I says. "Me?" It made me hot for a minute. But then I let that go. "No, I ain't," I says. "I ain't ever goin' to say a word. And neither will the huskies, because they knew the meat was stole when they bought it from him. They're used to that. They get it cheap and they keep still. They won't tell. But that ain't it. It's what you're goin' to do."

He picked up a handful of gravel and set there poppin' the pebbles into the spring with his thumb, slow and absent-minded, till by and by he'd thought it out.

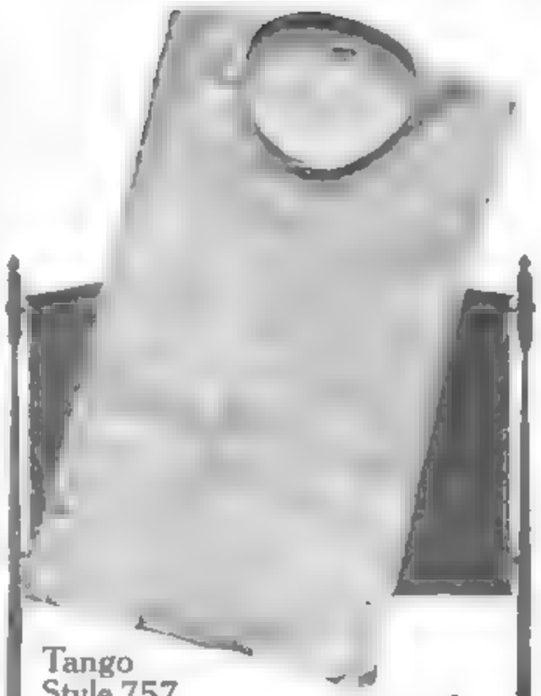
"I made a mean little limit bet when I dropped that money for him to find," he says. "I oughtn't to have done that. I ought to have played human, with the limit off. I thought I'd learned! But it ain't too late yet, is it? I guess I'll just stay with it and bet my stack."

"Bat!" I says. "For pity's sake! You mean you're goin' to let it be like it is? You're goin' to take chances——"

He put out his hand and stopped me.

"Nary chance!" he says. "I'd be takin' chances the other way. How do I know what he done it for? If he's really got a wife and kid—— Oh, well!" He broke off short with that and got up on his feet and made ready to climb back to his saddle. As he swung up he grinned over his shoulder at me. "I've certainly enjoyed meetin' you!" he says. "You keep my knife for me till we meet again, will you, Billy?" And with that he struck in his spurs and lit out.

His pony turned up after a while, but he never did. That was all of him. And I never said a word.



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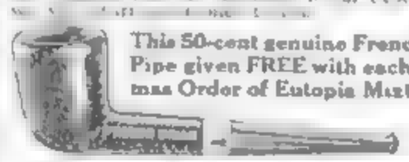

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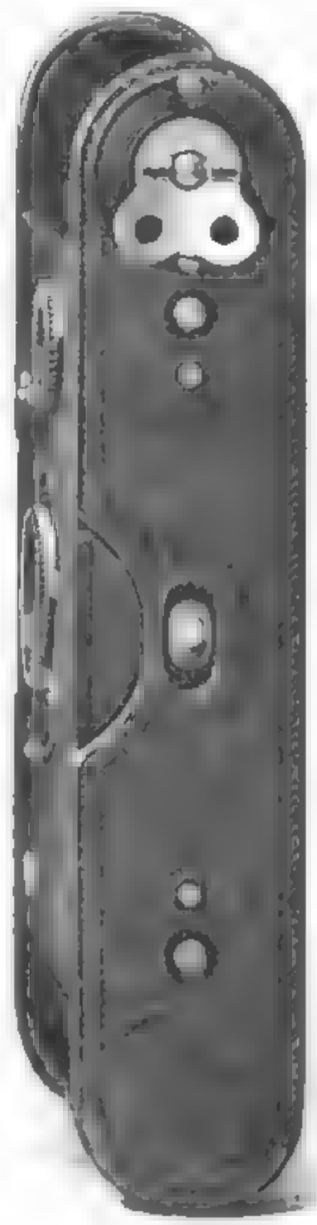

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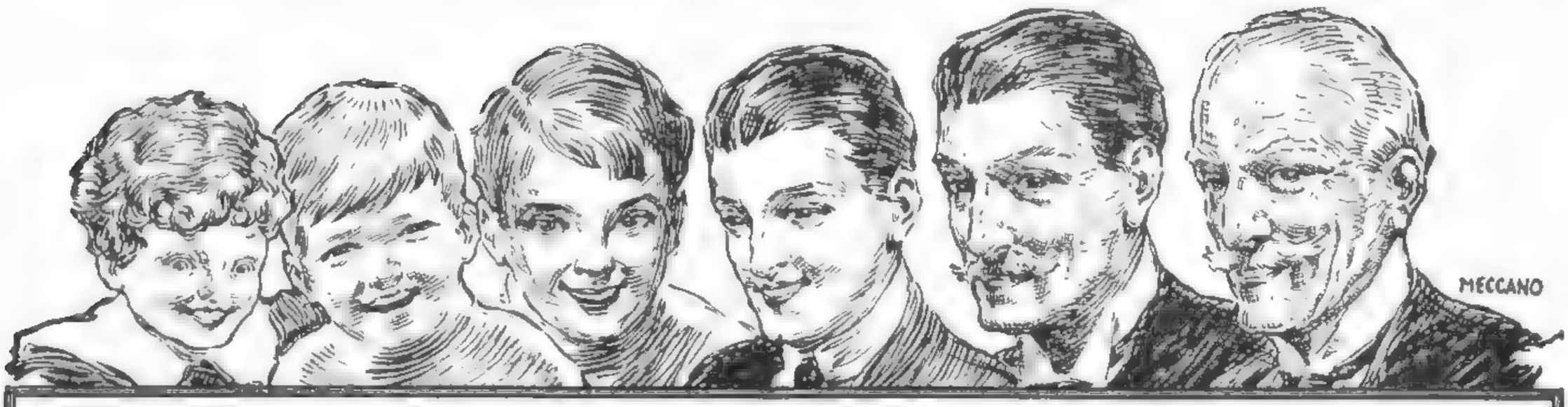

Boys of 5 or Boys of 50 All Find Fun In

MECCANO

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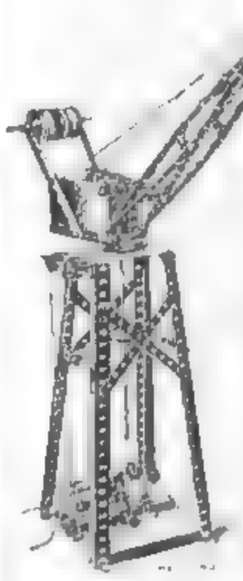

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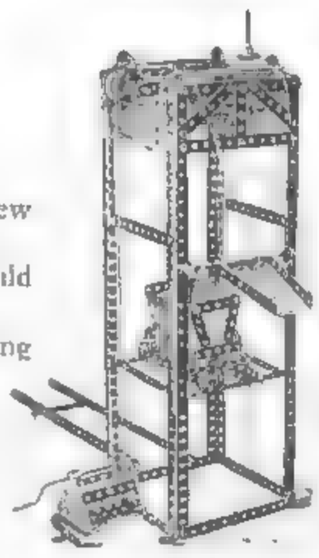

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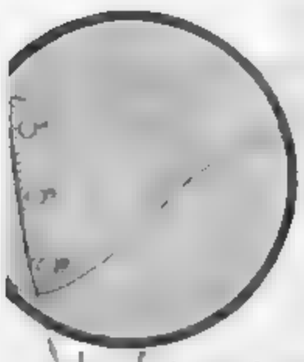

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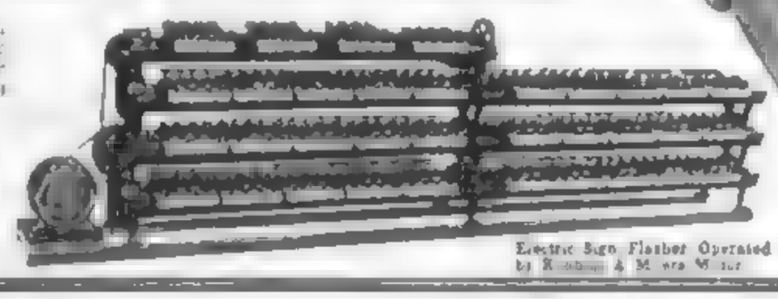

Electric Sign Flasher Operated by Robbins & Myers Motor

JERMYM THE MUNIFICENT

Continued from Page 8)

leave milk at this door every day; second, that the inhuman scoundrel who charged rent for such a shelter should be brought to task. And coincidentally with these resolutions came the ambulance.

They took him not ungently—for they found three of his ribs were broken—to the hospital, and would have placed him in the psychopathic ward had not the letters in his pocket proved his identity as Jermym the millionaire.

The consternation of this discovery bordered closely on a riot among the internes and visiting surgeons, as a result of whose assiduous concern he was given several complimentary hypodermic injections of morphine and borne away in a sort of triumph, in the most commodious ambulance the hospital could provide, to his own residence.

Behind a closed door he lay for many days, sick and alone but not forgotten. Outside his closed door the old retainers of his wife's household kept a vulturelike vigil, speculating on his demise and the probabilities of pensions. They led fat lives, these future pensioners, notwithstanding their master was a cross-grained, crabbed old bear; for he would no more have discharged one of them than he would have sold his big, musty house, or his yacht, or his private exile, or anything that was his and pertained to his wife's estate and gave him a sense of the worthiness of riches.

Of the hushed circle beyond his door he knew nothing, but the concern of the great world, whose voice is the press, was set before him each morning in clear type—covetous speculations on the size of his fortune not unpleasing to his vanity, though a trifle bitter. It was plain enough that the world would love him the better for being dead—a not unusual misfortune of rich men to be so loved. But he only screwed up the corners of his mouth. They wanted his money; and it was the want of money that gave money its value—that was his side of the bargain and the basis of all sound business too—the rate on loans.

Let them want it—the more covetously, unchristianly, murderously, the better he liked it; it was good business. However, there remained a slight bitterness.

Jermym had never had a sick day before in his life; and, despite the severity of his present pain, he was suspiciously incredulous of the doctor's serious view of his condition, submitting to him only with the same closeness with which he would have transacted any piece of business.

"You shall have two weeks; not a day more!" he said, referring to the term of his submission, and refused to have a trained nurse, with a blunt: "The proposition does not interest me."

And so he lay there alone behind his closed door; and so, too, for the first time since his boyhood, he was given a moment's respite from financial affairs in which to commune with himself.

His reflections began with a comparison of his own virtue, his health and prosperity, with the sins of the multitude—the negligence, improvidence and dissipation that are the causes of sickness; for, of course, no one need be sick; sickness was a punishment, an excellent provision of Providence—except in the case of children.

He never could have explained the divine justice in permitting the worship of Moloch. He was inclined to differ with Providence on the matter of visiting the sins of the fathers on the children. He differed, but he did not interfere; that was the fault of charity. Indeed, he would rather have assisted Providence in the punishment of the fathers—especially those who clung willfully to poverty and ignorance, despising charity, hiding themselves away in such dark places as Number 1 1 Allen Street—places that should never be permitted to exist, much less made a source of shameful profit.

Thus Jermym's reflections brought him at once face to face with his two resolutions, both of which he proceeded to put into immediate effect. The first, that the best dairy company in the city should leave milk every day for Lola's baby brother, involved no difficulties beyond the question of quantity. Ten pints a day was doubtless excessive, but the decimal facilitated bookkeeping; and as for the milk being wasted—well, it was almost a misfortune that the company had quoted its prices in pints instead of quarts.

The second resolution, that the scoundrel who charged rent for such a habitation as Number 1—1 Allen Street should be brought to repentance, offered, on the other hand, an insurmountable difficulty. Jermym's first step was to bring the house to the attention of the city's Board of Health. The honorable board sent an inspector at once, who took cognizance and rendered to Jermym a report in person. All the requirements of the law had been complied with in the matter of windows, sanitation and fire escapes.

Jermym looked up from the coal fire in the grate over which he was bending. Had the board no ears? Had the coughing escaped the inspector's notice? But the inspector smilingly denied the city's responsibility.

"Both the national and the city tuberculosis societies are private charities," he said—adding significantly, "and supported by private donations. If you would care to have me refer the matter to them ——"

"No! No! No!" hastily returned Jermym. "I'm obliged to you."

His next step was to order his lawyers to bring suit against the owner of the tenement for bodily injuries received as the result of a stair-rail that was insufficient protection to life and limb. In compliance his lawyers served a summons on the rent collector, who passed it on to the agent, who passed it on to a certain trust company, who found it improperly drawn in respect to the word "owner" and returned it to the lawyers, who immediately sent it by the hand of one of their younger members to their injured client.

In a word, Number 1—1 Allen Street was part of an estate Jermym had once put in trust for his wife, and which had reverted to himself at her death.

"We shall let the matter rest," wheezed Jermym as he laid the document in the grate and prodded the coals vigorously with the poker.

So, indeed, he would have let the matter rest, could he have done so; but this particular business of bringing a scoundrel to repentance had given his self-communings a head start. He could not now escape from the reflections that the fevered brain of sickness brought crowding in on him.

One infinitesimal item out of all his virtuous prosperity burned into his conscience—the grain of evil that overbalances the ton of righteousness—the rent he received from a piece of property held under an inviolate deed of trust. Nor did the matter rest until he had instructed his lawyers to buy the property out from under the trust and have it torn down, with a final injunction to let him hear no more of it.

And now Jermym's communings took a new course that skirted the subject of his philanthropy, yet without penetrating it. Here again were matters that would not rest. He became now the prey of a set of reflections centering about the visual recollection of a crazy old man rocking crazily in a crazy chair. Not, of course, because he was not prepared to cry Tut! Tut! to any idea that the picture was not genuine; and yet the words of the old man rang clear in his memory: "Eet will not be easy! Eet will not be easy!"

There was truth in that—a truth that the very vehemence of his Tut! Tut! admitted. He took out his wallet and read again the letters from the experts, and, replacing them deliberately in the pocket of his dressing gown, prodded the coals in the grate. Evidence enough!

Still he was troubled. He sent to his office for a certain tin box, a battered old tin box that was locked with a key that had tinkled for years on the end of his watch-chain. From the box he took first his newly drawn will and read the sentence: "The collection shall be known as The Jermym Collection for the Encouragement of Art." The philanthropist in him had smacked lips over that sentence, but now it had lost something of its flavor.

He took next from the box a bundle of policies insuring his paintings against fire, theft, mutilation; against a hundred specified forms of depreciation and loss. But one thing they did not insure—that they were genuine.

"It will not be easy!" There is a certain misery in doubting, to which even knowing the worst is a relief; but when it comes to doubting one's doubts, that is a wretched

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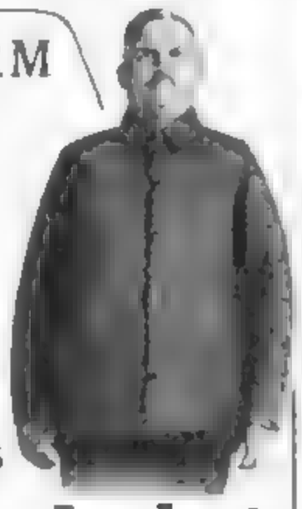

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state of mind indeed! So it was with Jermym, who, even as he muttered Tut! Tut! put forth a trembling hand to the bell, rang and ordered the picture brought, uncovered and set up on a chair before him, that he might have a fresh look at it.

He could not have looked at it very carefully before, for now there seemed something crude—not to say grotesque—about it. He sought refuge from his doubts by recalling the words of the expert:

"The exquisite tones of color and the waxlike finish of the picture are a lost art that cannot be reproduced in these degenerate days."

Degenerate days? He compressed his thin lips while his mind's eye swept the horizon line of the great city he loved. Degenerate days, indeed! He recalled the city of his boyhood; his father's musty office, where he had begun business as a member of a small, refined circle of gentlemen known as the New York Stock Exchange. He recalled the stage coaches that ran up Broadway and on out into the country as far as Sixtieth Street. He recalled the change decade by decade—the rising torrent of population; the changed streets, on, below and above which metal wheels now ground incessantly on metal tracks; and the buildings aspiring at last above the very steeples, and still aspiring—aspiring ever far into the godless blue!

Degenerate days in art perhaps! But even here something in his pride rebelled against the term. Was it possible that these days were unable to reproduce the lines, much less the texture, of a painting and yet were able to reproduce the sound of the human voice on a disk of iron, the sight of things in motion on a ribbon of celluloid; to reproduce the most delicate perfumes of flowers synthetically from tar, and the very light of day out of the invisible lines of magnetic force?

Jermym bent forward and laid his hand on the priceless surface of the picture. Was it priceless because it was inimitable? Or was it, in fact, an imitation and therefore valueless as a curio?

And now his hand strayed upward to the face of the Madonna and rested there with burning fingertips. Absurd, of course—the proof the old man had given him! It reminded him of the explorer who left the proofs that he had discovered the Pole at the Pole itself. Tut! Tut!

Yet, on the fifth day—a mere whim of humor—he sent the butler and chief pensioner as a secret envoy to the old man. What was on the canvas behind the face of the Madonna? And the envoy brought back word that the old man was dead.

Dead! What more satisfactory reply! Dead, and all his proofs with him! Who now would ever call the genuineness of the picture into question?

Who, indeed, but himself? The more he sought to put the matter from him the more tenaciously it clung. A week it preyed on his mind until at last one night, unable to sleep, he sat up in his old four-poster bed and faced his doubts. The flickering night light in its cup of oil cast restless shadows. It came on him suddenly, then, that his doubts involved something of greater significance than the genuineness of the picture. It was time that he ceased skirting his subject in futile circles. There is no faith so feeble as that which will not admit its doubts.

He would send for Franchot—Franchot, who had made the beauty of the picture the first proof of its genuineness. He would lay the matter openly before Franchot. No! Better than that, he would prove Franchot. The dry laugh that burst from his lips quite startled him. It was as though some echo of the old man's crazy mirth had sounded within himself. He sank back against his pillow with a sardonic sense of peace.

In the morning Jermym sent for Franchot, and Franchot came—an Alsatian, who betrayed his foreign birth less by his accent than by the careful correctness with which he spoke English. The door of the sick man's room received him; and Franchot, with the sly manner of a conspirator with which Nature had endowed him, closed it behind him. Jermym, from his chair by the grate, gave him good day in a wheezy whisper, holding out to him his letter.

"I have not paid you for this, sir," he said. "It is not what I require."

The expert put his hand to his thin beard.

"Not what you require, Mr. Jermym? You wished me to make examination of the picture—not so? And do I not say that the picture is genuine?"

"Yes, yes!" wheezed the millionaire impatiently. "That's not what I want, at all. I have paid for that already—the man who made it; the agents?" He smiled sardonically as his eyes sought the face of the expert. "You do not say anything about the exquisite tones of color, the lost art of finish."

He paused. The expert seemed to experience a difficulty in catching his breath.

"Ah—er—so!" he gasped. "So—yes indeed! You have paid for that already, of course. You wish me to —— But my opinions are always —— But I never yet have ——" He checked himself in confusion and tugged despairingly at his beard. "My reputation, you understand! My reputation!"

"Come, now," quoth Jermym; "you say the beauty of the picture attests its authenticity. Can you say nothing more particular concerning its beauty?"

"No, no!" cried the expert, wringing his hands. "I say no such thing. You misinterpret me! My reputation! My reputation!"

"How is this?" wheezed the sick man, unfolding the letter. "You write here: 'The beauty of the picture would be sufficient proof of its genuineness were it not otherwise positively attested by ——'"

"You see how you misinterpret me," interrupted Franchot, snatching the letter almost wildly from the other's hand. "I say 'would be, were it not.' Mein Gott, do you think I do not know a clever imitation?"

A curious impulse set Jermym rocking himself backward and forward in his chair.

"That is very funny!" he said.

"Is it to insult me that you have sent for me?" continued the expert excitedly, tearing the letter into bits. "You would have me sell my opinions, my honor—at the risk of my reputation too! You are not satisfied?" Here he cast the fragments of the letter into the grate. "You place too small a value on my silence. Suppose now I tell the truth!"

"Yes," replied Jermym; "suppose you tell the truth." And again he rocked himself. "Come, now—between you and me, now—has the picture no beauty?" The expert laughed derisively and snapped his fingers. "The exquisite tones of color, the lost art of finish ——"

"Almost every day a spurious Old Master is brought to light. Worthless rubbish! Your Titian—yes, yes; between you and me ——" He lowered his voice. "For so clever an imitation, however —— But my reputation, you know!"

Jermym, however, cut short the interview with a final:

"It is not what I require. Good morning, sir."

Once more alone he was like a man who has received some terrible blow from Fate. He sat there fairly trembling with a sort of spiritual fear. The mental life of a man is a slow vaporizing of faith into illusion. We may cling to the material residue of faith, but there is no holding the illusion; it darts from us like melon seeds, the quicker for being held tightly. Jermym had in the course of his business career been little troubled with illusions, having early learned the trick of mummifying them into imperishable principles. In other words he had no time to waste on them.

Business, it was enough to know, meant an ability to discover the needle of truth in the haystack of fraud. He had succeeded; but there had been times when this close policy of suspicion had oppressed him and he had sought a broader humanity in art. Art, he told himself, not without reason, must stand for the beautiful in life. Even while he had grossly trafficked in it he had felt that he was satisfying vicariously a lifelong craving for beauty, for something beyond the office and the counting house, the frauds and swindles of business and exchange.

And so he had evolved the Jermym Collection for the Encouragement of Art, which, indeed, stood for all that was beautiful in his dry existence; which was the end and justification of his life of virtuous industry, of every share that he had bought, of every coupon he had clipped, of every additional percentage of interest he had exacted, of every mortgage he had foreclosed. In sudden affright at the result of Franchot's visit he bent over the coals muttering: "Art! Art!"—and stifling his natural impulse to cry "Bunkum!"

He would send for Delahaye. Yes, yes; Delahaye would show up Franchot for a

(Continued on Page 61)

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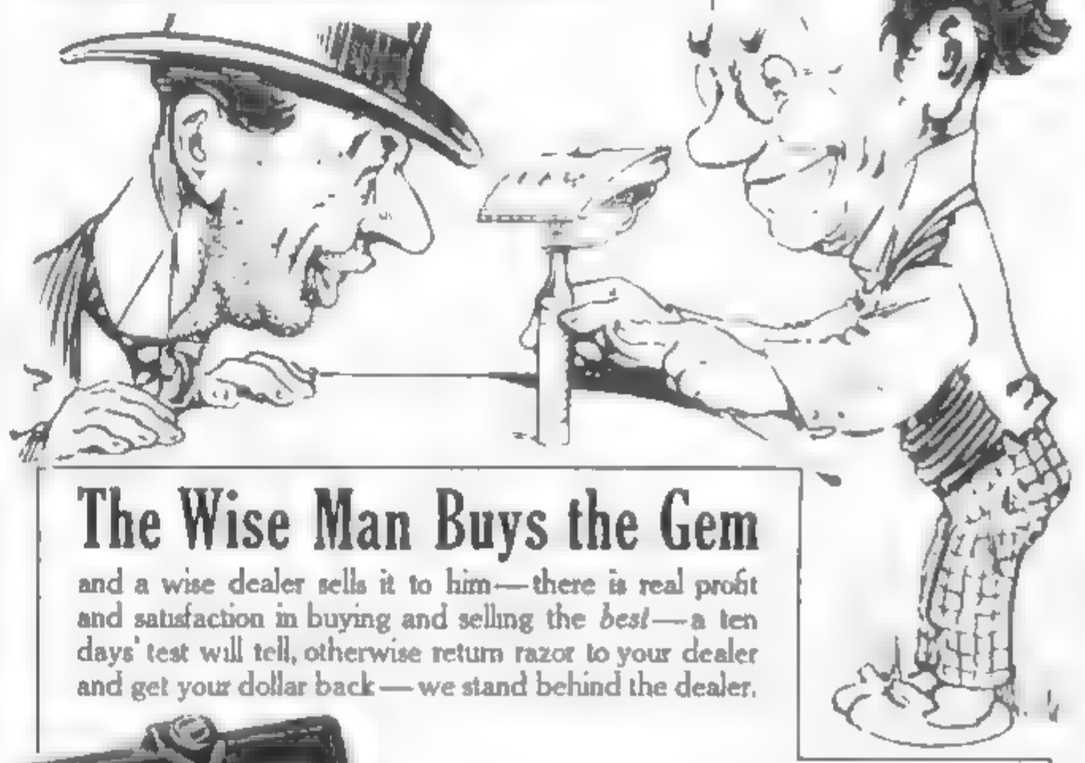

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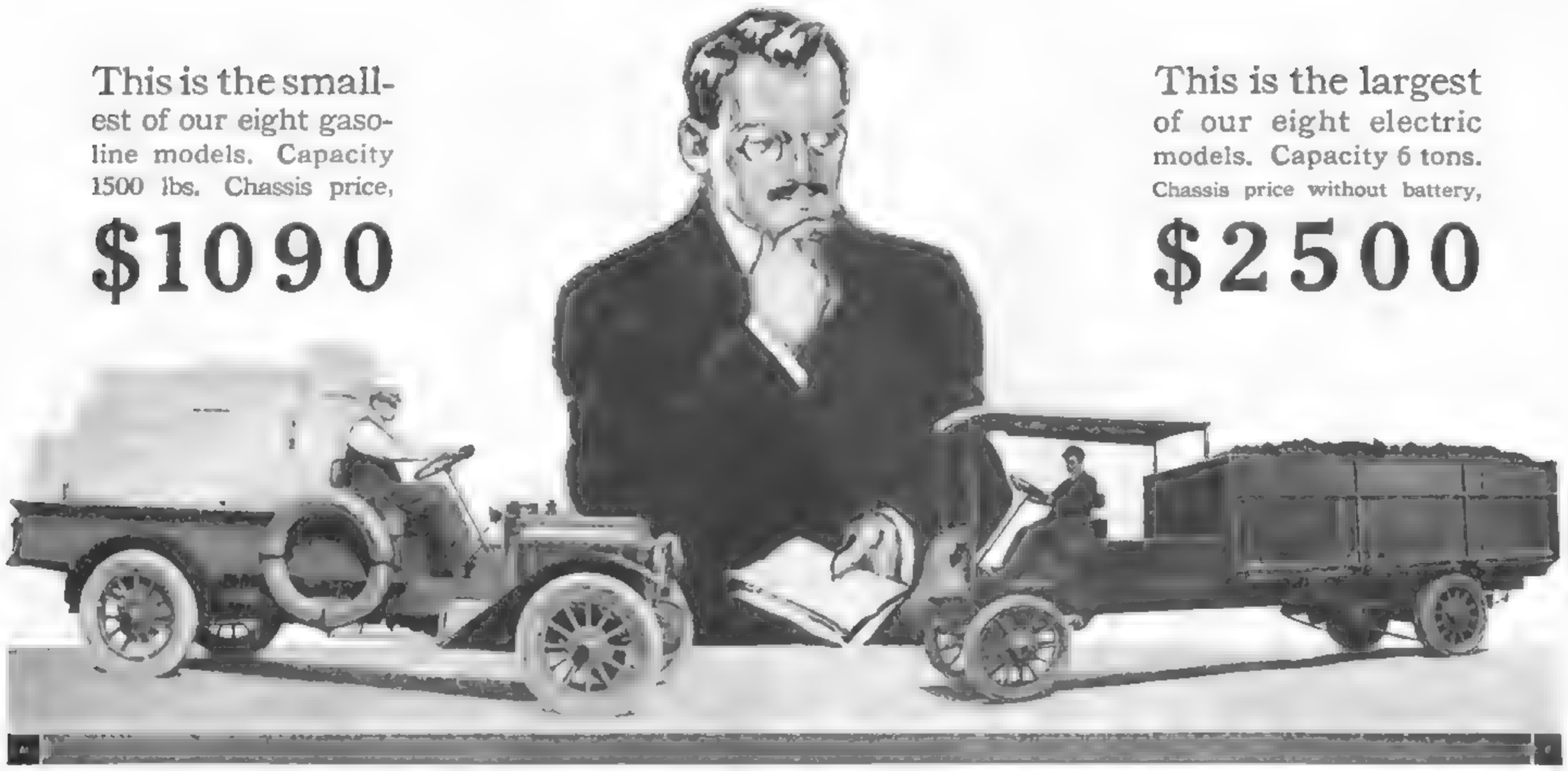

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(Continued from Page 58)

lying impostor. The beauty of the picture would be sustained. The Jermym Collection for the Encouragement of Art would be vindicated. Hesitatingly he put forth his hand to the bell; but he did not ring, for at that moment there was a discreet knock on the door and the chief pensioner insinuated himself into the room with the apologetic announcement that a small beggar child by the name of Lola had come to the house, and he asked the necessary authority to send her away.

"Lola?" repeated Jermym gruffly, threshing about in his memory. "Um ah—yes; Lola!" She had probably come for another fifty-cent piece. How quickly the gift of money makes a beggar! The words "Send her away!" formed themselves on his lips; but by some slip of the tongue he said: "Send her to me!"

"Well, now, what is it you want? Another fifty-cent piece, eh?" he demanded severely as he heard the child's footsteps on the doorsill. "Don't stand behind me. Come round in front of me, where I can see you. Well, now, what is it?"

She stood before him in terror, shuffling one foot behind the other with the motions peculiar to a fly at his ablutions. She was only a ragged child of the street, notwithstanding her face had been scrubbed until it shone like new money; and she was not a particularly engaging personality as she stood there dumbly struggling against tears.

"Well, well! Have you nothing to say?" he scolded.

"My mother, she send me"—the child began, and paused as a child might do who has forgotten a carefully rehearsed message—"she send me —— No; I don't say that. I walk all the way."

"Your mother brought you here to beg—is that it?"

"No; I come alone."

"Then how did you find the way?"

"The milkman he writed it on a piece of paper—the name." A tear ran slowly down her cheek.

"Yes. So you succeeded in finding the house. Good! Now what can I do for you?"

"I am to thank you for the milk. So—if you please—me and the baby say thank you."

"Plenty of it, I hope?" he said in a tone that implied that she had better not ask for more, which tone was due to a certain modesty in respect to his own generosity. Gratitude embarrassed him. "Has it helped the baby? Good! He should be given a chance. And now, my dear, since you have not asked for it, here is another bright silver fifty-cent piece for you."

As she received it something pleaded in her dark eyes; but she murmured only her thanks for the coin. Jermym, conscious of having offended against his principles, made up for it by gruffness:

"You must not expect more. I have no sympathy for beggars."

And having tinkled the bell he instructed the chief pensioner to give the child a bowl of soup, and so dismissed her.

Once more he turned his mind to the picture and the question of sending for Delahaye. Strangely had the matter lost importance; so vital but a moment before, now it failed to hold his attention. He was foolishly concerned with the thought of how many blocks the little girl had trudged to thank him. He could not help relishing the gratitude that had rewarded his generosity, though he told himself that charity was a plain duty deserving no reward.

Indeed, even at the ultimate heavenly reward he had been inclined to look askance, preferring skepticism to faith as a higher virtue; for the righteousness that looks to a reward is no more than a business bargain. Most charity was a wild sort of speculation on the part of heavenly bargain hunters that did much to upset the sound business of self-regeneration. However true this might be, no amount of stern renunciation could rid him of the pleasant thought of the child trudging all those blocks to thank him. But the picture—the picture —— Should he send for Delahaye?

Jermym shuffled unsteadily across the room to where the picture stood against the wainscot. He uncovered it and stood back. For the first time he asked himself definitely whether he himself found the picture beautiful. He had never before placed any value on his own opinion, inasmuch as all Old Masters were to him more or less grotesque. Now, with surprise and a certain annoyance with himself for not having seen it before, he admitted that the picture was beautiful. It had taken on a sudden vitality. The eyes of the Madonna—ah, that was it!—they were the eyes of the little girl, a racial likeness. The painting had acquired a new appeal.

For an instant he seemed to catch some gleam of the ancient painter's inspiration; then abruptly gleam, appeal and beauty were simultaneously snuffed out. He saw only a grotesque representation of a barn, an impossible perspective as a background, filled with anachronism and geographic absurdity; a naked infant, with the face of an adult that reminded him of a fat white grub; a shepherd immodestly clad, whose outstretched palms suggested less his adoration than his concern as to whether it were raining or not—a concern that, taking into consideration the purple robe of the Madonna and the alfresco condition of the stable, was not out of place. But the eyes of the Madonna, the expression of fated sorrow, the hopelessness —— He covered the picture again with a curious reverence.

Jermym did not send for Delahaye; but it was of small consequence that he did not, for the great expert publicly expressed his opinion the next day in a very masterpiece of equivocation, which was the prelude to a controversy, featured in all the newspapers, between a dozen experts, all of whom claimed the honor of having exposed the picture as a fraud. Almost at once, artists and critics, dealers, connoisseurs and dilettantes, fell on the newly discovered Titian without mercy for its wonderful tones of color or its lost art of finish. The results were astonishing, to say the least—one might almost have said incredible, were it not a fact that such things have happened too often before.

Art—bunkum! Oh, the bitterness of lost illusions! The Jermym Collection for the Encouragement of Art had been knocked on the head. The justification of all those years of virtuous industry was gone. Suddenly he felt that Providence had swindled him. Indignantly he cast the morning's newspaper on the floor, raised himself stiffly out of his chair by the grate and donned his rustiest business suit. Very well, then, for Providence; he would continue to make money without justification. Providence should not force him into bankruptcy by thus removing the value of his money. Its value would be, still and ever, that other men prized it—which is precisely the value of many rare and useless things for which men waste their lives in contending.

Not until Jermym was in his limousine, on his way to his office, did he realize that it was the day before Christmas; but there was half a day's business, nevertheless. Once more, in the deep-worn rut, he regained a brief moment of confidence in his own philosophy of life, a confidence that was reflected in the terror on the faces of his clerks as he opened his office door.

"Didn't expect me, eh?" he commented with a critical smile. "Let me see what's been done and what's been left undone."

It was a credit to the discipline of the office that during his absence no clerk had relaxed in his duty. The books were correct to a penny, for which he congratulated himself. Miss Smith, the trusted stenographer, whose years of faithful and unresting service had increased her responsibility out of all proportion to her salary, laid before him a pile of letters, all of which had received attention with the exception of a fair-sized bundle of petitions from charitable institutions, which he himself had the satisfaction of casting into the waste-paper basket.

How they all wanted his money! Even his clerks, those soulless automatons at their high desks—they wanted it. They were worrying, no doubt, about their customary Christmas gifts of five dollars each, which he would be forced to grudge them. Other offices gave fifty and a hundred; but it was not for him, Jermym, to encourage idleness by such reckless bounty.

The clerks in his office were certainly not encouraged to idleness. They were a half-starved lot with weary faces, who had learned to suppress the physical side of their beings until they seemed to exist without the encumbrance of constitutions at all. Not one of them was ever guilty of those dissipations and negligences that were the only causes of illness.

As for overwork, Jermym had never suffered from overwork and could not see why anyone else should.

At the stroke of twelve, with a certain boldness of concerted action, they closed their books, put on their overcoats—those who had them—and wished him a Merry Christmas, as a discreet if not too subtle

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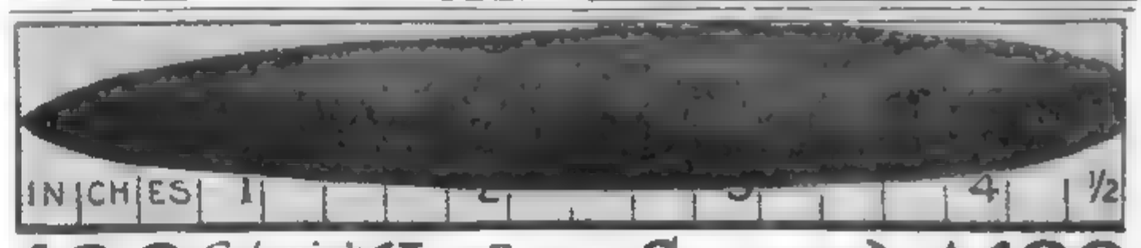

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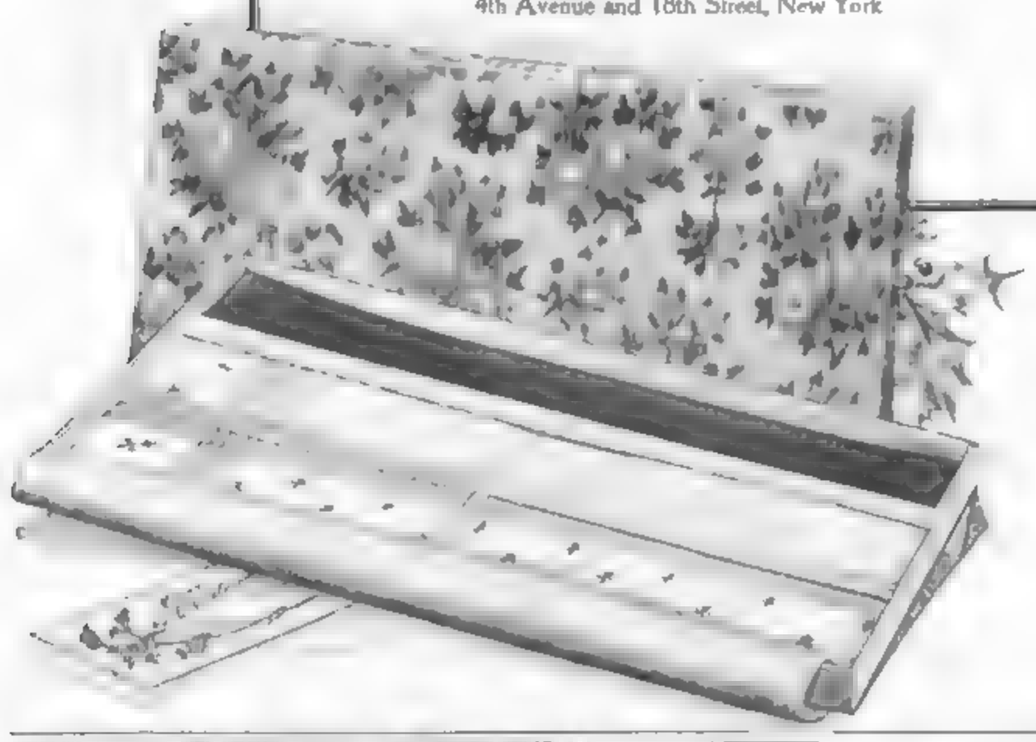

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SEWING TABLE X-105

TEA WAGON X-104

LADIES DESK X-01

CHAIR OR ROCKER X-103

way of demanding a holiday. Their eagerness to be gone troubled him. For him Christmas offered no eagerness. Envy—he scoffed at the idea.

There was Jones, the most starved of them all, who carried a doll cheaply wrapped up under his threadbare arm. A fine example of improvidence! Tut! Tut! He had half a mind to reprove him; and, indeed, he would doubtless have done so in a fine moral manner had he not been inconvenienced at the moment by a lump in his throat.

"Little girl, eh?" he said.

"Yes—yes, s–sir," quavered the clerk.

"Humph!" quoth Jermym gruffly, which was the very odd expression of his desire to say "So have I."

The office of Eliphalet Jermym & Company was the darkest, dingiest set of rooms in the oldest building on the Street. It had a certain distinction in this respect amid the new marble and bronze offices of the private banking houses about it. The dingy woodwork, which in some remote ancestral period had been painted a dingy brown, as though to encourage dinginess; the cashier's desk in the counting room, worn away by the counting of countless coins; the musty piles of financial records, old letters, deeds and business papers, accumulated through years—all these evidences of a past he had lived through, of past ambitions, past toils, past successes, failures, hopes, despair, were infinitely dear to him, down to the quaint old inkstand that had stood on his desk these forty years—he had always viewed them with pride.

Here in this office Jermym had justified his life—or had he not justified it? Had it all been to no purpose—futile virtue that was its own futile reward?

Many another Christmas Eve he had spent alone in this office in satisfied retrospection; but on this Christmas Eve a new spirit had entered into him. Here, where so closely he had garnered his harvests year by year, the voices of the past seemed suddenly to call out to him: "Waste!" Waste of happiness! Waste of love!

The old clock on the wall shook its pendulum angrily at him and clucked Waste! Waste! Waste!—which, by the way, may be taken as the literal translation of the ticktock of clock language that so few of us understand. How many clocks all over the world are preaching their warning, Cassandralike, to unheeding ears!

Jermym rose from his desk, closed and locked it deliberately. He was not the man to listen to the preachings of his own office clock.

Unwelcome thoughts were like unwelcome business customers—to be denied audience if possible. One must maintain a certain dominance over one's thoughts; and this he expressed as he locked his desk.

Christmas Eve! How crowded were the streets through which his closed automobile bore him northward! Everybody was buying presents. From his glazed seclusion he peered forth and muttered: "Hypocrisy!" Hypocrisy, indeed, your Christmas spirit; a perfunctory spirit of barter and exchange that makes of the illusion of friendship a very *reductio ad absurdum*.

He saw it all from the excellently detached plane of friendliness, priding himself on his own well-filled pockets and the freedom from obligations that permitted others to pick them. Money—that was the only true friend. He sank back on the soft upholstery with a sense of luxurious and inviolate ease.

What prison wall is so close as that which we build about our own hearts? What solitary confinement so complete as in the dark dungeon of self? To Jermym the discovery of bunkum in art had been a last stone in the wall of his heart, shutting out the narrow beam of sunlight that had been so glorified with the dancing motes of illusion. He had not the miser's soul; his gold did not glitter for him in darkness. Of all the hypocrites who thronged the streets on this Christmas Eve there was no greater hypocrite than Jermym himself, as he lay back in the luxurious isolation of his automobile and repeated the word Money!

And what is more, Jermym himself knew it. He knew that something between sympathy and envy existed in his heart for Jones, his half-starved clerk, who had gone home with a doll under his threadbare arm. A moisture came into his eye, blurring his vision of the thronging hypocrites on the street. They had suddenly all become Joneses, carrying dolls. He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose loudly. He regretted that he had not reproved Jones.

"Little girl, eh?" he said aloud; and abruptly his sternness became a startled, incredulous chuckle: "Why—why, so have I!"

He rapped excitedly with his gold-headed cane on the window in front of him and shouted:

"Take me to the nearest toy store!"

The chauffeur relaxed his wooden features, as though the words "toy store" had by some magic turned him from an impassive automaton into a human being. Whether or not it was the nearest toy store at which the automobile presently drew up is conjectural, but it was certainly the largest.

A curious sense of his lost youth came over Jermym as he stood in the midst of the toys—toys that he had once coveted, especially the railroad trains on their tin tracks. He owned several railroads now; but

"Yes; I am waiting for somebody to wait on me. I wish to purchase a doll!" The hard tone of his own voice surprised him. Nervously he regarded the vast assortment of dolls and added, with angry impatience: "The most expensive you've got."

It was a rather large box, but the feeling of it beneath his arm more than justified its bulkiness. Once more at the door of his automobile he paused as though he had forgotten an address; and then, taking from his pocket a wallet, he searched and found therein a certain postal card.

"Allen Street, Number 1—1!" he ordered.

All the long way to this new destination he was referring his thoughts back to the lost opportunity when he might have cried: "Little girl, eh? So have I! Just look in that box there!" And clutching the box the closer he considered that, without encouraging improvidence among clerks in general, he might raise Jones' salary on the first of the year; and he was not satisfied until he had entered the exact amount then and there in his notebook.

There was no hypocrisy in Allen Street. The sidewalks were not unduly thronged. No Christmas wares were exhibited on the costers' barrows. There was neither sufficient leisure to encourage a holiday nor sufficient bread to provide a festival. The slums are productive of life disproportionate to the means of sustaining it. What evidence there was of Christmas was on the part of those who held the birth of our Lord in no honor and who saw in this season of generosity and good will an occasion to put up prices.

The rich man, looking forth from his automobile, saw only the invariable façade of tenements. He sat clutching his paper box, lost in dreams of what might have been, curious dreams that glowed softly against the somber background of lonely years.

The automobile moved slowly, paused and, with much changing of gears, jolted in along the sidewalk and stopped. The chauffeur opened the door. Jermym pointed to the alleyway.

"Ask for Lola."

The chauffeur disappeared through the narrow passage leading to the rear tenement, only to return a minute later with the polite suggestion that his master had made some slight mistake. The rear tenement was in course of being demolished.

There flitted through Jermym's memory a vague recollection of the order he had given his lawyers. For once they had been prompt.

"Eh?—ah!" he wheezed. "Be so good as to make inquiries."

Inquiries, however, elicited nothing.

"The milk company!" cried Jermym, still gripping his paper box. "They will doubtless be able to inform me."

The milk company was a long way uptown. The billing clerk came out to the automobile.

"We have just mailed you a notification of the discontinuance of the service, awaiting further orders," he said. This was the sum total of his information.

Still carrying his paper box, Jermym returned to his gloomy old house in Gramercy Park. Only for a moment, as he rang his own front doorbell, did his reflections concerning Number 1—1 Allen Street trouble him. It was bitterly cold there on his doorstep, with a biting wind sweeping across the little open park of bare trees. He went directly to his room, donned his old quilted purple dressing gown and, having settled himself in his chair by the grate, partook of his midday broth.

Christmas Eve! What did it matter to him that it was Christmas Eve, or any

Continued on Page 64

Cadillac
Standard of the World

All argument ends with your first ride in

The Eight-Cylinder Cadillac

The new Cadillac with its V-type Eight-Cylinder Engine is proving an absorbing topic for engineers and experts as well as for the layman.

Technical arguments, vague and beclouded, can of course be advanced for and against any and every type of engine ever produced.

But theoretical speculations in this instance are very short-lived.

There is slight encouragement to argue the pros and cons of a principle when that principle, in the first performance, removes the last, lingering doubt.

That is exactly what occurs in the case of everyone who rides in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac.

All arguments end with the first ride—whether the observer be an engineer or a layman.

The man who rides in the Cadillac for the first time does not need to be told by a technical expert that its Eight-Cylinder Engine is an impressive success.

He knows without being told.

There is no need to consult blueprints or text books.

He has only to consult his own feelings and sensations.

He recognizes the difference just as clearly as he would recognize the difference, for instance, between riding over the ground and riding in the air.

And, compared with previous motor car experiences, riding in the Cadillac is very much like riding in the air.

It is not necessary to point out to him that the Cadillac Eight-Cylinder Engine exhibits a new degree of flexibility.

That is perfectly apparent, even to an amateur in motoring, in the extraordinary ease of acceleration and the astonishing extent to which the Cadillac travels without gear shifting.

He does not need to be told that the car is surpassingly smooth.

He ***feels*** it—precisely as he feels that hills seem to flatten out before this wonderful car.

The engineer can explain to the layman the why and the wherefore of these differences; but the layman can feel just as keenly as can the engineer that a ride in this car is not like any ride either of them has ever taken.

It is the business of the scientific mind to withhold judgment until a principle has been proven.

But Cadillac owners have a pleasant habit of expressing complete confidence in Cadillac promises.

They are chiefly concerned to know ***how much*** and ***how far*** the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac will surpass all that has been said of it in our announcements.

And they have demonstrated the faith that is in them by placing advance orders to an extent which far surpasses all previous records.

That fine spirit of expectation will not be disappointed.

We repeat—for expert and layman, all theorizing will end with the first ride in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac.

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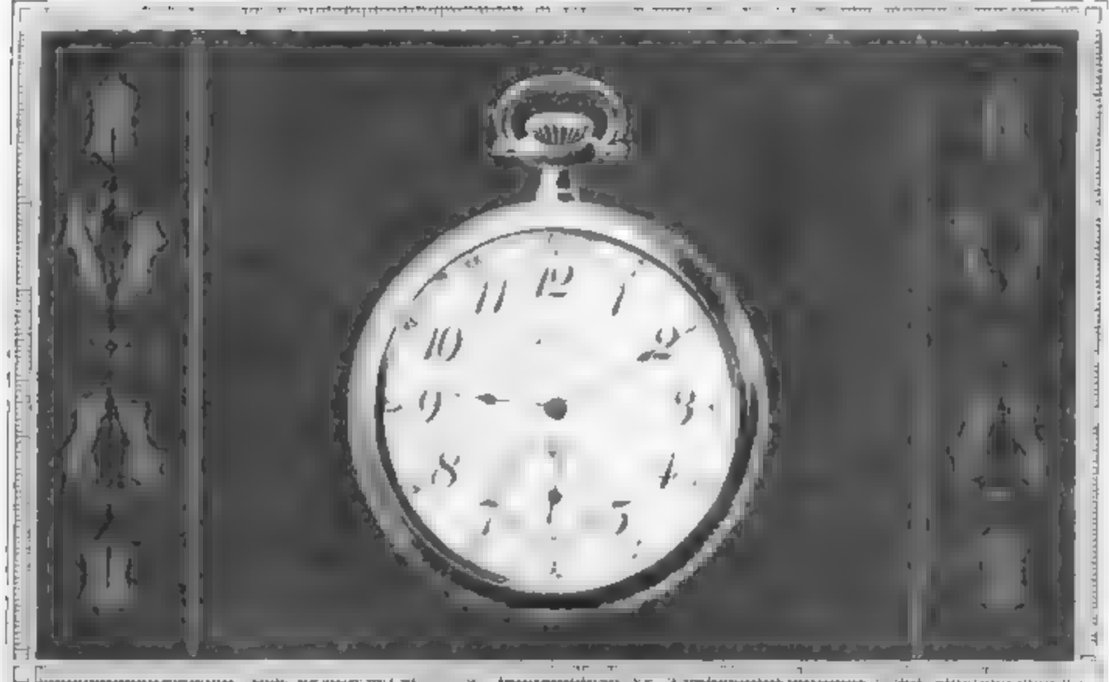

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Your jeweler can also show you Waltham Watches in all fashionable styles for ladies, and what is more, with all Waltham reliability.

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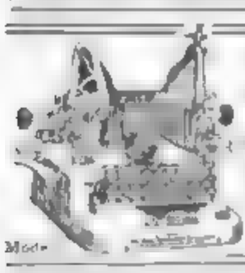

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YOUNG ARTIST EARNED $200.00 IN FOUR DAYS
By making Drawing for Natural Advertiser
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THE MAN'S IDEAL GIFT
FEDERAL Searchlight Shaving Mirror $3.50
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Dealers Wanted

"I used to dread Christmas shopping, but
for two years it has been a simple matter,"
writes a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

INSTEAD of rushing through crowded stores, hoping for inspiration as to what to send as gifts and emerging tired and dissatisfied, with a lot of presents most of which are not wanted, he does it all without leaving his desk.

He simply writes a list of those whom he wants to remember. For each he orders a subscription for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman*, writes a check, mails the letter and the thing is done. And the best thing about it is that the gifts are enthusiastically received.

If you want to be spared the burden of Christmas shopping do as this man does. On Christmas morning each recipient will receive the first copy and in the same mail a beautifully illuminated announcement of the gift bearing your name as the giver.

Send $1.50 for each subscription (in Canada the price of *The Post* is $1.75, *The Journal* $2.00 and *The Country Gentleman* $2.25, except in Toronto, where the price of *The Post* and *The Journal* is $1.50 each.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 62)

other eve? To let the world come too close was to sacrifice one's own comfort—a thing not to be thought of. It was only to involve oneself in a losing business. Look at that box, now! It represented eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents thrown away!

Jermym drew the box to him, opened it and took out the doll. The most expensive his money could buy—eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents! He turned it this way and that, with a whimsical smile at his own folly. The key of a child's heart! He laid it back in the box and took out several articles of the doll's wardrobe, very daintily made, with all the little buttons and frills of lace and ribbons that real children wore. He studied them curiously, with a little dreamy smile; and then suddenly, abruptly returned them to the box and cleared his throat noisily.

Some poignant sorrow took possession of him—the sorrow of the mother whose heart is in the coffin of her child and whose hands can fondle only the empty garments. But he had had no child, that he should sorrow. Moreover, he knew that children were a care and responsibility; they represented a large capital investment of love, the interest of which was generally paid in pain; they were less a justification for a man's life than a source of ingratitude.

Yes, yes, he had seen that too often! Still, his sorrow clung to him, an impalpable regret. The opportunity of giving, of sacrifice, had been denied him, whether he would or not. Whether he would or not that was the high-handedness of Fate. He cried "Tut! Tut!" to his annoyance. Had it been left to his choice

He sent to the Tuberculosis Society. Perhaps they might know something of the child's whereabouts. A most diplomatic inquiry it was, that would not involve him in obligations. Nevertheless, the secretary of the society saw fit to give the matter his personal and immediate attention—that is to say, he called at once on his wealthy inquirer.

He was an intense young man, slightly aggressive in the matter of opportunities. He brought with him a card from a card catalogue:

"Case Number 11,436. Recommendation Board of Health. Breschi, Mrs. Antonia. Allen Street, 1—1. Advanced. Two children. Refused aid." The date was recent.

"I regret that this is our only record," said the secretary. "I fear that such cases reflect on the intentions of the society. Too often we are forced to enter the words, 'Refused aid.' I am glad, however, that you have called on us in this case, Mr. Jermym, as a proof of your interest in a charitable work that ——"

"I am not interested," interrupted Jermym shortly. "Where there is no gratitude charity is sterile. I am not interested in forcing benefits on those who will not receive them. Tut! Tut! A fine charity! A legal broom is what is needed to sweep up the filth; and a legal broomstick for the heads of the makers of filth. Law and order—why not law and cleanliness, sir?"

"That, of course, is the ideal and impossible method of approaching the matter—the old helpless waging of civic pride against municipal politics," replied the secretary, nettled. "One of our first needs is a simple statutory enactment permitting us to deal with refractory cases. I am glad you sympathize with us so far. But that is not our first need, sir. Gratitude, sir? What are the benefits we have to offer—benefits that would induce a dying mother to give up her children to the care of strangers? Indeed, what provision are we able to make for the tuberculous sick? Throughout this great country the provision is but one bed for eight cases. Whereas, in this city we cannot so much as concern ourselves at all with advanced cases. And where there are children it is a painful blessing that we confer when we separate parent and child; indeed, sir, one for which we can scarce expect to exact gratitude."

"Very good! Very good!" quoth Jermym. "I have, however, not asked your society to perform anything. I have asked only for word of this child. I am sorry to have troubled you, sir."

The expression on the secretary's face went through a series of transitions.

"There are a thousand-and-one other children that I can tell you about," he began.

"I am not interested."

The secretary took his hat, flushed, and laid it by again.

"Mr. Jermym," he said, "no man is interested in a thing he knows nothing about—unless it be art."

"Eh?"

"You are a collector of Old Masters, I believe?"

"I am."

"Does it ever occur to you, sir, what the price you pay for a few square feet of paint and canvas might represent in lives saved?"

"Tut! Tut!" cried Jermym. "Why save lives? Why encourage the unfit to survive?"

"And the children?" returned the secretary quietly, folding his arms. "Is this child, Lola, worth less than one—than all your canvases together?"

"Eh? Ah!" queried Jermym, with a pretense of not having caught the other's words exactly. "Are you asking me to subscribe?"

"I am asking you to look at the matter fairly, sir. It is your interest only that I ask."

"As a means to pick my pocket, sir. My interest—that is another way of saying my money." The lines of the rich man's face hardened. "I am taxed, am I not? Tut! Tut! The city forces me to provide for the improvident that the improvident may breed and multiply out of all number to the taxed. That is the charity of giving to darkness. Mine is the charity of light, of beauty." And pausing he gave a wheezy laugh. "You may hear of it some day—The Jermym Collection for the Encouragement of Art."

"Sickness is not a synonym for improvidence," came the secretary's thoughtful reply; "though their results may be equivalent. And as for improvidence, the poor we must have always with us so long as wealth remains a comparative state, as you will admit, sir, unless you are an advocate of communism, of course." His smile betrayed a certain sarcasm. "And then, your charity of light, of beauty! Your ideal shows you a Sunday populace flocking to the art galleries—yes; because there are no moving-picture shows on Sunday. Oh! I know all the cant and hypocrisy of collecting! It is only another form of souvenir hunting. Our American intelligence sometimes graduates from chipping monuments to collecting old pictures. Pah!" He seemed to spit out the ejaculation with disgust. "Of course these collections are eventually given to the city. Of what other earthly use are they? What a travesty of giving!"

"Eh?" murmured Jermym, looking up from the grate. "The city requires, perhaps, a new sewer? A more exigent requirement, perhaps."

"I am still speaking of light and beauty," retorted the secretary almost fiercely, "your ideal and mine."

"Yours?"

The secretary paused again, with a sudden self-restraint; he cast his eyes ceilingward and crumpled his hat to his breast

"Mine—yes. A thousand or more acres somewhere, not too far from the city open, sunny fields of daisies, where children may romp and grow strong; and a great house on a hill that would be halfway to heaven for those who looked from its windows."

"Sanitarium, eh?"

"Not a poorhouse!"

"You have a utilitarian sense of beauty, sir," quoth Jermym, with a curious dreamy abstraction that ill fitted the remark. "How many acres did you say—a thousand, eh? Not too far from the city—good pasture land too—with a great house on a hill. Anything more, sir? You haven't forgotten anything? You wouldn't like a fence round it, now?"

The secretary seemed suddenly crushed.

"It would not be impossible to raise the sum if everybody contributed," he said at last, with a bitterness undisguised. "If it could be raised all at once—that is. Current expenses, however, devour everything. Discouraging, sir." He took a backward step toward the door. "You will pardon, I hope, my having spoken so—so strongly." He laid his hand on the doorknob. "Should we obtain any word of the child we will notify you at once. Good afternoon, sir."

The doctor noticed the change and shook his head in his best professional manner.

"You should have consulted me before going to your office. Let us hope it is no more than a cold on the chest."

To the chief pensioner he added many serious expressions of alarm:

"Overtaxed strength—very dangerous. We must keep him quiet—in bed, if possible

Low pulse; possible nervous collapse. He shows unmistakable signs of—of going down."

Jermym betrayed no inclination to rise from his bed. He lay with lips compressed in a hard, uncompromising line. A fine old four-poster bed it was, that had been his wife's—a distinctive possession, he might have remembered. So tightly were the windows closed to keep out the frosty air that he could scarcely hear the Christmas bells. They sounded muffled and distant, more like memories than real bells. In this ghostly aspect they troubled him; but to have opened the window would have been to compromise. He was not afraid of the ghosts of the past.

And the half-darkened room was full of them—these ghosts of the past, whimpering and complaining, and shivering with a sort of spiritual cold. But there was one ghost that sat apart from the rest, the ghost of a little child—of a little child who had never been born. It sat across the room on top of a big paper box, with its knees drawn up, quite as a child might have sat on the step of a stair. And there it sat and regarded him with the resigned and hopeless eyes of a child who had never been born, and who could never, therefore, have half a chance.

Against the ghosts of the past the rich man hardened his heart. What right had they to complain? Years of industrious husbandry and fat harvests—what claim had they to be admitted to sympathy? Indignantly he challenged them. But with the ghost of the child who had never been born it was a different matter. One can only regret, one can scarcely resent, that which has never been. All day its eyes regarded him pitifully; not pleading for sympatny, but rather with the infinite pathos of those who expect nothing, whose lives are resigned to hopelessness from the beginning, without vision or star—who have never had a chance.

And suddenly, even as the light of Christmas Day began to wane, it came over Jermym all at once—his industrious and lonely youth; the loveless illusion of his marriage; the barren righteousness of his advancing years—he, too, had never had a chance! And as suddenly as the thought had come to him he burst into tears and wept over himself, sobbing like a disappointed child. Indeed, they were the first tears he had shed since his childhood.

For some minutes he was as miserable as might be; but his practiced sternness in regard to his emotions speedily rescued him. He blew his nose loudly, got up out of bed and turned on the light.

"Nerves!" he was constrained to mutter, though the admission was contrary to his convictions on the existence of such things. They were what came of lying abed. Tut! Tut! Perhaps it had all been but a species of nightmare—*equus nocturnus* the doctor would probably call it.

He threw open the window, letting in the sharp air and the noisy clamor of Christmas bells, ringing now for evensong. The air was like a scourge, giving strength to the spirit, driving the whimpering ghosts of the past pell-mell from his brain.

He would dress and go to church. Had it not been for the doctor he would have attended the morning service. Jermym was a regular churchgoer, bending himself stuffily in his pew before his Maker. He had always held church attendance to be an excellent and commendable habit, consistent with the dignity and respect of a man of his own financial position. He felt that his presence there in his pew was not only an example to his weaker brother but a distinct compliment to the Almighty. He always came away strengthened.

Now he closed the window and went shivering about his dressing. He had proceeded in this to the very knotting of his necktie when it seemed that his strength gave out. A bit dizzy and short of breath he sank into his chair by the fire. He told himself that it would be well to rest a few minutes, otherwise he would be early for service; but when a few minutes had passed and he vainly endeavored to get on his feet again, he told himself that he was already too late for service. So he remained in his chair; and slowly once more the ghosts he had sought to escape came gibbering about him.

Christmas Night; a paper box as big as a child's coffin; an old man shivering alone by the grate; ghosts—this is the *mise en scène* on which now there broke in the excited voices of several persons behind the closed door, followed by the discreet knock of the chief pensioner and the excited intrusion of the secretary of the Tuberculosis Society.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the secretary in the most jovial Christmas voice, "I found her; and here she is to wish you a Merry Christmas!" And, sure enough, there she was—Lola, clinging to the secretary's hand.

"I—I am obliged to you, sir," declared Jermym unsteadily. "I trust I have not put you to a great deal of trouble."

"Never mind about that. Here she is! Thought I'd never find her; but I did—not fifteen minutes ago."

"I am obliged to you," repeated Jermym. "Come here, my dear, and wish me a Merry Christmas."

She went to him, but stood mute. As though sensing a shyness in her attitude he put forth an encouraging hand toward her and received a shock, the like of which he had never received before in his life when she unhesitatingly laid hers in it. And there it lay trustingly while he drew her little ragged person close to his chair.

"Why, bless me, how cold your hand is! Why haven't you any mittens? Here, here; warm your hands at the fire."

She responded to this advice with a little cry of eagerness that seemed to embarrass him concerning the paper box which stood on the floor beside him, and with a quick, surreptitious motion of the poker he thrust the box behind his chair, out of sight.

"Sir," he said to the secretary in a troubled voice, "I remember now that there was another child—a crippled boy."

"There were many children in the building," replied the secretary grimly. "I couldn't say how many."

"Sit down, sir," said Jermym, nervously touching the bell on the table beside him. "Christmas Day, sir. You will take a glass of wine with me."

"It is very kind of you ——" began the secretary, with evident embarrassment; and jerking out his watch he glanced toward the child. "It is because of Lola that I am here, and—and the minutes are few. If you have anything to say to her ——" He paused. "You will, perhaps, wonder at my haste. There is much to be done, now that we have found her. Her mother is in the hospital—a very sad privilege, sir." He paused again, with a second glance at the child, who crouched close to the fire. "You were eager to have word of her—for what reason I do not know. You are interested in the child, and so I have been at great pains to find her, in the hope that ——" Here he broke off entirely, as though the fixing of his hopes were altogether beyond him.

"You refer to my obligation to you for having found the child," said Jermym, with a sudden hardness in his voice. "I am indeed obliged to you, sir. Will you take a glass of wine with me?"

The secretary flushed.

"Thank you—er—thank you! Christmas Day—of course!"

Jermym nodded the order to the chief pensioner, who had answered his bell.

"But you had some reason for wishing that I should find the child," pursued the secretary.

"Indeed, sir," quoth Jermym solemnly, "I should not have troubled you had I not desired that she should receive her proper share of this great city's charity."

The secretary's jaw fell open at these words and closed again with a snap.

"We shall endeavor to do by her justly, sir," he said. "I had hoped that you would see your own duty in this respect to charity as clearly as you have seen ours."

"Eh? My duty?"

"I had hoped, at least, that through this child I might touch your heart—if you have a heart."

"Come, now!" declared Jermym with righteous severity. "No hypocrisy, sir! You mean that you hoped to reach my pocket." He rubbed his dry palms together. "You hoped to catch my reason off guard in a moment of sentiment. Would it not have been more just and proper to have appealed to my better judgment?"

"Good God!" cried the secretary, taken aback by the strangeness of the charge. "I attempted that yesterday."

"Yesterday, sir, you attempted to deprive me of the one purpose and happiness in my life. Is there no charity toward the rich at Christmastide?"

All the impatience—not to say anger—faded suddenly from the secretary's face. It was as though he had a lightning insight into the rich man's soul, showing him infinitudes yet to be comprehended.

The gift for the one you wish to please the most

A PREMO

The gift that matches the very spirit of Christmas—that will be used to preserve all the fun and merriment of the day.

Light, compact, the simplest of all cameras to load and operate, a Premo will be welcomed alike by a boy or girl, a man or woman of any age, for anyone can make good pictures with a Premo from the start, without any previous experience.

There are forty different styles and sizes of Premos to choose from, ranging in price from $1.50 to over $100.00. Ask your dealer for the Premo catalog, or write us and it will be gladly mailed to you free of expense.

Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

FORD STARTER $14

If you drive a Ford, Maxwell, Saxon or Cyclecar throw away your crank and start from the seat with a

Sandbo Two-Compression Starter

Easily operated. Fits all Fords. New Price $14. Write for booklet.

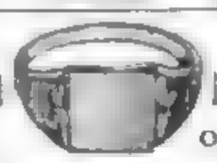
SANDBO STARTER CO
29 Sandbo Bldg. Rock Island, Ill.

Agents Dealers Wanted

The BEST LIGHT

A brilliant cheap portable light. Used in every country on the globe. Makes and burns its own gas. Gives no shadows. Gives 300 candle Power. Fully Guaranteed. Write for catalog. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
525 E. 5th St., Canton, O.



Over 6 000 Styles

Stone Set Rings, Signets, Bands and Emblem Wedding Rings, Diamond Mountings

The Signet for a Man

One of the most popular of gifts—showing *value*, chaste design and correct style and finish.

In every part of the country, your safeguard in purchasing is the O-B trade-mark. Your fine jeweler anywhere is glad to point out the O-B mark when he sells you a ring.

"Plump" quality—standards as rigid as those of the British Assay Office itself, have made the O-B rings the consistent choice of critics.

Send for the *O-B Ring Book*—the book of ring fashions. Your name on a postcard brings it free.

Ostby & Barton Co., Providence, R. I.
Largest Manufacturers of Rings in the World

Address Dept. E.

O-B RINGS

"Macka-Knit" a Chummy Name for Patrick DULUTH Macka-Knit Sweaters

Put on your Bigger Than Weather Macka Knit Sweater and spend a few hot time with it out of doors. It will soon be your best chum and you will be calling it by its first name—"Macka-Knit." Patrick Macka-Knit Yarn is made from Northern wool, exclusive cold and dampness.

Of course you know Patrick Duluth Mackinaws everyone calls them "patricks"—the standard of the world.

Well, Patrick Macka-Knits are just the same sort in wool quality and individuality.

Sold at Best Stores

Look for the famous Patrick-Duluth Label

Write for FREE Mackinaw Book illustrating all the Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Products

Send for FREE Gift—Picture Post Cards in colors, "Adventures of the 'Bigger Than Weather Boys.'" Paintings and verse by the famous Peter Newell.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILL
116 Commerce St. Duluth, Minn.

Gifts Men Like

FOUR Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold unbreakable Collar Buttons in a handsome Christmas box—$1.00.

Two Krementz one-piece-bean-and-post Cuff Buttons and two Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold Collar Buttons, in an attractive holiday box—$2.50.

A pair of Krementz Cuff Buttons built with the famous Krementz one-piece-bean-and-post. Choice of a wide variety of exclusive designs; plain, engine-turned or engraved. In a beautiful gift box—$3.00.

Krementz

Krementz Backon Studs, Vest Buttons and Cuff Links for evening wear make an ideal Christmas gift for the careful dresser. Note in the illustrations below how the Krementz Backon Clutch "goes in like a needle and holds like an anchor." Sold in sets or separately. Price per set in presentation case—$5.25 and $6.50.

Remember, the name Krementz stamped on these goods guarantees:

"If unsatisfactory from ANY cause, they will be replaced FREE."

The better jewelry stores and haberdasheries sell these guaranteed Krementz Gift Sets. Solid Gold and Platinum Dress Sets sold at select jewelry stores only.

If your dealer hasn't received his Christmas stock order direct from us, enclosing price. We will deliver to you, or to any address you desire, packed in Christmas boxes, daintily tied with ribbon and enclosing your personal card.

Krementz & Company
36 Chestnut St. Newark, N.J.

Freeman's Face Powder

[illegible] the price, your dealer will refund your money.

Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 77, Cincinnati, O

25c
Write for Samples

A Convenient Gift

Every man and woman will welcome an ornamental desk and paper weight thermometer for the office or home. Our

Tycos Desk Thermometer

[illegible] Most dealers sell *Tycos* Desk Thermometers. Go to your dealer first. If he does not have them or will not order for you, send us his name and $[illegible] and we will send you one. When ordering state "Health and Comfort" on request.

Taylor Instrument Companies 210 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
There's a *Tycos* Thermometer for Every Purpose

"Little Guard"
***the new* Torrey**

gives a quick, smooth, clean shave.

[illegible]

$2

Like all **Torrey** razors, this new safety has the perfect shaving edge. Held like any other *real* razor—it's two thirds size. Has reversible safety guard. If your dealer hasn't Torrey razors, write us and we tell you where to get them. Ask for free Booklet, "How to Shave."

The new Torrey Honing Strop has no equal.

THE J. R. TORREY RAZOR COMPANY
Worcester, Mass.

[illegible] lamps, $1.75. Batteries for battery outfit 75c extra. Approved by insurance companies, used by churches, schools, institutions. No restrictions to number used.

[illegible] Co. 19 East 17th St. N.Y.

"I pity you, sir, if you find no charity for yourself in being able to give," he said, as though the words were a final judgment.

"Give!" repeated Jermym, unwilling to drop the argument at a moment of vantage. "What was it you wanted of me yesterday, eh? A thousand or more acres, not too far from the city; good pasture land too; with a great house on a hill ——"

"No, no; you misunderstand me!" ejaculated the secretary. "I was not asking any such contribution from you."

"Tut! Tut! If you will kindly hand me that tin box, sir ——" He pointed beneath the bed.

"Sir ——" began the secretary indignantly, folding his arms.

"Under the bed there—that tin box," interrupted Jermym in a peremptory tone that brooked no delay. "That old tin box—do you see it?"

The secretary swallowed his indignation and got down on his knees to reach for the box.

"Lola!" said Jermym. The child sprang up from before the grate. "Let me see whether you can find another box—a large pasteboard box. And do me the favor of of emptying it for me. And mind that you do not interrupt me for the next ten minutes."

He pulled out the key that tinkled on the end of his watch-chain.

"And now, sir," he continued, glaring at the secretary, from whom he received the old tin box, "you did not say, sir, that you would require a fence about the property"

"Sir ——" began the secretary again, folding his arms once more and determined this time to relieve his wrath in plain words.

"There is, however, a fence. Miles of high stone wall, sir." Here the tin box opened with a rusty creak.

The secretary's anger hung fire, like a badly primed powder blast.

"You don't mean ——" He faltered, his eyes falling on a bundle of deeds, which were the principal contents of the box. "You don't ——"

"Mean it, sir! I imagine I mean what I say, sir! With broken glass along the top to keep trespassers from climbing over it—a wonderful fence, sir, that cost a good deal to build. . . . Hey? Ha? What is it? Didn't I tell you not to interrupt me for ten minutes?"

These last words were addressed to the child, who had been no great length of time in finding the box or in emptying it, either; and who was now drawn, doll and all, into the speaker's arms.

The secretary was, to say the least of his condition, speechless. The child, also, was in a voiceless ecstasy of wonder. And so it devolved on the rich man to continue speaking, which he did, a curious huskiness overlying the severity of his tone.

"Well, now; and very important business you've interrupted—important business, indeed; having to do with a nursery for that pretty doll of yours. Yes, a nursery, with a great chimney that Santa Claus will come down every Christmas. . . . It shall be endowed, sir." Here he addressed himself again to the secretary. "And there shall be fields, too, where children may romp and grow strong, and where flowers grow and are not made, sir. And—and and here is the wine. Why, what is this? Milk? Did I order milk?"

"I took the liberty, sir," said the chief pensioner, setting down the tray, on which a tall glass of milk stood conspicuous among the wineglasses. "I thought perhaps the little girl ——"

"John," said his master, "will you do me the honor of filling a glass of wine for yourself?" He turned to the secretary. "And now, sir, for the toast—I give you Beauty!"

The clock has advanced an hour or so. Let that be thoroughly understood, for our scene has apparently relapsed. Again Jermym sits alone behind his closed door, bending to the light of the coals in the grate the same hard-lined countenance he has worn these many years. He has sent for Mr. Scrumley, the agent, and is waiting. At last voices are heard in the hall. He has come. Good! Excellent!

"Come in, Mr. Scrumley."

The door of the sick man's room received Mr. Scrumley, but did not close on him; for it happened that Mr. Scrumley inadvertently left the door open.

"If you will first close the door ——" shivered Jermym.

"Close the door? Too late now, Mr. Jermym. He-he-he!" replied the agent, nevertheless closing it. "No use to close the stable door once the cat's out of the bag, as the proverb has it. He-he! What price for the picture now, Mr. Jermym?"

"Not for sale!"

"Well, now, I guess not. But you had 'em all going for a while there, Mr. Jermym. You could have got your price—as I know it, sir. Half a million—perhaps more. He-he! But there's no use losing heart about it, Mr. Jermym. We'll get something for it yet."

"The picture is not for sale," repeated Jermym. "Not at any figure—as I once told you, sir. The world has something yet to learn about the pricelessness of pictures." His thin lips were compressed into a vengeful smile. "It is a very different business on which I have sent for you. This day week, Mr. Scrumley, you are commissioned to offer, with the single exception of the picture to which you have alluded, my entire collection at public auction."

The little rat-faced agent gasped with astonishment.

"Why, now, Mr. Jermym! At public auction? Good Lord, now, you don't mean it, Mr. Jermym! This day week! It can't be done! He-he! Impossible!"

"You have ten seconds, Mr. Scrumley, in which to accept or decline the commission"

"Why, now, anythin' you wish done, of course, Mr. Jermym. The whole collection? Yes, indeed, sir. This day week. The whole ——"

"The whole collection—with one exception, sir."

The agent here screwed up his face into a sort of general wink.

"Why, now, as I was saying, Mr. Jermym, there's no use despairing. Genuine—who said it wasn't genuine? I'd like to see their proof that the picture ain't genuine. We might get somethin' for it yet, Mr. Jermym. As I was saying again, a bold front—hold-offish. He-he! You've got the right idea. You won't sell—of course not! He-he! And what proof have they that the picture ain't genuine?"

"They shall have their proof," replied Jermym, his voice quavering on the words; "but they shall not have the picture, Mr. Scrumley. It is not for sale. That, I think, concludes our business. Good-night, sir."

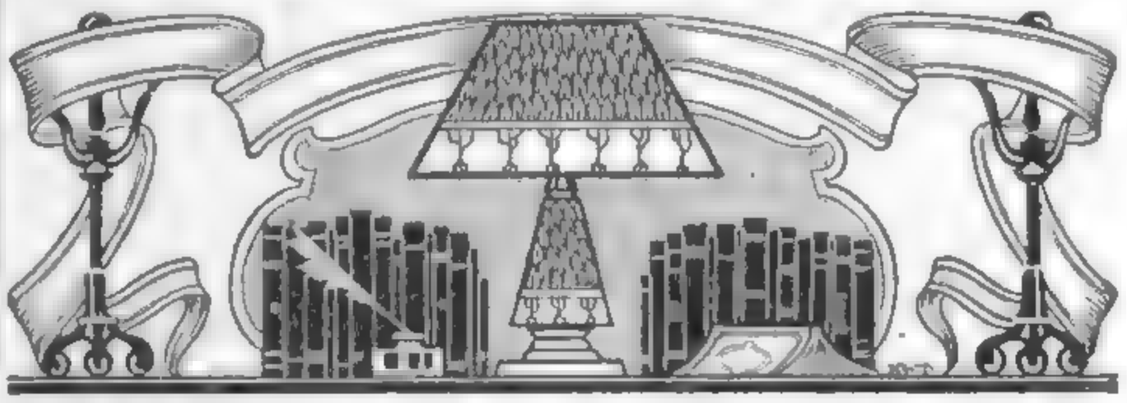
Mr. Scrumley was gone. The hour was growing late. Jermym raised himself out of his chair and, drawing his old, quilted purple dressing gown closer, went out of his room and carefully descended the stairs. He made his way through the darkened parlor to the gallery.

A touch of an electric switch illuminated the walls, from which Saints and Madonnas looked down on him now, with what sensations in their painted bosoms who shall ever know?

He locked the door deliberately behind him and approached a single picture, standing on an easel in the middle of the room the newly acquired Titian.

Jermym paused for a moment before it—this picture that had proved itself priceless in two opposite senses of the word.

"It is on the canvas behind the face of the Madonna," he muttered; and smilingly he took from his pocket a small penknife and quietly opened the blade.



FRANKLIN SIX-THIRTY

More Than Coincidence

It is more than coincidence that one car—the Franklin—should demonstrate its preëminence in the five most significant factors in automobile efficiency, namely, (1) 32.8 miles on one gallon of gasoline, (2) 100 miles on low gear, (3) 8000 miles average per set of tires, (4) 400 to 900 miles per gallon of oil, (5) 84.4% power *delivered*.

The Franklin is able to perform these feats, demonstrating unequalled economy and efficiency, because of certain features peculiar to Franklin design, which it combines exclusively.

These features are:

1. Light weight, obtained by scientific design, direct-air-cooling, wood frame, aluminum body and parts.
2. Large tires, correctly proportioned for size to give reliability.
3. Flexibility, obtained by full elliptic springs, wood frame, absence of strut rods.
4. Direct-air-cooling—nothing to freeze or look after at any season.

Here are the specifications and details of construction.

The motor of the Franklin is more than a motor in the ordinary sense, because it comprises within itself a cooling system; no radiator or piping—simply a suction-fan flywheel and flanged cylinders. This direct-air-cooling system not only reduces car weight, but also explains much of the efficiency of the Franklin. The six cylinders are small—3⅝" bore—and the valves in the head give small combustion chambers. Both of these features result in greater economy with great power.

High efficiency tires. 34 x 4½". The Goodrich Silvertown Cord and Goodyear Power Saver Tires absorb a minimum of energy. Their great size in proportion to the car weight results in actual tire reliability.

Full elliptic springs are used both front and rear, giving the greatest riding comfort. They are of chrome silico-manganese steel, produced in electric furnaces—the purest, finest spring steel made.

The wood frame is of second-growth ash three ply—more costly than steel, but lighter and more resilient. It absorbs road shocks before they reach the body. It performs the same function for the automobile that the wood handle does for a hammer.

Aluminum body and parts are used throughout, to ensure light weight and avoid rust, at every point where stress and load will permit this material—engine base, hood, oil pan, carburetor, front gear case cover, hot-air jacket for carburetor supply, transmission case, transmission cover, rear axle housing, etc.

The rear axle is semi-floating type, strong and light—the lighter the axle the greater the tire economy and comfort. Nickel steel tubes are used on the rear axle with an aluminum central housing. The skew bevel gears of nickel steel make quiet operation. Roller bearings are used throughout the axle.

The starting system is a combined unit of both starting and lighting. You throw on the switch to start the engine and throw it off to stop it. There are no automatic relays, overrunning clutches or sliding gears. Starting is accomplished without noise and the motor cannot stall.

The ignition is by Eisemann high-tension magneto, governor controlled. This system eliminates spark control on the steering post, and gives at all times that exact location of the spark which insures best operation.

The oiling system is of the re-circulating force feed type. Oil is forced through the main bearings, then through the hollow crank shaft, and sprayed on the cylinder walls and other parts. Oil adjustment control is on the dash.

The steering device has reversible action, which reduces road shocks and permits unusually easy control. The car adjusts itself to irregularities and takes direction after turning corners with little effort from the operator. Steering wheel at left side; center control.

The crank shaft is large and has seven long bearings, insuring smooth operation.

The driving system from clutch to rear axle is light and strong, of the best material and, where desirable, heat treated.

The clutch, multiple disc phosphor bronze plates against steel, operating in oil.

The transmission. Three-speed forward and one reverse, selective type. The gears are of electric furnace nickel steel, glass hard and heat treated. They will never show wear.

The universal joints and Cardan shaft are of alloy steels, chrome vanadium and nickel, nearly all electric furnace material.

The wheels. Quick detachable rims are used to give lightness and simplicity. Wheelbase 120"; tread 56".

The body is of sheet aluminum. It is light weight and cannot rust. There are five body styles, three of the enclosed type. The latter have double ventilation control.

The top is a Golde one-man top of "Never-Leek" material, with curtains operated from the inside.

The glass front is two-piece, built permanently on the cowl of the body.

The sloping hood is of aluminum, which cannot rust.

The lighting is electric—reflector headlights, dimmers, tail light and extension trouble light.

The brakes include a powerful foot service brake, and rapid acting emergency brakes, both of the contracting type.

Equipment is full and complete. Electric horn, Warner Speedometer, Willard storage battery, Hartford power tire pump, and all tools.

The Significance of Franklin Design

Direct-air-cooling means no leakage, no radiator trouble, free operation in the coldest weather, on the hottest days, under the most severe conditions, without freezing or overheating. In the recent nation-wide demonstration, 116 stock Franklin cars ran 100 miles each, *all the way on low gear*, without stopping the engines, proving that direct-air-cooling is the superior system.

Franklin direct-air-cooling and light weight make possible the economy in the use of gasoline for which the car is noted. In the National Economy Test of May 1, 94 stock Franklin cars in 94 parts of the country averaged 32.8 miles each on one gallon of gasoline.

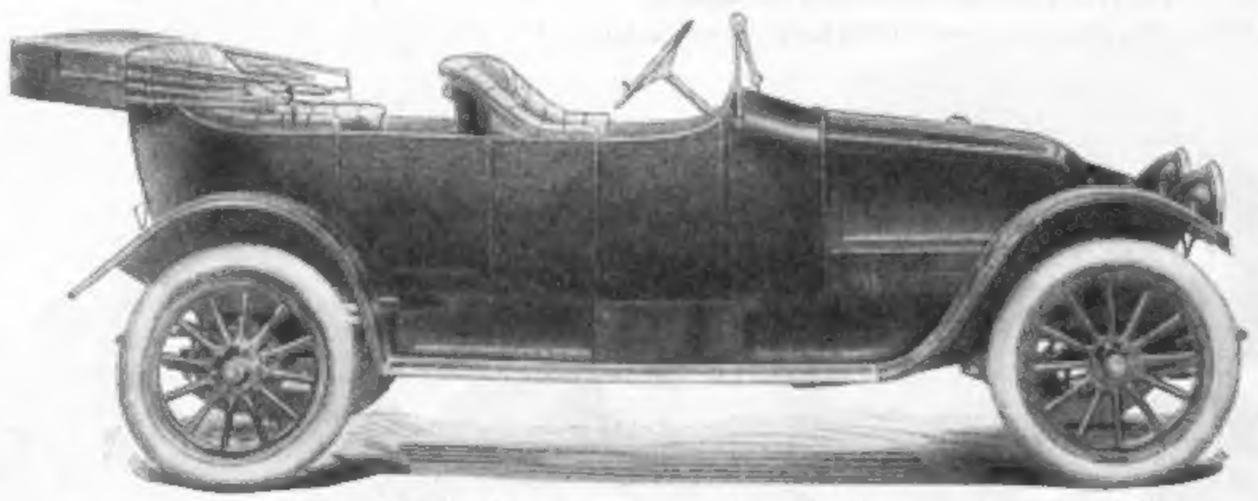
Franklin flexible construction and light weight, together with the large tires, result in freedom from continual tire trouble and tire expense. Records compiled from the experience of Franklin owners over a period of four years show an average of more than 8000 miles per set of tires.

A recent test at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute proved that the Franklin delivers in the form of motion 84.4% of the power generated by the engine, requiring only 15.6% to overcome friction in all driving parts and the tires. Most cars lose more than 15% in the friction in the tires alone.

The entire method of building the car—the use of aluminum, large tires, wood frame, the best ignition, and more particularly the flexibility of the car—resilient and not jarring—explains the long life of the Franklin and the minimum upkeep cost, to which every Franklin owner will testify.

It is therefore more than mere coincidence that today Franklin owners are more enthusiastic than ever, and that the Franklin sales are 88% more than last year, the previous high record.

Let the Franklin dealer give you a ride in the new Series Six.



Engine and Vehicle Patented July 2, 1906. Franklin Six-Thirty Five-Passenger Touring Car, $2150.

Send for catalogue

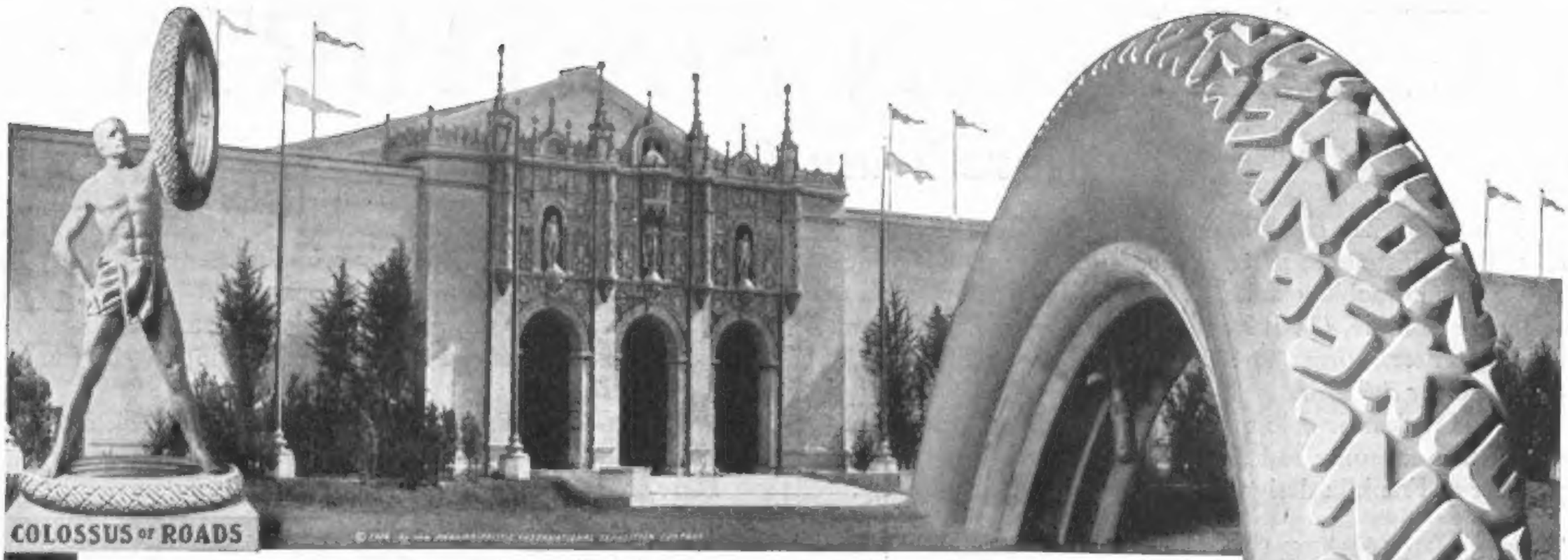
The Franklin Automobile Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Weights and Prices

Touring Car,	2750	Pounds,	$2150
Roadster,	2610	"	2150
Coupé,	2890	"	2600
Sedan,	3045	"	3000
Berlin,	3242	"	3200

Prices are f. o. b. Syracuse, N. Y.
Ask your dealer to weigh the car for you.

FRANKLIN Six-Thirty, 2750 lbs.; 4½ in. tires; $2150



Transportation Building, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco

An "Exposition" of Tire Values

FIRESTONE—the tire of Most Miles per Dollar—is an acknowledged leading factor in this modern miracle of transportation.

Car owners everywhere recognize the Firestone achievement in every practical demand of safety, economy and comfort. They enjoy a daily "Exposition" of travel-insurance in the Non-Skid tread, an all-sufficient protection in any road or weather.

The powerful Firestone body affords the necessary base for the massive Non-Skid tread. When thousands of miles have worn off the lettered tread, this body is extra mileage dependence.

Finally add the value in expert, specialized production, with price no higher than the average, and you have an "Exposition" of the Firestone reasons for

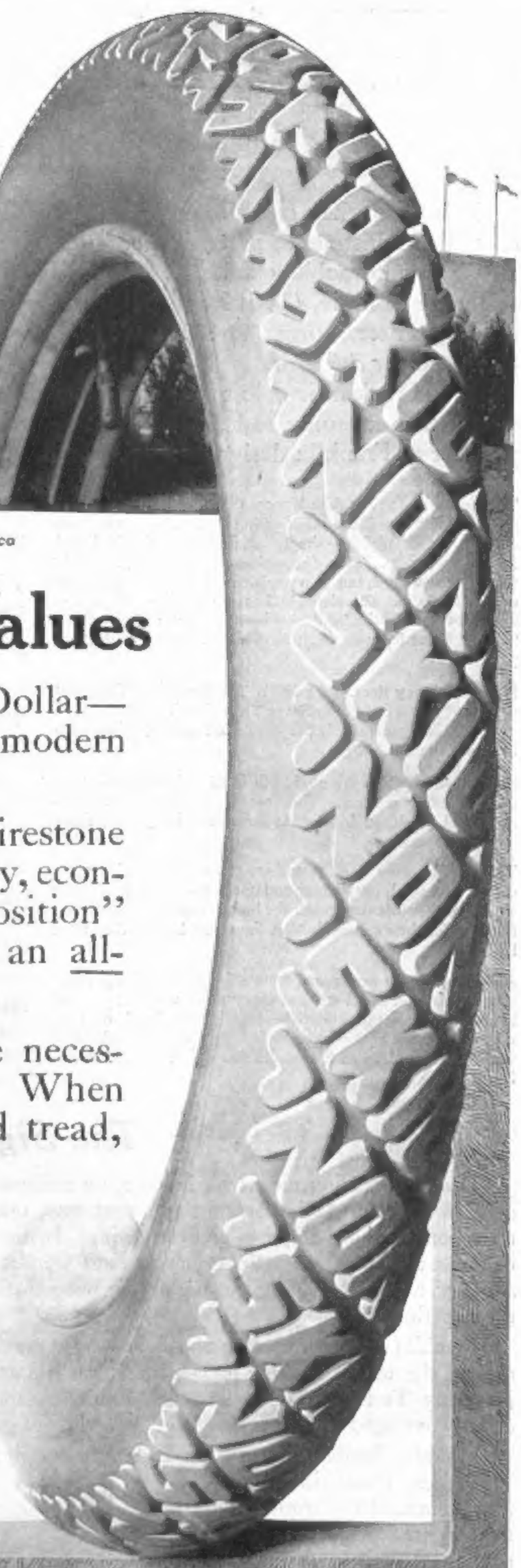
"Most Miles per Dollar"

The Nearest Dealer Will Supply You with Firestones

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio—Branches and Dealers Everywhere

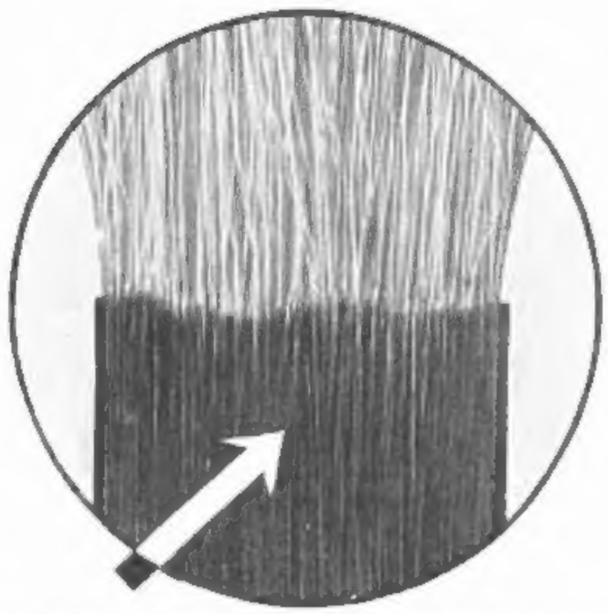


Firestone NON-SKID TIRES

RUBBERSET
Safety Tooth Brushes

RUBBERSET
Enduring Paint Brushes

RUBBERSET
Sanitary Hair Brushes



The inside construction of every RUBBERSET brush is one unvarying principle—gripping bristles in hard, vulcanized rubber. It is impossible for bristles to escape the everlasting hold that this rubber base takes.

RUBBERSET
Lifelong Shaving Brushes

RUBBERSET
Everlasting Nail Brushes

RUBBERSET
Hygienic Complexion Brushes

RUBBERSET Brushes Are Made in America, in Clean Factories by High-Class, Well-Paid Employees.

Every time you buy a RUBBERSET brush you have a positive guarantee from the makers that the brush will never shed its bristles from the hard-rubber base.

To the painter this is his livelihood, to the shaver this is a treat, to the tooth-brush user this is safety from grave dangers, to the hair-brush user the RUBBERSET insures a sanitary brush all the time, and so on—the RUBBERSET Company meets every brush need to the absolute satisfaction of the purchaser.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

is not a specialty; it is an industry. RUBBERSET means safety in brush-buying, just like "sterling" stamps the pure silver and "karat" imprints the pure gold.

The RUBBERSET brush is to the ordinary brush a parallel improvement of the 100-watt Tungsten light to the candle.

Every RUBBERSET brush is basically the same. The marvelous RUBBERSET process of bristle-holding in hard, vulcanized rubber is without a parallel in all the world.

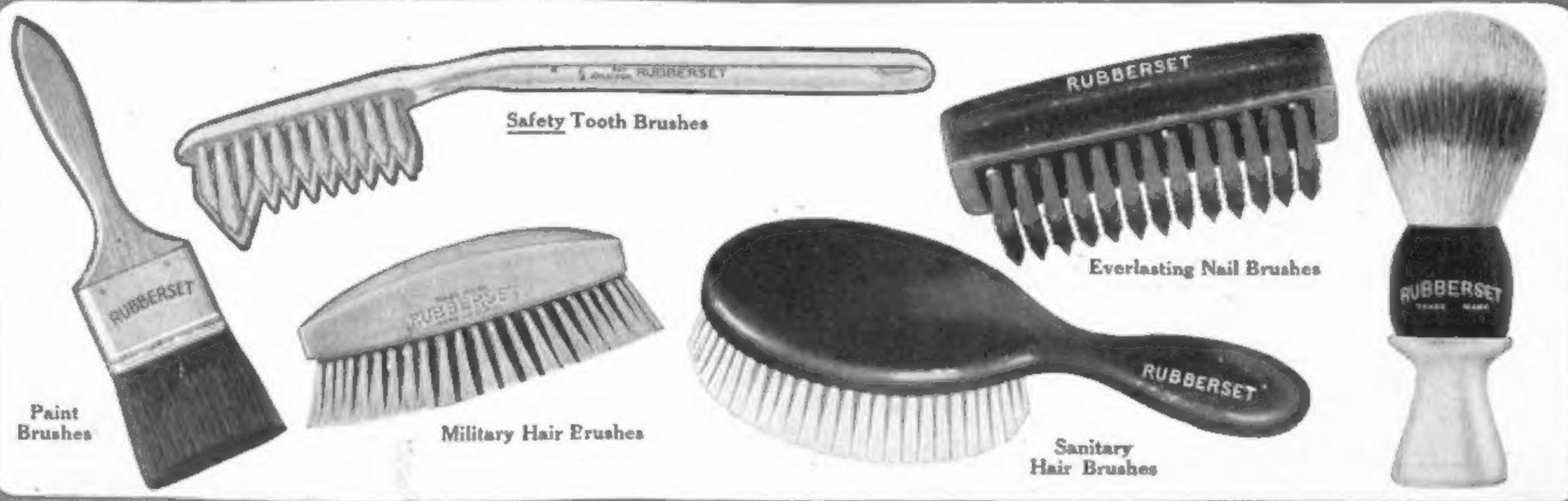
All RUBBERSET bristles are selected as to premier quality and suitableness of purpose. They are imbedded in pure Para rubber; the rubber is then subjected to an intense heat, vulcanizing it to the hardness of flint and gripping every individual bristle in the solid base, from which it can never loosen or come out.

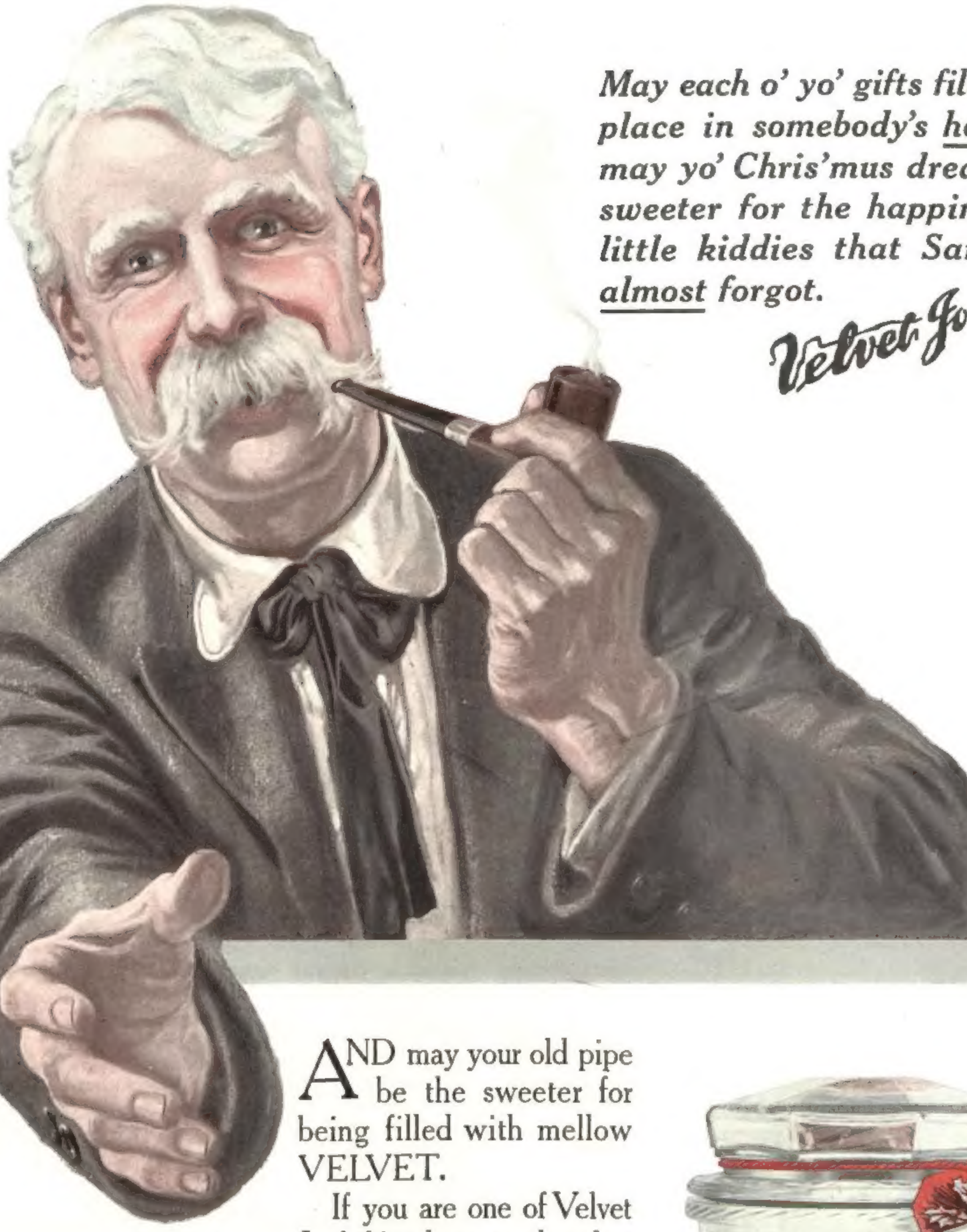
The RUBBERSET process is the same in the 25c. shaving brush as the $7.00 variety, in the least-priced paint brush and the costliest, in every tooth brush we make, and, in fact, in every RUBBERSET brush you buy, and there's one for every brush need.

The big thing to keep in mind is the name R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T. When you see RUBBERSET on a brush you cannot go wrong—but beware of frauds! A rubbery name or imitation is not a RUBBERSET brush, even though it helps an unwise dealer to larger profits.

Save the United Profit-Sharing Coupons. Good for valuable premiums. Packed with every RUBBERSET brush.

RUBBERSET COMPANY (R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.) Factories: Newark, N. J.





May each o' yo' gifts fill an empty place in somebody's heart. An' may yo' Chris'mus dreams be the sweeter for the happiness o' the little kiddies that Santa Claus almost forgot.

Velvet Joe

AND may your old pipe be the sweeter for being filled with mellow VELVET.

If you are one of Velvet Joe's friends, remember that his simple, kindly geniality is remarkably akin to the genuine tobacco comfort found in every pipeful of VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco. For there's a true friendliness in Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe* tobacco, when that aged-in-the-wood mellowness has changed it into VELVET.

10c Tins

5c Metal-Lined Bags

One Pound Humidors with Valuable Christmas Certificate Attached

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.